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T E R E N C E's
C O M E D I E S

M A D E E N G L I S H,

W I T H H I S

L I F E,

AND SOME

Remarks at the End.

By Mr. *L A U R E N C E E C H A R D*,
A N D O T H E R S.

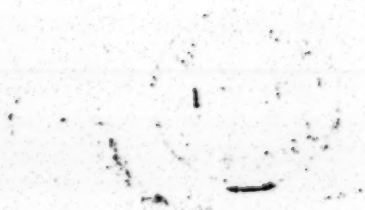
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D r . E C H A R D , and **S i r R . L ' E S T R A N G E .**

The E I G H T H E D I T I O N .

L O N D O N :

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THE
P R E F A C E

Written by

Mr. *Laurence Echard.*



SINCE long PREFACES are lately much in Fashion upon this and the like Occasions, why may not we be allow'd some *tolerable Liberty* in this Kind, provided we keep close to *our Author*, and *our own Translation* of him: As for *our Author*, where ever *Learning, Wit* and *Judgment* have flourish'd, this *Poet* has always had an *extraordinary Reputation*. To mention all his *Excellencies* and *Perfections* were a Task *too difficult for us*, and perhaps for the *greatest Criticks* alive, so very few there are that perfectly understand *all of 'em*; yet we shall venture at some of the *most remarkable*.

To begin with him in general: He was certainly the most *Exact*, the most *Elaborate*, and withal the most *Natural* of all *Dramatick Poets*: His *Style* so neat and pure, his *Characters* so true and perfect, his *Plot* so

regular and probable, and almost every Thing so absolutely just and agreeable, that he may well seem to merit that *Praise* which several have given him, *That he is the most correct Author in the World.* To compare him with *Plautus*, the other great *Latin Comedian*, we may observe, that *Plautus* had more *Wit* and *Spirit*, but *Terence* more *Sense* and *Judgment*; the former's *Stile* was rich and glaring, the latter's more close and even: *Plautus* had the most dazzling *Outside*, and the most lively *Colours*, but *Terence* drew the finest *Figures* and *Postures*, and had the best *Design*: the one pleas'd the *Vulgar*, but our Author the *Better Sort of People*: The former would usually put his *Spectators* into a loud *Laughter*, but the latter steal 'em into a sweet *Smile*, that shou'd continue from the Beginning to the End of the *Representation*. In short, *Plautus* was more *lively* and *rigorous*, and so fitter for *Action*; and *Terence* more *grave* and *serious*, and so fitter for *Reading*: Tho' *Plautus's* Beauties were *very extraordinary*, yet he had his *Faults* and *Indecorums* very frequent; but *Terence's* Excellencies (tho' possibly *inferior* to some of the others) were more general, better dispers'd, and closer continu'd; and his *Faults* so inconsiderable and few, that *Scaliger* said, *There were not Three to be found throughout the Six Plays.* So that our Author seems to want nothing to make him absolutely compleat, but only that same *Vis Comica* that *Cæsar* wishes he had, and which *Plautus* was Master of in such a high Degree. We shall determine nothing between 'em, but leave 'em good Friends as we found 'em.

This maybe sufficient for our Author's Excellencies in general; for his particular ones, we shall begin with his *Stile*, a thing he has been admir'd for in all Ages; and truly he deserves it, for certainly no one was ever more accurate, natural, and clear in his Expressions than he. But to be a little more particular in this Matter, we shall give you some few of our Author's Excellencies in this Kind, under three or four diffe-

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And, 1st, We may observe of his *Words*, that they be generally nicely chosen, extremely proper and significant, and many of 'em carry so much *Life* and *Force* in 'em, that they can hardly be express'd in any other *Language*, without great Disadvantage to the *Original*. To instance in the following; *Qui cum ingeniis conflictatur ejusmodi. Ut animus in spe atque in timore usque ante hac attentus fuit. Nisi me lactasses amantem, & falsa spe produceres.* Pam. Mi Pater. Si. *Quid mi Pater? Quasi tu hujus indigeas Patris. Tandem ego non illa caream, si sit opus, vel totum triduum.* Par. Hui? *Universum triduum. Quam elegans formarum Spectator siem. Hunc comedendum & deridendum vobis propino.*

We shall next take notice of one or two Instances of the Shortness and Clearness of his *Narrations*; as that which *Tully* mentions: *Funus interim procedit, sequimur, ad Sepulchrum venimus, in ignem posita est, Fletur.* Another may be that in *Phormio*: *Persuasum est homini, factum est, ventum est, vincimur, duxit.*

Another remarkable Beauty of his *Stile* appears in his *Climaxes*, where every *Word* is emphatical, heightens the Sense, and adds considerably to what went before; as, *Hæc verba mehercule una falsa Lachrymula, quam oculus terendo misere vix vi expresserit, restinguet. Quod ille unciatim vix de demenso suo, suum defraudans genium, comparfit miser.*

The last thing we shall give any Instance of is, the Softness and Delicacy of his *Turns*, of which many might be produced, but we think these few may be sufficient for our Purpose: *Eheu me miseram! Cur non aut isthæc mihi ætas & forma est, aut tibi hæc sententia. Nam si ego digna hac contumelia sum maxime, at tu indignus qui faceres tamen. Nam dum ab te absom, omni mihi labores fuere, quos cepi, leves, præterquam tui carendum quod erat. Palam beatus, ni unum desit, animus qui modeste isthæc ferat. Aliis, quia desit, quod amant, ægre est, tibi, quod superest, dolet*

dolet. And as for the *Purity* of his Language in general, we find it very much commended, even by *Tully* himself. And one of the *Moderns* is not at all out of the Way, when he tells us, *That the Latin Tongue will never be lost, as long as Terence may be had.*

Our *Author's* excellent *Latin* is now the greatest Cause of his *Esteem*, and makes him so much read in the World; but 'tis certain, he that reads him, purely for his *Latin* sake, do's but half do't; for 'tis his *Characters* and *Plots* have so far rais'd him above the rest of the *Poets*, and have gain'd him so much *Honour* among the *Criticks* in all Ages. His *Stile*, tho' so very extraordinary, in a great measure may be learnt by Industry, long Custom, and continual Usage, and has been imitated to a high Degree by several; and indeed this was but as *rich Attire* and *outward Ornaments* to set off a more beautiful Body. But in his *Characters* and *Manners* it is, that he triumphs without a Rival; and not only *Dramatick*, but *all other Poets*, must yield to him in that Point; for these are drawn exactly to the *Life*, perfectly just, truly proportionable, and fully kept up to the last: And as to their being *natural*, *Rapin* says, *That no Man living had a greater Insight into Nature than he.* The more a Man looks into 'em, the more he must admire 'em: He'll find there not only such Beauty in his *Images*, but also such excellent *Precepts* of *Morality*, such *solid Sense* in each *Line*, such *Depth of Reasoning* in each *Period*, and such *close Arguing* betwixt each *Party*, that he must needs perceive him to be a *Person of strong Sense and Judgment.* His *Deliberations* are most compleat, where all the several *Accidents*, *Events*, *Dangers*, *Casualties*, good and bad *Consequences*, are fully summ'd up and clearly urg'd: So are the *Answers* of each *Person* as perfect, where *every thing* is so well fitted, so home and so natural, that if one shou'd study upon 'em never so long, he cou'd scarce find any thing more to the *Purpose.* He had a peculiar

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liar Happiness at pleasing and amusing an *Audience*, always keeping them in a most even, pleasant, smiling Temper; and this is the most distinguishing Part of his *Character* from the rest of the World: His *Pleasantries* were somewhat manly, and such as reached beyond the *Fancy* and *Imagination*, even to the *Heart* and *Soul* of the *Audience*; and what is more remarkable yet, one single *Scene* shall please a whole Day together; a *Secret* which few or no other *Poet* ever found.

And as we have scarce found one Man in the *World* that equals him in his *Characters*, so we find but very few that could come up to him in his Management of his *Plots*. We are sensible that many have been so foolish as to count his Plays a bare *Bundle of Dialogues dress'd up in a neat Style*, and that therein all his Excellency did consist, or (at least) that they are very ordinary and mean; but such senceless Suppositions will soon vanish, upon giving an Account of the *Nature* and *Perfection* of 'em. He well understood the Rules of the *Stage*, or rather those of *Nature*; was perfectly regular, wonderful exact and careful in ordering each *Pronasis* or *Entrance*, *Epitasis* or *Working-up*, *Catastasis* or *Height*, and *Catastrophe* or *unravelling the Plot*; which last he was famous for, making it spring necessarily from the Incidents, and neatly and dexterously untying the Knot, whilst others would either tear or cut it in pieces. In short (setting aside some things which we shall mention by and by) *Terence* may serve as the best and most perfect Model for our *Dramatick Poets* to imitate, provided they exactly observe the different Customs and Manners of the *Romish* and *English People*; and upon the same Account we beg Leave to be a little more particular in this Matter, which dispos'd us very much to this Translation.

The *Nature* of his *Plots* was for the most part grave and solid, sometimes a little passionate, resembling our modern *Tragi-Comedies*, only the Comical Parts

Parts were seldom so merry, the *Thinness* and *Clearness* of 'em somewhat resembling our modern Tragedies, only more perfect in the latter, and not crowded with too many *Incidents*. They were all double, except the *Hecyra* or *Mother-in-Law*, yet so contriv'd that one was always an *Under-plot* to the other; so that he still kept perfectly to the first great Rule of the Stage, the *Unity of Action*. As for the second great Rule, the *Unity of Time* (i. e. the whole Action to be perform'd in one Day) he was as exact in that as possible; for the longest Action of any of his Plays reaches not above eleven Hours. He was no less careful in the third Rule, the *Unity of Place*; for it's plain he never shifts his *Scene* in any one of his Plays, but keeps constantly to the same Place from the Beginning to the End. Then for the Continuance in the Action, he never fails in any one place, but every Instrument is perpetually at work in carrying their several Designs, and in them the Design of the Whole; so that the Stage never grows cold till all is finish'd. And to do this the more handsomly and dextrously, he scarce ever brings an Actor on the Stage, but you presently know his Name and Quality, what Part of the Intrigue he is to promote, why he came there, from whence he came, why just at that time, why he goes off, where he's going, also what he is or ought to be doing or contriving all the time he is away. His Scenes are always unbroken: so that the Stage is never perfectly clear, only betwixt the Acts, but are continually join'd by one of the four Unions; which, according to Mons. *Hedelin*, are these, *Presence*, *Seeking*, *Noise*, or *Time*; and when the Action ceases (i. e. upon the Stage) and the Stage is clear'd, an Act is then finish'd. Then for *Incidents*, and the due Preparation for 'em, Terence was admirable; and the true and exact Management of these, is one of the most difficult Parts of Dramatick Poetry. He contrives every thing in such manner as to fall out most probably and naturally, and when they be over, seem almost

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almost necessary : Yet by his excellent Skill he so cunningly conceals the Events of Things from his Audience, that they can't foresee 'em ; by which Means they're so amus'd with the Actor's Designs, that the Poet's unknown to 'em ; till at last, being all a-long in the Dark, they're surpriz'd most agreeably by something they ne'er look'd for. And this is the most taking and delightful Part of a Play We might insist much more largely upon each of these Particulars, and on several others, but at present we shall content ourselves with saying, *That these Plots are so clear and natural, that they might very well go for a Representation of a Thing that had really happen'd, and not the meer Invention of the Poet.*

There are two or three remarkable Objections against our Author, which we can't but take Notice of. First, it's said, *That he has not kept to the Unity of Time in his Heautontimoroumenos or Self-Tormentor, which contains the Space of two Days. Then between the second and third Acts there's an absolute Failure of the Continuance of the Action.* These are generally believ'd by several Men, and such as are famous too ; and some, to vindicate Terence the better, have added another Mistake, *That the Play was always acted at two several Times ; the two first Acts one, and the three last another.* But 'tis plain from all Circumstances, that the Action began very late in the Evening, and ended betimes in the Morning (of which we have said something in our Remarks) so that the Whole cou'd not contain above eleven Hours : But as for that of the Cessation of the Action, it's answer'd two Ways, either by the Necessity of Sleep at that Interval, and consequently no Cessation, or (which is more probable) by the Persons being busy at Chremes's Treat, it being a necessary Part of the main Action. The two following are Mr. Dryden's Exceptions ; where first he lays an Error to our Author's Charge, in Matter of Time : *In the Eunuch, says he, when Daches enters Thais's House by mistake, between*

between his Exit, and the Entrance of Pythia, who comes to give ample Relation of the Disorder he has rais'd within, Parmeno, who is left on the Stage, has not above five Lines to speak. In answer to this, Pythia makes no such ample Relation, but rather tells him what Disorders such a foolish Act of his was like to raise. And in truth 'tis not probable she shou'd stay above 5 or 6 Lines speaking, since after she saw her Cheat had taken, she cou'd not keep her Countenance within Doors, and was so eager to revenge herself by laughing at the Fool without. Besides, here's an excellent Artifice of the Poet; for had she tarried longer, Parmeno might have been gone, and her merry Humour over, when she saw the good Fortune Cherea met with. His other Exception is, That our Author's Scenes are several times broken. He instances in the same Play, That Antipho enters singly in the midst of the third Act, after Chremes and Pythia were gone off. As for this, 'tis to be consider'd, that Scenes are united by Time as well as Presence; and this is a perfect Union of Time, apparent to all who understand the Art of the Stage. A little further he says, That Doria begins the Fourth Act alone; — She quits the Stage, and Phedrie enters next. Now Doria does not quit the Stage till three Scenes after; as appears by Pythia's bidding her carry in such things as she had brought with her from the Captain's Entertainment: But if she did, there wou'd be a Union of Time for all that; as in all other Places where the Scenes seem broken. Some make this Objection, That in the beginning of many Scenes, two Actors enter the Stage, and talk to themselves a considerable Time before they see or know one another; which (they say) is neither probable nor natural. They that object this don't consider the Difference betwixt our small scanty Stage and the large magnificent Roman Theatres: Their Stage was 60 Yards wide in Front; their Scenes so many Streets meeting together, with all By-Lanes, Rotas and Alleys, so

two *Actors* coming down two distinct *Streets* or *Lanes*, cou'dn't be seen by each other, tho' the *Spe-ctators* might see both; and sometimes if they did see each other, they cou'dn't well distinguish *Faces* at 60 Yards Distance. Besides, on several Accounts, it might well be suppos'd, when an *Actor* enters upon the *Stage*, out of some *House*, he might take a Turn or two under the *Portico's*, *Cloysters*, or the like (usual at that time) about his *Door*, and take no Notice of an *Actor's* being on the other side of the *Stage*.

But since we propose our *Master* as the best *Model* for *Dramatick Poets* to follow, we ought in Justice to mention such things wherein he was any way defective, or at least where he ought not to be imitated. The first is, He makes his *Actors* in some places speak directly and immediately to the *Audience* (of which that *Monologue* of *Myfis* in the first *Act* of the first Play is an Instance) which is contrary to the Rules of *Dramatick Poetry*, or rather indeed of *Nature*; and this is the only real Fault that *Terence* was guilty of; as his Want of his *Vis Comica* was the only real Defect. His *Plots* were not always the best for story, tho' for Contrivance, and wanted somewhat of Length and Variety fully and compleatly to satisfy an *Audience*. Take them altogether, they were too much alike to have always their deserv'd Effect of surprizing; which also gave a mighty Limitation to the Variety of his *Characters*; a great pity, for a Man who had such an admirable Faculty of drawing them to the Life. It were also to be wish'd that his *Monologues* or *Discourses* by single Persons, were less frequent, and sometimes shorter too; for tho' they are all of 'em full of excellent Sense, sound Reasoning, ingenious Deliberation, and serv'd truly to carry on the main Design, yet several Parts of 'em, especially all Narrations, wou'd ha' been more natural, as well as artificial, if told by Persons of the *Dramma* to one another. Then his *Aparts* or *Asides*, (i. e. when one

Actor speaks something, which *another* that is *present* is supposed not to hear, tho' the *Audience* do) are sometimes too long to be perfectly natural. Whether he has not sometimes *too much* Elevation of *Passion*, or whether he does not cause his *inferior Persons* to act more like *Tragedians* than *Comedians*, we must let *others* judge. These are the main Things to be taken notice of by all who make use of him for a *Model*, besides all such as belong purely to the various *Customs* of *Countries*, and the *Difference* of *Theatres*; but those are *obvious* to all.

There's still *One Great Objection* against these *Plays* in general; that is, *If Terence's Plays* are so good as is pretended, why doesn't some *Poet* or other translate one or more of 'em for the *Stage*, to save himself the *Trouble* of racking his *Brain* for new *Matter*? We own they wou'dn't take upon our *Stage* as at present; and to clear all, we shall give two *Reasons*; First the *Difference* betwixt the *Romans* and ourselves in *Customs*, *Humours*, *Manners*, and *Theatres* is such, that 'tis impossible to adapt their *Plays* to our *Stages*. The *Roman Plots* were often founded on the exposing of *Children*, and their unexpected *Delivery*, of buying of *Misses* and *Musick Girls*; they were chiefly pleas'd to see a covetous old *Father* neatly bubbld by his *Slave* of a round *Sum* of *Money*; to find the young *Spark* his *Son* (miserable in want of *Cash*) join with the *Slave* in the *Intrigue*, that he might get somewhat to stop his *Mistress's* Mouth, whom he keeps unknown to his *Father*; to find a bragging *Coxcomb* wheedld and abus'd by some cunning *Parasite*; to hear a *Glutton* talk of nothing but his *Belly*, and the like. Our *Plots* go chiefly upon *Variety* of *Love-Intrigues*, *Ladies* cuckolding their *Husbands* very dexterously, *Gallants* in danger upon the same Account, with their *Escape* either by witty *Fetches*, or hiding themselves in dark *Holes*, *Closets*, *Beds*, &c. We are all for *Humour*, *Gallantry*, *Conversation*, and *Courtship*, and shou'dn't endure the chief *Lady* in the *Play* a *Mute*, or to say
very

very little, as 'twas agreeable to 'em : Our amorous Sparks love to hear the pretty Rogues prate, snap up their Gallants, and repartee upon 'em on all sides. We shou'd n't like to have a Lady married, without knowing whether she gives *her Consent* or no, a Custom among the Romans) but wou'd be for bearing all the Courtship, all the rare and fine Things that Lovers can say to each other. The second reason of their *not taking on our Stage* is this; tho' Terence's Plays are *far more exact, natural, regular, and clear* than ours and his Persons speaks more like themselves than generally ours do, yet (to deal impartially) our Plays plainly excel his in some Particulars : First, in the great Variety of the Matter and Incidents of our Plots; the Intrigues thicker and finer; the Stories better, longer, and more curious for the most part than his. And tho' there's much Confusion, Huddle, and Precipitation in the generality of 'em, yet the great Variety and Number of Incidents, tho' ill manag'd, will have several Charms, and be mighty diverting, especially to a vulgar Audience; like the Sight of a large City at a distance, where there's little of Regularity or Uniformity to be discern'd just by. Next, we much excel Terence in that which we call Humour, that it is in our Comical Characters, in which we have shewn and expos'd the several Humours, Dispositions, Natures, Inclinations, Fancies, Irregularities, Maggots, Passions, Whims, Follies, Extravagancies, &c. of Men under all sorts of Circumstances, of all sorts of Ranks and Qualities, of all Professions and Trades, and of all Nations and Countries, so admirably and so lively, that in this no Nation among the Antients and Moderns were ever comparable to us. Lastly, our Comedies excel his in some Delicacies of Conversation; particularly in the Refinedness of our Raillery and Satyr, and above all, in Repartee. Some of these things (especially when mix'd with Humour) have made many an ordinary Plot take and come off well; and without a pretty quantity of some of 'em, our Plays wou'd go down very heavily.

Since we are accidentally fall'n into the Excellencies of

our *Comedies*, we hope it may be pardonable if we mention also some principal Faults in 'em, which seem to need a Regulation. And first, our *Poets* seldom or never observe any of the *three great Unities*, of *Action*, *Time*, and *Place*, where are great *Errors*: For what breeds more Confusion, than to have five or six main *Plots* in a Play, when the *Audience* can never attend to 'em? what more extravagant than to fancy the *Actions* of *Weeks*, *Months*, and *Years* represented in the space of *three* or *four hours*? Or what more unnatural than for the *Spectators* to suppose themselves now in a *Street*, then in a *Garden*, by and by in a *Chamber*, immediately in the *Fields*: then in the *Streets* again, and never move out of their Place? Wou'dn't one swear there was *Conjuration* in the Case? That the *Theatres* were a sort of *Fairy-Land*, where all is *Enchantment*, *Juggle*, and *Delusion*? Next, our *Plays* are too often overpower'd with *Incidents* and *Under-plots*, and our Stage as much crowded with such *Actors* as there's little or no Occasion for, especially at one time. Then the *Matter* and *Discourse* of our *Plays* is very often *incoherent* and *impertinent*, as to the main Design, nothing being more common than to meet with *two* or *three whole Scenes* in a Play, which wou'd have fitted any other part of the Play even as well as that, and perhaps any Play else. Thus some appear to swear out a *Scene* or two, othersto talk *Bawdy* a little, without any manner of *Dependance* on the rest of the Action. But besides this, (which is *another great Error*) when the *Matter* and *Discourse* do serve to carry on the main Design, commonly Persons are brought on the Stage without any sort of *Art*, *Probability*, *Reason*, or *Necessity* for their coming here; and when they have no such Business, as one that comes to give you a Song or a Jigg. They come to serve the *Poet's Design* a little, then off they go with a little *Reason* as they came on; and that only to make way for other *Actors*, who (as they did) come only to tell the *Audience* something the *Poet* has a mind to have 'em know; and that's all their Business:

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Business: And truly that's little enough. This we see frequently in the *chief Actor* of the Play, who comes on and goes off; and the *Spectators* all the Time stand staring and wondring at they know not what. Another great Fault, common to many of our Plays is, That an *Actor's Name, Quality, or Business* is scarce known till a good while after his Appearance, which must needs make the Audience at a great loss, and the Play hard to be understood, forcing 'em to carry Books with 'em to the Play house, to know who comes in, and who goes out.

The *Ancients* were guilty of none of these *Absurdities*, and more especially our *Author*; and indeed the *Non-observance* of Rules has occasion'd the great *Miscarriage* of so many excellent *Genius's* of ours, particularly that of the immortal *Shakespear*. Since these are such apparent Faults and *Absurdities*, and still our *Beauties* are so admirable as to cover, and almost out-weigh our *Errors* (else our Plays were not to be endur'd) undoubtedly our *Dramatick Poets*, by the *Observance* of this *Author's* Ways and Rules, might out do all the *Ancients* and *Moderns* too, both at *Tragedy* and *Comedy*; for no Nation ever had greater *Genius's* than ours for *Dramatick Poetry*. These ha' been but little observ'd as yet; so that all our fine *Imitations of Nature* may often be call'd *Lucky Hits*, and more by *Accident* than by *Art*. We very much need a *Reformation* in this Case, and our Plays can never arrive to any great *Perfection* without it; therefore the nigher they come up to this *Standard*, the more they will be admir'd and lov'd by all judicious Persons, provided they still keep to those *Excellencies* before-mention'd. Besides, these are as easily practicable upon ours, as upon the *Greek and Roman Theatres*; for by a *strict Observance* of the *Unity of Place*, the Stage may be made far more handsome and magnificent, with less Charge; and by that of the *Unity of Action* (especially by the help of an *Under-plot*, or so, the Story may be made far more fine and clear, with less Trouble.

But our Nation, by long Custom, and the Success of

irregular Pieces seems naturally *averse* to all Rules; and take it very ill to have their Thoughts confin'd and shackled, and ty'd to the *Observance* of such *Niceties*: Therefore in the first Place they tell us, *That Poets of all Men in the World are perfectly free, and by no means ought to confine their noble Fancies to dull pedantick Rules; for this (they say) is like taking of Bees, cutting off their Wings, and laying such Flowers before'em to make Honey of as they please.* A Poet indeed shou'd be free and unconfin'd as Air, as to his Thought, Fancy, and Contrivance; but then his *Poetical Licentia* shou'dn't transport him to *Madness* and *Extravagancē*, making him phrenetically transgress the *Rules of Reason and Nature*, as well as *Poetry*. These that we mention are not any Man's arbitrary Rules, but *pure Nature only* methodiz'd: They never hamper a Poet's Fancy, or clip his Wings, but adorn his Thoughts, and regulate his Flights, so as to give them a *clearer Insight into Nature, Probability, and Decency*, without something of which it is impossible to *please*. And these are no more a *Confinement* to a Poet's Fancy, than the *true Proportions of Pillars, the Regularity and Uniformity of Windows*, are to an *Architect*, or the exact Imitation of *Nature* to a *Painter*: As if there could be half so much *Beauty* in *Grotesque* and *irregular Whims*, as in the due *Observation* of the *Rules of Prospect, Shadows, and Proportion*.

Another Objection is, *That our Nation will never bear Rules, but are much better pleas'd with the Ways now in practice.* 'Tis true, several of our most *irregular Plays* have come off with a great deal of *Applause*, but certainly never the more for their *Irregularities*; but because most of the *Audience knew no better*, being often dazzl'd by the *Greatness of the Author's Genius*, and the *Actor's Performances*, and those that did were willing to pardon the *Faults* for the sake of the choice *Master-strokes* they had; and upon the same Account a couple of good *Scenes* have many times carry'd off a *very indifferent Play*: 'Tis plain, that want of *Use and Knowledge* hath been the only Cause of these Ways
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seeming so impracticable, and if the middle sort of Persons were once truly brought to a Sight of the *Excellencies* of *this*, and the *Deformities* of the *other* Way, (as the well-reading of these Plays wou'd in a great measure do, being chiefly design'd for them) they wou'd esteem of it far more than now: and certainly they could never pardon those many *Indecencies*, *Improbabilities*, *Absurdities*, that are so common in our Plays. 'Tis true, there has been a considerable *Regulation* among many of 'em since the Days of *Shakespeare*; but not to bring things half to Perfection. And this *Regulation* has made Hope for a further, as the Age will be brought to bear it.

The last Objection is more particular: They say, *That the Unities of Action, Time, and Place must needs take off from the great Variety of the Plot, and a fine Story by this means will be quite murder'd.* 'Tis true all Stories whatsoever are not fit for a Dramatick Poem; yet there may be an excellent Plot without crowding together *Intrigues* (little depending upon one-another) of half a dozen couple in one Play; without *barrying* over the Business of three Months in three Hours time, or perhaps without skipping from Garden to Mountains, from thence to Groves, and then to Town in an Action or two: But our prying curious Sparks can't rest here, but must be for peeping into Chambers, Closets, *Withdrawing-Rooms*, ay, and into Beds too, (sometimes with the Ladies in 'em) and have all things brought openly upon the Stage, tho' never so improper and indecent. But this Objection may yet better be answer'd by *Instances*; and first for the *Unity of Time*, we may mention the Play call'd, *The Adventures of Five Hours*; the whole *Action* lasting no longer (much less a Day, the extent allow'd for a Dramatick Poem) yet this is one of the pleasantest Stories that ever appear'd upon our Stage, and has as much *Variety* of Plots and *Intrigues*, without any thing being precipitated, improper or unnatural, as to the main *Action*; so by this it appears, that this Rule is no *Spoiler* or *Murderer* of

a fine *Story* Then for the *Unity of Time* and *Action* too, *Ben. Johnson's Silent Woman* is a remarkable Instance: An excellent *Comedy* indeed, where the *Action* is perfectly single, and the utmost Extent of the *Time* exceeds not *three Hours and a half*, (the *shortest* we ever find) yet still the *Plot*, *Intrigues*, and above all the *Incidents* are *very fine*, and no *Ways unnatural*. Lastly, For all *three Unities*, *Mr. Dryden's All for Love* (tho' a *Tragedy*, and somewhat foreign to our *Business*) is worthy to be taken notice of, that being *perfectly regular* according to the *Rule of the Stage* the *Scenes* unbroken, the *Incidents* exactly and duly prepar'd, and all Things *noble, beautiful, just, and proportionable*. This we reckon one of the best *Tragedies* of our Nation. Now can any Man justly think that *these Plays* we now mention'd were ever the worse for that *Regularity* they had; or indeed have we many *better* in the Nation for *Plot*, or many that have *better* pleas'd the generality of *Persons* than these: If so, this sufficiently shews the Truth of what we offer'd; and withal commends our *Master's great Judgment* in this Point, who in our Opinion (besides the *Excellency* of his *Characters*) plainly deserves a *greater Name* for his *Plots* than for his *Language*.

Come we next then to our own *Vindication*, in which we shall briefly shew the *Reasons* why we did it, and what our *Performances* have been in this *Version*.

The main *Reasons* why we undertook it were these, First, For the *Excellency* and *Usefulness* of this Author in general: And consequently for the *Benefit* (as we shall shew by and by) of *most sorts of People*, but especially for the *Service* it may do our *Dramatick Poets*. Next, for the *Honour* of our *Language*, into which all good Books ought to be translated, since 'tis now become so *elegant, sweet and copious*: And indeed nothing refines, or gives *Foreigners* a greater Opinion of any *Language* than its Number of good Translations; of which the *French* is a great Instance. Thirdly, Because most of our *Neighbours* have got it into their
Language,

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Language, particularly the *French*, who have done it with *good Success*; and we have no Reason for being outdone by *any* of our *Neighbours*, since we have a *Language* we dare set against *any* in the *World*. Lastly, Since the *Author* is so excellent, we undertook it because *no other* Persons wou'd. 'Tis strange that *none* of our *great Wits* would undertake it, but let us *Persons of Obscurity* take their Works out of their Hands; when we can perceive by our *little Performances* that our *Language* will do it to a very *high Degree*, undoubtedly better than the *French*.

The most considerable Objections that have been made against our Translation are these. *First*, 'What real Use or Advantage can this Translation be to the Publick? As for School-boys and Learners, *Bernard's* and *Hool's* Translations, the great number of Notes, a Schoolmaster or their own Industry, will well enough teach 'em to construe it. Men of Sense and Learning, they read it wholly for the *Latin* sake; therefore a Translation is of no use to them. *Lastly*, They won't fit our Stage, and consequently they are impertinent at best.' To these we answer: First, as to *school-boys* and *Learners*, *Bernard's* and *Hool's* Translations, are very often *false*, most so *obsolete*, *flat* and *unpleasant*, that a Man can scarce read half a Page without sleeping; the latter is full of *Latinisms*, and both are oft more *obscure* than the *Original*. The *Notes* sometimes don't express the *Author's* Sense, and often very obscurely: In some things they are *too long* and *tedious*: And most of them have the Slight of running very nimbly over those Places which they are afraid they shou'd stick in. *Schoolmasters* often want *Time*, and now and then *Judgment* and *Learning*, to explain things as they ought; then to leave *Boys* to themselves to pick out the *Sense* of such a *difficult Author* as this, is *very inconvenient*; which, besides the *Discouragement* sometimes of not being able to do it, will often lead 'em into such *Errors* and *Mistakes*, as perhaps they'll never get clear of. So that this will be of *great Use*
even

even to *School-boys* and *Learners*, beside the great Advantage of teaching 'em perhaps not the worst *English*, and something of the *Idiom* of our *Tongue*.

As for the *second Part* of the *Objection*, *that Men of Sense and Learning read it only for the Latin sake*: This is or ought to be look'd upon as a *great Mistake*; since *Terence* has *other* and *greater Excellencies* than his *Stile*, as we have before shewn. But however, *ingenious Persons* must needs receive *some Pleasure* in seeing such *excellent fine Latin* now speak *tolerable good English*: And likewise in seeing somewhat of the *Conversation, Humour, and Customs* of the old *Greeks* and *Romans* put into a *modern Dress*; and perhaps not quite out of the *Fashion*. Besides, since many of these do sometimes upon occasion make use of *Notes*, 'twill be of *equal Use* (in that respect) to them as to all *Learners*. And that they have often need of such, will appear from the *several difficult Places* (especially as to the *Plot*) and some *obscure dubious Passages* in this *Author*, which the utmost Skill in the *Latin Tongue* will not teach us to explain, since there is as great a *necessity* for the understanding of the *Roman Customs* and *Theatres* in this Case, and of the *Art of the Stage*, as of the *Latin Tongue*. How extraordinary useful a Translation can be in *perfectly learning an Author*, *Roscommon's Translation of Horace's Art of Poetry* is an apparent Instance; which shews the *Sense, Meaning, Design, &c.* of *Horace* better and easier than all the *Paraphrases* and *Notes* in the World.

Thirdly, Tho' our Translation will never fit our Stage, yet it may be of *considerable Use* to some of the *Dramatick Poets*; which we had some respect to when we did it: They will serve 'em (as we said before) for *Models*; and tho' many of our *Poets* do very well understand the *Original*, yet 'tis plain that some of 'em do not understand it overmuch. But however, it may not be wholly *useless* to those that do; and *more proper* for their *Business*, it being ready explain'd to their Hands, and upon some accounts to be read with *less trouble* than the *Original*,

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ginal, for that's in many Places *very obscure*, by reason of *corrupted Copies*, *wrong Points*, *false Division of whole Acts*, as well as *Scenes*, and the like. Further, if *these Plays* come to be frequently read by the *ordinary sort of People*, they will by little and little grow more in love with, and more *clearly see* the *true Excellencies of these Rules*, and the *lively Imitation of Nature*, which will be the *greatest Encouragements* our Poets can have to follow 'em. And besides, the *common People*, by *these Plays*, may plainly perceive that *Obscenities* and *Debaucheries* are no ways *necessary* to make a good Comedy; and the *Poets* themselves will be the more ready to blush when they find *Heathens* so plainly outdo us *Christians* in *Moral*; for their *principal Vices* in their Plays were chiefly from the *Ignorance of the Times*, but we have no such *Pretence*. This alone might have been a sufficient Reason for our undertaking this Design. But to come now to *what we have done*; 'tis not to be expected we shou'd wholly *reach the Air of the Original*, that being so *peculiar*, and the Language so *different*: We have imitated our *Authors* as nigh as well the *English Tongue* and our small *Abilities* wou'd permit; each of us *joining and consulting* about *every Line*, not only for the doing it *better*, but also for the making it *all of a Piece*. We follow'd no One *Latin Copy* by it self, because of the *great Disagreements* among 'em, but have taken any that *seem'd truest*. We look'd over all the *Notes*; sometimes they'd help us a *little*, often not: Some Hints we had from the *French*, but not very many: Besides, we had *considerable Helps* from *other Persons far above ourselves*, for whose Care and Pains we shall ever acknowledge our Gratitude.

A meer *verbal Translation* is not to be *expected*; that wou'd sound horribly, and be more obscure than the Original; but we have been faithful *Observers* of *his Sense*, and even of *his Words* too, not slipping any of *Consequence* without something to *answer* it; nay, further, where *two Words* seem to be much the same, and perhaps not intended to be very different by the Au-

thor, we were commonly so nice as to do them too; such as *Segnitia* and *Socordia*, *Scire* and *Noscere*, and the like, which is more exact than *most*, if not *all* our modern Versions. We cou'd n't ha' kept closer (especially in this Author, which several ingenious Persons told us, *is the hardest in the World to translate*) without too much treading upon the Author's Heels, and destroying our Designs of giving it an easy *Comick Style*, most agreeable to our Times. If we're guilty of any Fault of this Nature, it seems to be that of keeping *too close*.

But still, to be more particular; we did all we cou'd to prevent any of the Meaning and Grace of the *best Words* to be lost; so that we were often forc'd to search and study some time for those most proper, and oftentimes to express 'em by two, or sometimes by a *Circumlocution*: Which Madam *Dacier* herself, as accurate as she is accounted, has often neglected; and thereby has wholly lost the Force and Beauty of many emphatical Words *Terence* had some Words taken in a great many Senses, such as *Contumelia* and *Injuria*, *Odiosus*, *Tristis*, &c. These we have been very careful about; but where he plays upon Words (tho' never so prettily) he ought not in some places to be imitated at all; because the Fineness is more lost that Way than the other; yet we try'd at several when they were natural and tolerable in *English*. As for his *Allusions*, and the like, many of them are perhaps quite lost to us. However they are commonly lost in our Language. On such Places (as well as some others) we made *Remarks* or *Notes* at the latter-end; some of which we are oblig'd to the *French Lady* for; these serving to shew our Author's fine Strokes, as well as to vindicate our Translation. For his *Sense* and *Meaning*, we have taken more than ordinary Care about, and weigh'd all Circumstances before we fix'd. Several of the passages are done contrary to the general Opinion, and some few differently from all, both as to the *Person that speaks* as well as the *Meaning*, but not without good

Grounds : And if any be so nice in censuring we desire that Person to show us three *Terrences* that exactly agree one with another, either in Points or Words, for two Acts together. Of these Passages that were absolutely doubtful we always took the best, and that which seem'd to us the most probable *Way* and *Meaning* : And all such as were difficult, knotty, or obscure in the Original, we made as plain and clear as we cou'd. And we presume to fancy there are very few Passages in ours unintelligible to the meanest Capacity. In his *Jests* and *Repartees* (except they were *Allusions*, or the like) we hope that the Force of them is seldom lost : For making every Person speak so exactly like themselves (a thing our Author was so famous for) is much more difficult in *English*, by reason of its greater Variety of *Idioms* and *Phrases*, than in the *Latin*; and to suit these always, requires a greater *Genius* than we can pretend to. *Terence*, tho' reckon'd very genteel in his days, seems in some places to have a sort of Familiarity and Bluntness in his Discourse, not so agreeable with the *Manners* and *Gallantry* of our Times ; which we have mollified as well as we cou'd, still making the *Servants* sawcy enough upon Occasion. In some places we have had somewhat more of *Humour* than the Original, to make it still more agreeable to our Age ; but all the while have kept so nigh our Author's *Sense* and *Design*, that we hope it can never be justly call'd a *Fault*. We can't certainly tell whether *William* the Conqueror, the *Grand Seigneur*, and the like, may pass with some ; they may possibly take them for Blunders in time, which are now become Proverbial Expressions ; the first signifying only a great while ago, and the other a great Man.

As for the Division of the *Acts* and *Scenes*, all the common *Terences* are most notoriously false : The *Acts* are often wrong, but the *Scenes* oftner ; and these have bred some Obscurity in our Author's Rules. *Madam Dacier* has been more exact in this and all others before her, yet still she's once mistaken in her *Acts*,
and

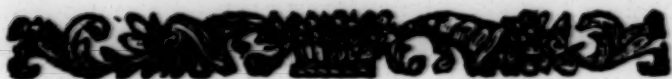
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and very often in her *Scenes*. We have follow'd her as to her *Acts*, except one in the *Phormio*; but we have not divided the *Scenes* at all by *Figures*, because they are of no such Use; only the Reader may take notice, that whenever any particular *Actor* enters upon the Stage, or goes off, that makes a different *Scene*; for the *Antients* never had any other that we know of. The *Prologues*, by the advice of several judicious Persons, are left out, as being the meanest, the fullest of Quibbles, and the least intelligible of any thing he wrote, they relating chiefly to private Squabbles between our *Author* and the *Poets* of his Time, the Particulars of which 'tis impossible to understand now, and we need not be much concern'd that we don't: Besides, in the main, they are so much beneath our *Author*, that 'tis question'd whether they are his or no, especially the Third. The *Arguments* are certainly none of his, and so far from being useful, that they only serve to forest all the *Plots*, and take away the Pleasure of surprizing.

Lastly, That there might be nothing wanting which might make this translation as entire and clear as possible, we have all the way intermix'd Notes of Explanation, such as *Enter*, *Exit*, *Aside*, and all other things of Action, necessary to be known, and constantly practis'd among our modern Dramatick Poets. These serve extreamly to the clearing of the *Plots*, which would be obscure without 'em, especially since their *Theatres* were so different from ours. And as such sort of Notes are the shortest that are generally us'd, so they are most compleat, useful and clear, by the help of which almost any Child may apprehend any thing. Perhaps we might have omitted some of 'em, but we had better offend this way than the other.

Thus have we said as much as we thought requisite in Vindication of our Master's Honour, and of our own Undertaking: And if we had said ten times as much, and ne'er so much to the Purpose, People will still think and talk what they please, and we can't help it.

T H E



T H E L I F E of T E R E N C E.



Publius Terentius had his Birth at the famous City of *Carthage* in *Africa*, in the Year of *Rome* 559, seven Years after the second *Punick* War, and 192 before *Christ*. His Parentage was mean, no doubt, so little known, that his true Name is not remember'd; for that of *Terence* he took from his Patron *Terentius Lucanus*, the *Roman* Senator. As for his Person, he was of a middle Stature, very slender, and somewhat of a tawny Complexion.

When he was very young, and not past his Childhood, he was made Captive, as 'tis generally suppos'd, by the *Numedians*, who sent him immediately to *Rome*; and there he happen'd on the foremention'd *Terentius Lucanus*. This Master had so great an Esteem for his good Mien and excellent Parts, that he did not only give him a most tender and genteel Education, but his Freedom too; and what is more, when he was very young; a Favour not very usual in those Days.

After this, he more closely apply'd himself to Learning; and in his Observations and Studies of *Men* and *Manners* seem'd to be his chief Employment. His exact Remarks upon Men's natural Dispositions, and his Genius led him wholly to *Dramatick Poetry*, particularly *Comedy*; wherein all the Humours and Passions of Men are so nicely observ'd and express'd, that we can no where

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find a truer and more lively Representation of *Human Nature*. His comely Personage and his accurate Writings brought him into a great Esteem; not only with the People in general, but likewise with the greatest and noblest of *Rome*; but he was especially belov'd and cherish'd by the famous *Scipio Africanus* and *Laelius*. With these two inseparable Friends and Companions he had gain'd more than ordinary Familiarity; passing away many a fair Hour in Pleasures and Delights, at their Country-House at Mount *Alba*.

He made himself Master of the *Greek Tongue*, from which he borrow'd much of his Plays; of which we have Six remaining. When he had finish'd his first Play, and brought it to the *Ediles*, they would needs have him read it before *Cecilius*, as the most approved Judge. *Cecilius* was then at Supper. *Terence's* Garb (it seems) was none of the best at that Time, therefore he was seated in an ordinary By-Place, and there order'd to begin. But a few of his fine Verses so well made Amends for the Meanness of his Habit, that he was immediately desired to sit down and take Part of what he found at the Table, being placed next to *Cecilius* himself. After Supper, he read over the rest of his Play, to *Cecilius's* wonderful Delight. The Name of it we find not, it could not be the *Andrian*, for that was made two Years after *Cecilius* was dead.

In the 28th Year of his Age, he made his *Andrian*; the first *Comedy* that we know of, which he took a great Part from *Menander* the *Greek Poet*. The Year following he made his *Hecyra*, or *Mother-in-Law*, which he took (chiefly) from *Appollodorus* the *Greek Poet*. This Play was the first time unsuccessful, and is the only one whose *Plot* is perfectly *Single*. Two Years after, he made his *Heautontimorumenos*, or *Self-Tormentor*, which he borrow'd mostly from *Menander*. Two Years after that, his *Phormio*, taken (chiefly) from *Appollodorus's*

Appollodorus's Epidicazomenos. The same Year he made his *Eunuch*; of which he borrow'd a great part from *Menander*: This by many is reckon'd his best; however, it came off with far grearest Applause. The Year following, in the 34th Year of his Age, he made his last *Comedy*, call'd *Adelphi*, or the *Brothers*, and that too was (mostly taken from *Menander*; which *Varro*, as to the Beginning of it prefers to the Beginning of *Menander* himself.

These *Comedies* were in great Reputation among the *Romans*, and generally succeeded very well; though *Plautus* had sometimes better Luck on the Stage. But never a one of his took like the *Eunuch*, for which *Terence* had 8000 Sesterces; a Reward (though not exceeding Sixty Pounds of our Money) greater in those Days than ever *Poet* had. Besides, it was acted twice in one Day; the more strange, because *Plays* then were never made but to be acted two or three times in all. All Six were almost equally esteem'd by his Countrymen; and most of them had their peculiar Beauties. 'Tis observ'd, that the *Andrian* and the *Brothers* excel in their *Characters* and *Manners*; the *Eunuch* and *Phormio*, in the Vigour and Liveliness of their *Intrigues*; and the *Self-tormentor* and *Mother-in-Law*, in their *Thoughts*, *Passions*, and *Purity of Style*.

Upon the Account of his intimate Acquaintance with *Scipio* and *Lelius*, it was, and still is generally believ'd, that they had a great, if not a principal Share in the making of his *Plays*: And this Conjecture is grounded not only upon the extraordinary Familiarity between them, but also the *Accuracy*, *Propriety*, *Purity*, and *Politeness* of the *Stile*, which do indeed seem above a poor *African's* Abilities. But these are but mere Conjectures intermix'd with a Spice of Malice; tho' indeed redounding much to his Honour, as he himself intimates in his *Prologue* to the *Brothers*. The extraordinary Familiarity between them was probably caus'd by his emi-

rent Deserts. The *Accuracy* and *Politenesses* of his *Style* proceeded perhaps from his Labour and Studies ; as the *Purity* and *Politeness* of it might be the Effects of his *Roman* Education, and his keeping the best Company. And if he defended himself but slightly when'er he was accus'd, that may be reckon'd his great Complaisance to those noble Persons.

These Crimes he was often charg'd with ; but in the Thirty-fifth Year of his Age, either to avoid these Scandals, or to instruct himself in the Customs and Manners of the *Grecians*, he left *Rome* to go for that Country, and dy'd soon after his Departure, in the Year of *Rome* 594, Nine Years before the Third *Punick* War, and 157 before *Christ*. The Place and Manner of his Death is very doubtful. Some say he dy'd in his Return from *Greece* to *Rome*, with a great Number of *Greek Comedies* translated by him, and lost with him. Others, that he dy'd at *Symphalus*, a Village in *Arcadia*, for Grief of losing those *Comedies* he had translated. But here we leave all to the Judgment of the more curious Persons.

It is said by several, that he dy'd very poor ; but however, his Daughter (the only Child he left) after his Disease, was marry'd to a *Roman* Knight, to whom he left a House and a Garden of six Acres, which was situated under the *Appian-way*, nigh that Place call'd *Villa Martis*.



THE
FAIR ANDRIAN.

A
COMEDY,

Acted at the Feast of *Cibele*,

WHEN

M. Fulvius
and
M. Glabrio } were *Curule Edils.*

By the Company of { *L. Ambivius Turpio*,
and
L. Attilius of Prenestæ.

Flaccus made free by *Claudius* compos'd the Music, which was perform'd upon two equal Flutes, the one Right-handed, and the other Left-handed.

It was taken wholly from the *Greek*, and acted

Under the the Consulship of { *M. Marcellus*,
and
C. Sulpitius.

A. U. C. 537. Before Christ 162.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

- Simo, { *An old rich Merchant of Athens, very kind and indulgent to his Son, but otherwise of a peevish Disposition.*
- Chremes, { *His Friend and Neighbour, Father to Philumena, of an easy pliant Temper.*
- Pamphilus, { *Simo's Son; very civil, courteous, and obedient, but passionately in Love with Glycerie.*
- Charine, { *A young Gentleman, his Friend, in Love with Chremes's Daughter Philumena.*
- Sofia, *Simo's Steward.*
- Dromo, *His Footman.*
- Davus, { *Servant to Pamphilus; a saucy cunning, intriguing Fellow; always helping his Master out in his Amours, and putting Tricks upon Simo.*
- Byrrhie, *Servant to Charine.*
- Crito, { *A Stranger of the Isle of Andro, an honest downright Country-Fellow.*

W O M E N.

- Glycerie, { *The Fair Andrian, debauch'd and kept by Pamphilus.*
- Myfis, *Her Maid, faithful and careful.*
- Lesbia, *An old soaking Midwife.*

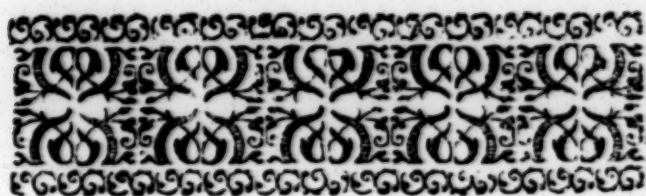
M U T E S.

- Archilis, *Glycerie's Nurse.*
- Servants to Simo, Attendants, &c.*

Scene, A T H E N S.

The TIME, about seven or eight Hours.

T H E



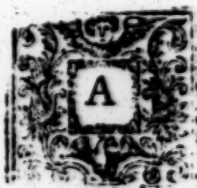
THE
Fair *ANDRIAN*.

ACT I.

SCENE, *the Street before Simo's Door.*
Time, *the Forenoon.*

*Enter Simo, Sofia, and other of Simo's Servants,
with Provisions and Things, as from the Market.*

*Simo to
the Ser-
vants.*



Way with those Things
there, and be gone. —
But do you stay, *Sofia*; I
have something to say to
you. [*Exeunt Servants.*

Sof I understand ye, Sir;
you'd ha' Care taken of these Things, I suppose.

Sim. Quite another Business.

Sof. Can my poor Skill be further serviceable
to you?

C 4

Sim.

Sim. Nay, there's no need of that Skill of yours i'th' Case: Be but as faithful and secret as ye us'd to be, and the Business is done.

Sof. I wait your Pleasure, Sir.

Sim. I'm sure you can't but know what a fair and easy Master I ha' been t'ye, e'er since I bought ye of a Child, and in Requital of your good Services, I gave ye your Freedom; the most that I could do for ye.

Sof. Sir, I'm not forgetful of it.

Sim. Nor do I repent it.

Sof. I'm very glad, Sir, to find ye pleas'd with any thing I ever did, or can do; and am much oblig'd to ye for your good Opinion of me. But, with Submission, Sir, this somewhat troubles me; for such a Reminding a Man of a Benefit seems to intimate as if he were insensible of it. — But, in one Word, Sir, what can I serve you in?

Sim. I'll tell you: In the first place you are to understand, that the Business of the Wedding is all Sham.

Sof. Why d'ye put it upo' th' World then?

Sim. I'll tell ye the whole Mystery of it, and give ye such a Light into my Son's Conversation and my Designs, that you'll immediately see what Part you are to act in this Business. — When first I took him from School, *Sofia*, I left him a little to himself, to try which way his Genius wou'd lead him; which was hard to know for certain, or indeed tolerably to guess at, whilst he was a Boy, under the Awe of a Rod and Master.

Sof. Right, Sir.

Sim. You know 'tis a common thing for most young Men to give up themselves wholly either to Horses, Hounds, Books, or the like: Now he was not over-ford of any of these, though he was in it all. This I lik'd well.

Sof. Y' had Reason, Sir; for *not to be too much addicted to any one thing*, I take to be the most excellent Rule of Life.

Sim.

Sim. Then for his Conversation, *Sofia*. He was never uneasy upon any Occasion; nor wou'd he ever spoil Company, but clos'd with all Humours, never thwarting others, nor assuming too much to himself. And I think this was the Way to get Reputation and Friends without Envy.

Sof. He took a wise Course: For as the World goes now, *Complaisance goes current, when Plain-dealing will not pass.*

Sim. In this Interim, there comes a Woman about Three years ago from *Andros*, who takes Lodgings in our Neighbourhood, forced hither by the Scantiness of her own Fortune, and the Neglect of her Relations: But she was a fine Woman indeed, and in the very Flower of her Age.

Sof. Ah, Sir! I fear this same *fine Woman* bodes us no good.

Sim. At first indeed, she liv'd a very honest, thrifty, and laborious sort of a Life, earning her Bread at her Fingers ends. But afterwards, when the Love-Business came on, and the Golden Promises from this and t'other, (as People had rather follow their Pleasure than their Work) she accepts of their Offers, and immediately sets up the Trade. Some of her Gallants, as ill Luck would have it, carried my Boy along with 'em for Company's sake. Then said I to myself, *The Fool's nos'd, he's smitten.* So I made it my Business i'th' Morning to watch the Lads going and coming, and would ask him now and then, *Hark ye, good Boy, tell me ye list's Rague, to whose turn fell Chrysis last Night?* For, you must know, that was the Name she went by.

Sof. Very well, Sir.

Sim. They'd tell me, *Phædrus*, *Clinias*, or *Niceratus* perhaps, (for those were all in with her.) *Ay but my good Lads what did Pamphilus? What did he!* they'd cry, *Why, he only eat with 'em, and paid his Club.* This pleas'd me to the very Soul. So I fell to pumping 'em another time, that not one

Word that *Pamphilus* had ever been dabbling. This I thought a sufficient Trial, and a considerable Instance of his Virtue: For he that has to do with such sort of Cattle, and comes off clear, you may safely trust him with the Management of himself. When others saw how I relish'd it, they fell in one and all and said a hundred fine things, I warrant ye, what a *blessed Father I was, to have such a cowardly Son.*

—— In one Word, the Reputation of it wrought to upon my Neighbour *Chremes*, that nothing would serve him but a Match between my Son and his Daughter, with a good Portion over and above too. The Proposal took, we both agreed upon't, and this t'have been the Wedding day.

Ses. Very good: And what Obstruction now;

Sim. I'll tell ye. — In a very few days, whilst this was doing, *Chrysis* dies. —

Ses. In a good Hour, Sir. We are all made then. To be free with ye, I did not like this same *Chrysis*.

Sim. My Son, you must know, and the humble Servants of *Chrysis* were together, and together took Care of the Funeral: He was really sad, and now and then dropt a Tear, which I did not dislike; for, thought I, *He that is so much mov'd, and upon such slender Acquaintance, What if she had been his own Mistress! How wou'd he take on if I should die!* All this I look'd upon to be the Effects of good Nature, and sweet Temper. — To conclude, I myself, to humour him, went also to the Funeral, without suspecting any Thing.

Ses. How, Sir! And what then? [Fearfully.]

Sim. I'll tell ye. — The Body is brought out, the Company moves, and amongst the Women 'twas Fortune to cast my Eye upon a young Creature with a Face —

Ses. Good enough perhaps.

Sim. Ay, *Sessia*, and an Air so modest, so pretty, nothing cou'd be more charming. — Now finding this Woman so much more concern'd than the rest and

and her Behaviour much more genteel and graceful than any there, I went and whisper'd the Servants, to know who she was. They told me, *The dead Person's Sister*. That Word struck me to the very Heart. *Well, well, (thought I) the whole Business is unravell'd, and the Tears and Whining are no longer a Mystery.*

Sof. I'm in such a Fright to know how this Business will come off.

Sim. Well; the Funeral Marches, we follow, come to the Place where the Body was to be laid, put it into the Fire, and give her a Tear: Mean time the Sister, I told ye of, runs like a Mad-Woman up to the Fire, and truly almost into't. At which *Pamphilus* in a great Fright discovers that Love which he had so well dissembled and conceal'd before; runs to her, takes her in his Arms: *My dear Glycerie*, says he, *what do you do? Would ye destroy yourself?* With that, all in Tears, she flings herself upon him, and with so much Tenderneſs too, that you might easily perceive 'twasn't the first time of their Acquaintance.

Sof. Ah! How's this, Sir? [*In Anaxo.*]

Sim. Away go I very moody and dissatisfied, but not enough to make a Wrangle on't: For if I had chid him, he'd ha' said, *Pray, Sir, what have I done? What have I deserv'd, Sir? What's my Fault, Sir? A foolish Woman wou'd ha' burnt herself, I hinder'd her and sav'd her Life it may be.* This is as fair a Plea as can be.

Sof. You've Reason, Sir; For had you blam'd him for saving her out of the Flames, what wou'd ye ha' done if he had thrown her in?

Sim. Next Day comes my Neighbour *Chremes* storming like a Mad-man, *That there was Roguery in his Case, and that most certainly Pamphilus and this Woman were engaged together*, I deny'd, he affirm'd it, and in fine, went away in a Pett, as if he wou'd break off the Match with his Daughter.

Sof.

Sof. And did not ye school your Son upon this?

Sim. No, no; 'twas not enough yet to pick a Quarrel at.

Sof. How so, I beseech ye?

Sim. He might have said, *You, Sir, are now putting a stop to all my Pleasure of this Nature; shortly I must be married, and live after another's Humour; mean Time, pray Sir, let me have a little after my own.* —

Sof. Well Sir! if this won't do, what can you possibly find to chide him for?

Sim. Why, if he refuses to marry upon the Account of his Miss, that Business must be laid home to him first. Now, my Design is, by means of this Mock-Wedding, to find a just Cause of being angry, if he shou'd not agree to it; and that, if the Rogue *Davus* has any Trick in his Head, he may put it off if he can; I an't like to be his Chapman; tho' I know he'll be at his Tooth and Nail; and more to plague me, perhaps, than to pleasure my Son.

Sof. What makes ye think so?

Sim. D'ye ask that Question? Ever whilst ye live. *What's bred i'th' Bone will ne'er be out of the Flesh.* But if I find him tampering, I'll — in short, put the Case that *Pamphilus* shou'd not boggle (as I heartily wish he wou'dn't) then *Chremes* is only to be sweetened, and I hope 'twill do. Now the part you're to act, is to countenance the Marriage, mortify *Davus*, watch the Boy, and be a Spy upon their Council.

Sof. Enough, Sir, I'll take Care of all. — Now I suppose we may retire, Sir.

Sim. Go, I'll follow ye presently. *Exit Sofia.*
Simo walks about studying.

My Life on't this Boy o' mine has no Stomach to a Wife: For if he had, *Davus* wou'dn't ha' been so Hartl'd at the Talk of a Match in hand. — But hold ye! yonder he comes.

Enter Davus at another part of the Stage, not seeing Simo.

Dav.

Dav. *to himself.* I shou'd ha' wonder'd if this Business had gone off; and that fleering Sweetness of my Master I did not like: For when he heard the Match was breaking, he stood with his Finger in his Mouth, and never so much as grumbled at it. —

Sim. *Overbearing*] But Sirrah! now he will, you shall see, and make ye smoke for it too. [*Aside.*]

Dav. *to himself*] I'll warrant ye his Business was to owl us into a Fool's Paradise, and in the midst of all our Hopes to have taken us napping, before we could bethink ourselves of spoiling the Job. A cunning old Fellow!

Sim. *listening.*] This Rogue! what says he? [*aside.*]

Dav. *discovering Simo.*] S'Life, my Master's upon the Back of me, and I never dreamt of him. [*softly.*]

Sim. *Davus!*

Dav. *seeming not to know him.*] Umph! Who's that?

Sim. Here, Sir, this Way.

Dav. What would this old Fellow have? [*softly.*]

Sim. *partly hearing.*] D'ye mutter, Sirrah?

Dav. Who I, Sir?

Sim. And ask Questions too? — Sirrah, 'tis the Town-talk that my Son keeps a Miss.

Dav. The Town's much concern'd, I warrant, for what our Pam does. [*Aside.*]

Sim. Rascal! d'ye mind what I say or no?

[*Angrily.*]

Dav. O yes, very much.

Sim. I shou'd be look'd upon as a hard Father, I know, for peeping into his Intrigues. — For what is gone past I regard not much; for he had Liberty enough, so long as 'twas fit for me to give it, or him to take it; but now the Case is alter'd, and new Circumstances call for new Measures and Manners; and therefore I require you, or if it were decent, let me entreat ye, good Davus, that my Son take up and mend.

Dav. Sir, I'm in the dark all this while.

Sim.

Sim. Your Wenches, you know you are sick at the Name of Wife and Matrimony. —

Dav. Ay, Sir, so they say indeed.

Sim. — Then if any such has got a Tutor of his own Kidney, he shall be sure to be ply'd on the weak side.

Dav. Really, Sir, I don't understand ye.

Sim. No ! that is strange. [*Angrily.*]

Dav. Why, Sir, I'm plain *Davus* still, no Conjuror.

Sim. Then you wou'd have the rest of my Mind in Words at length ?

Dav. Yes Sir, to chuse.

Sim. Look ye Sirrah ! if I catch you in any of your Roguy Legerdemain Tricks to hinder this Match, or that ye have a Mind to shew how shrewd you are at Plotting, I will have your Skin stript over your Ears, and you sent to *Bridewell*, Sirrah ! there to lye and rot, upon this Condition, and by this Token, That whenever I take you out, I will give you leave to put me in. — What ! does your Rogueship understand me now ? Have not I spoke plain enough yet ?

Dav. Ay, *shrewdly*. It is the very Thing itself, without going about.

Sim. Well, Sirrah ! Trick me in any thing but this.

Dav. Gently, gently, Sir, I beseech ye. [*Fearingly.*]

Sim. Rascal, do ye laugh at me too ? But I know ye well enough, and remember that I tell ye ; do not act Hand over Head, and pretend ye had not fair Play shewn ye. — Take this for a Warning.

[*Exit Simo.*]

Davus alone] Why seriously, poor *Davy*, 'tis high time to bestir thy stumps, and to leave off dozing, at least if a Body may guess at the Old Man's meaning by his mumping. If these Brains do not help me out at a dead Lift, to pot goes *Pilgarlick*, or his Master for certain. — [*He studies*] And hang me for a Dog, if I know which side to take, whether to help my young Master, or make fair with his Father. —

shou'd

shou'd I leave the Son, the poor Rogue may hang himself for ought I know ; and if I help him, I dread an old Foe, whom the Devil can't out-wit. — In the first place he has sincerely smelt out his Son's Haunts, then he suspects and keeps a deadly narrow Eye over me, lest I should play fast and loose with him in this Business. If he smokes it, I am no Man of this World : or if the Toy takes him in the Head, right or wrong, he will find an Occasion to have me into *Lob's* Pound in a Trice. — Besides all this, here is another piece of damn'd Luck, this same *Glycerie*, (whether Wife or Miss I can't tell) is undubtably with Child by my Master ; and troth it is the pleasantest thing in the World to tell their Adventure ; for it looks more like a Romance than an Amour. Whatsoever GOD sends them, they have resolv'd to bring it up. And they have contriv'd to sham the Mother upon the World for a *Citizen* of *Athens*. Now (say they) *once upon a Time there was a certain old Man, a Merchant of our Town, who was cast away on the Isle of Andros : He dying, Chrysis's Father did there take this young Orphan cast ashore, and bring her up.* It is all Stuff. O my Conscience it sounds like a Lye ; but however, the Story takes hugely with 'em. —

[*Myfis appears at Glycerie's Door.*] But hold ! here comes her Girl *Myfis*. — I'll e'en go to the *Change*, and hunt up my Master *Pamphilus* ; his Father else will go nigh to surprize him before he has his Lesson.

[*Exeunt Davus.*]

As Myfis enters upon the Stage, Archillis comes to the Door.

My. to Archillis.] Yes, yes, I understand ye, *Archillis*, without all this Noise : You'd have me go for *Lesbia* by all Means. But upon my Word she is a true Toper, and a giddy brain'd Creature, not fit to be trusted with a Woman's first Labour : But however I will bring her. [*— Archillis retires and Myfis turns to her Spectators.*] Did n't you see how
eager

eager this old Trot was to have her come, because they might fuddle their Noses together? — Well! Heavens grant my poor Mistress a good Delivery, and that Any-body may miscarry under her Hands rather than she. —

Enter Pamphilius at a distance.

But what is here to do that Mr. *Pamphilius* is so strangely disorder'd? — It makes me tremble to think what shou'd be the Matter. — There's Mischief brewing, and I'll stay a little to see what comes on't.

[She retires to one side of the Stage.

Pam. to himself.] Was ever such a thing done or thought of yet by Man? Is this the part of a Father?

Myf. What Mischief i'th' Wind now tro? *[Aside.*

Pam. to himself.] If this be no Severity with a witness, before GOD and Man there's no such thing in *Nature*. — My Father, it seems, design'd to have marry'd me to Day. One wou'd hâ' thought I might have known on't before, or at least have had some Notice of my own Wedding.

Myf. Alas! What is this I hear? *[Aside.*

Pam. to himself.] What means this *Chremes* too, who but lately declar'd against the Match? Has he chang'd his own Mind, because he saw I wou'd not change mine? Is he so resolutely bent to rend me from my dearest *Glycerie*? If it comes to that once, I'm ruin'd beyond Redemption. — Was there ever such an awkward and unlucky Fellow upon Earth as I? — O Heavens! Is there no way to huffle off the Alliance with this *Chremes*? How grossly have I been abus'd and traml'd on? All things were agreed on, sign'd and seal'd, of a sudden I their *Cast-off* must be brought on again. But why, unless there's some damnable Roguery in the bottom on't, which I'm very suspicious of. Now because this *Dowdy* lies upon her Father's Hands, and No-body else will, I must.

[Scornfully.

Myf. I vow these Words make my poor Heart go pit-a-pat.

[Aside.

Pam.

Pam. to himself.] But what shall I say of my Father all this while? Alas for him! That he should so carelessly huddle up a thing of so great Consequence. — He told me upon the *Change*, as he went by me, even now, *Pamphilius, You are to 'be marry'd to Day, go home presently, and make yourself ready.* Which sounded to me as if had said, *Go home presently, and hang yourself.* It stunn'd me so that I had not a Word to answer, nor the least Colour of Excuse, tho' never so foolish, false, or extravagant. In short, I was Tongue-ty'd. — But if Any-body should ask me now, *What wou'd ye have done, supposing you had had timely Notice on't?* Why! sure I wou'd have done something not to have done this. — But as the Case now stands, where shall I begin first? so many Difficulties cumber and distract my Soul at once: On this side Love, Pity for that dear Creature, and my being urg'd to marry: On that side the Reverence due to my Father, who has hitherto indulg'd me in all that Heart cou'd wish; and, shall I turn Rebel at last? — I'm very unhappy, and which side to take to I know not.

Myf. coming nearer.] Alas! How I dread as much which side he'll take to! but now 'tis absolutely necessary for him to speak with her, or for me to tell him something about her. For when the Mind is upon the Ballance, the least thing in the World turns the Scale.

[*Aside.*

Pam. What Voice is that? — Is it you *Myfis*? In good Time.

Myf. O Mr. *Pamphilius*, well met.

Pam. How does your Mistress?

Myf. She, Sir! Why she's just now in her Labour! Then it goes the harder with the poor Creature, because she hears this is to be your Wedding-day; but worst of all, for fear you shou'd leave her at last.

Pam. O hideous! Can I entertain such a Thought! Shall I suffer an unfortunate gentlewoman to be ruin'd for my Pleasure, who put her Life and Honour into my Hands? One that I have lov'd with the Fondness and

and Tenderness of a Husband? Shall I expose so much Modesty and Virtue to the Temptation of so strong a Necessity? No, no; it must never be.

Myf. That is to say, if you cou'd help it: But I'm afraid you can't stand the Brunt of your Father.

Pam. But can you think me such a Scoundrel, so ungrateful, so inhuman, nay, and so brutal too, that neither Friendship, Love, nor Honour can make or keep me honest?

Myf. This, I can assure ye, Sir, you do her great Wrong if you forget her.

Pam. Forget her, say ye? — O *Myfis*, *Myfis*, what *Chrysis* spake to me about her Sister is to this Day engraven on my Heart: She was just dying, I remember, when she call'd; I went to her, you among 'em withdrew, we alone, she thus began: *Mr. Pamphilus, You see the Youth and Beauty of this poor Girl; I need n't tell ye how little these signify either to the Security of her Virtue or Fortune. — Now, by this Hand of yours, and your natural Goodness, I beg of you, I adjure ye by the Faith you have given this poor Creature, and by her solitary Condition, to be true to her, and never forsake her. — If you have ever been to me as my own Brother if you are the Man in the World whom she ever most esteem'd, if she never deny'd ye any thing that she cou'd grant ye; I now bequeath ye to her for a Husband, a Friend, a Guardian, and Father too: I leave ye also Master of my Fortune, to do with it as you please. —* With these Words she join'd our Hand, and in the very Action dy'd. I receiv'd her, and am resolv'd to keep her.

Myf. Indeed, Sir, I hope so.

Pam. But why from your Mistress at this time?

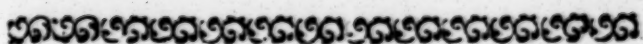
Myf. I'm going for a Midwife.

Pam. Prithee make haste then. [*She is going off.*] But hark ye, not a Word of the Wedding to her, for fear it shou'd make her the worse.

Myf. I understand ye. [*Exeunt severally.*]

End of the First Act.

ACT.



ACT II.

Charine attended by Byrrhie.

Cha. *as they enter* — **H**OW's this *Byrrhie*? Is she to be marry'd to Mr. *Pamphilius* to Day? Hah!

Byr. Neither better nor worse.

Cha. How know ye that?

Byr. I had it of *Darius* at the *Change*.

Cha. Unlucky Creature that I am! There's some Life in a Man as long as he lives hovering betwixt Hope and Fear, but when he comes to despond once, he sinks amain, and his Heart is as heavy as a lump of Lead.

Byr. For Goodness sake, Sir, be not so much a Philosopher, as if ye can't have what ye wou'd, content yourself with what you may.

Cha. Nay, There's nothing I wou'd have, but my dear *Philumena*.

Byr. Ah, Sir, Were it not much better to try if ye can put that Love out of your Head, than to indulge your Passion thus, stand blowing of the Coal, and to no Purpose neither.

Cha. 'Tis an easier Matter to give Counsel than to take it, and if you had my Distemper you'd say so.

Byr. Well, well, Sir! What you please for that.

Enter Pamphilius at a distance.

Cha. But stay a little, I see Mr. *Pamphilius* yonder. Since my Life is at Stake, I'm resolv'd to make a Bolt or a Shaft on't.

Byr. What Whim takes my Master now? [*Aside.*

Cha. Why, I will so beg and beg of him, and tell him such a dismal Story of my Love, that I fancy he may be prevail'd upon to put off the Wedding for two or three Days; mean time something may happen.

Byr.

Byr. And that something is just nothing at all.

[*Aside.*

Cha. What think ye, *Byrrbie*, had I best go to him or no?

Byr. By all means, Sir, tho' to no other Purpose than to make him believe you'll cuckold him, if he marries her.

Cha. Go hang yourself, ye suspicious Cur.

Pam. coming nearer.] O here is Mr. *Charine*. — Your Servant, Sir.

Cha. Oh, Sir, the very Man I wanted! — For if *You* don't keep up my Heart, protect, assist, and advise me, I'm undone.

Pam. Troth, Sir, you've found me but in a sorry Condition, either to assist or advise ye. But pray, Sir, tell me what you'd have.

Cha. Ar'n't you to be marry'd to Day, Sir?

Pam. 'Tis so reported.

Cha. If you do, Sir, you've seen your last of me.

Pam. Why so, Sir?

Cha. Alas, Sir, I dare not tell ye: — Prithee *Byrrbie*, you tell him.

Byr. I will, Sir.

Pam. to Byrrbie.] Well, what's the Business?

Byr. He's only in Love with *your* Spouse, that's all, Sir.

Pam. Truly we ar'n't both of a Mind: — But, pray be plain with me, Is there no nearer Engagement between you and her?

Cha. Ah, Sir, none at all.

Pam. O' my Soul, I wish there were.

Cha. Now, as you've any Love or Friendship for me, I do adjure you not to marry her. —

Pam. Sir, I'll do my best i'th' Case.

Cha. — But if you can't avoid it, or if the Wedding be so much to your Heart's Desire, —

Pam. My Heart's Desire! [*Angrily.*

Cha. — At least put it off a Day or two longer, that I may get out of the Way.

Pam.

Pam. But here me a little, Mr. *Charine*: This is all to the Tune of, *I thank you for nothing*: For I'll assure ye, I am more against the Match than You are for't.

Cha. That Word has brought me to Life again.

Pam. Now if there be any thing to be done between you and your Man *Byrrhie*, fall to work upon it; lie, contrive; do but order the Matter so that she may be Yours, and let me alone to see she shall never be Mine.

Cha. Enough, Sir.

Pam. (*Seeing Davus afar off.*) But yonder comes *Davus* in the lucky Minute, whose Advice I rely on.

Cha. to Byrrhie.) Ah, *Davus* — But you, Sirrah, are good for nothing, but to tell me what I shall be never the better for. — In short, out of my Sight.

Byr. With all my Heart, Sir. [*runs out.*]

Enter Davus at a Distance, looking about him.

Dav. to himself.] In the Name of goodness! What a World of good News do I bring! — But where's our *Pam.* now? For I've that to tell him which will rid him of his present Fears, and make his Heart leap in his Belly.

Cha. There's something pleases him, if a Body knew what it were.

Pam. There's nothing in't; the Fellow has n't the Story of my Misfortunes.

Dav. to himself.] — I'll warrant, did he but know he was to be marry'd to Day. —

Cha. D'ye hear him, Sir?

Dav. to himself.] — He'd post about the Town in a pitiful Condition after me. — But where the De'l shall I meet with him now? or where shall I go to find him?

Cha. What! not a Word to him?

Dav. to himself.] Well, I'll be marching. [*going off.*]

Pam. Soho, *Davus*! stay.

Dav. not knowing him.! What Fellow's that interrupts? — [*turning about.*] O Lord! my Master *Pamphilus*! the Man I look'd for. — And Heyday! here

is

is Mr. *Charine* too ! rarely well met, for I've Bu-
siness with you both.

Pam. Ah *Davus* ! quite ruin'd !

Davus interrupting.] But hear me first.

Pam. I'm a lost Man —

Day. I know your Grief. [Hastily.

Cha. And my Life is at stake. —

Day. turning to *Charine.*] That I know too.

Pam. I'm to be marry'd. —

Day. As if I did not know that too. [Angrily.

Cha. But to *Day*, *Davus*.

Day. Zookers ! You've put me besides my Senses.
I know all. — You're afraid ye shou'd marry her,
[to *Pam.*] and you're afraid ye should not, [to *Cha.*

Cha. 'Thou hast nick'd it. [together.

Day. That *very same* is nothing, by this Light,
trust me, Sir.

Pam. Prithee, good Boy, without any more ado,
rid me from my Fears.

Day. So I will, Sir, in a trice. *Imprimis*, Mr.
Chremes parts with no Daughter to *Day*.

Pam. How d'ye know that ?

Day. I know't well enough, Sir, — Your Father
just now took me aside, and told me, *You must be*
marry'd to Day, with a long Story at the Tail on't,
not worth the telling *you* now : Upon this I ran full
speed to the *Change*, to acquaint *you* with it, where,
when I found ye not, I gets me up on high, then
stares me round about, but no *Pamphilius* appears.
By chance I spy'd *Byrrhie*, ask'd him he had seen
ye, but no Tidings yet : This fretted my very Guts.
To work goes my Noddle, to know what to do.
Mean while, on my Return, I began to smell the
whole Business out : *Ab, ha ! there's not a bit ex-*
traordinary for a Treat, the old Man out of Tune too :
A Wedding clapt up in a trice ! These Things
don't hang well together.

Pam. Well, what of all this ?

Day.

Dav. Away march'd I to Neighbour *Chremes's*; when I got there, not a Creature stirring before the Door did I see, which made me laugh in my sleeve.

Cha. That's well.

Pam. On with your Story.

Dav. There I stay'd sometime, but the de'il a Person saw I going out or in; never an old *Gouvernante*; nor the least Preparation or Hurry in the House.

Pam. I grant this a good Sign.

Dan. Does this look like a Wedding?

Pam. Indeed, *Davus*, I think not.

Dav. Marry come up with your *think nots* — Ye know nothing I see. Why, 'tis as plain as a Pike-Staff. As I was beating the Hoof homeward, who shou'd I meet but Mr. *Chremes's* Boy coming from the Market with a Bunch of Herbs, and three ha'perth of little Fishes, for the Old Man's Supper.

Cha. God-a-mercy *Davus*. This Day hast thou set me upon my Legs again.

Dav. What a plaguy Mistake you lie under!

Cha. Why so? Your Master is not like to have her.

Dav. Well done *Logick*! As if there never were another Man in the World, but your Lordship and my Master. If ye don't look about ye, make Friends to the old Gentleman, and ply the Lady briskly, ye may snap short for all that tho'.

Cha. Your Counsel's good, I'll follow it. Tho' in troth my Hopes have often jilted me, and so farewell. [Exit Charine.]

Pam. Prithee *Davus*, what does my Father propose to himself? What makes him double thus?

Dav. I'll tell ye, Sir, If he shou'd take pet now that Mr. *Chremes* won't part with his Daughter, he cou'd not but blame himself for it, and right enough too, till he finds how you stand affected to the Wedding. But if it goes off on your side, the Blame will be laid at your Door; and there will be the Devil to do then.

Pam. What! Shall I truckle?

Dav.

Dav. Why, Sir, he's your Father, and you'll have a hard Task on't. Besides your Mistress has No-body to stand by her; upon the least Occasion he'll quickly make the Town too hot for her.

Pam. Too hot for her! [*Angrily and scornfully.*]

Dav. In the turning of a Hand, Sir.

Pam. Prithee, honest *Davus*, what shall I do in this Case?

Dav. Why e'en tell him you'll have her.

Pam. Oh!

Dav. Why that Sigh now?

Pam. What tell him a thing so far from my Heart?

Dav. Why not, I pray?

Pam. O *Davus*, never, never.——

Dav. Never deny it, Man.

Pam. Don't put me upon't.

Dav. Consider well what will come on't.

Pam. Yes, that 'twill put me out with the one, and in with the other.

Dav. No, no, you're wide. — Now I fancy that your Father will say some such thing as this. *Come Son, I must needs have you marry to Day: With all my Heart, say you.* — Well; and what can he quarrel at now? This will ruin all his Designs, and you in a whole Skin all the while. For 'tis as certain as Certainty itself, that Mr. *Chremes*, won't give ye his Daughter. So that you need not break a jot of your own Measures for fear of his altering his Mind. Do but tell your Father you'll marry, and let him be angry if he can. As for you flattering yourself, *that No-body else will part with his Daughter to one in your Circumstances:* I'll answer that in a Word, Your Father will tie a Begger-wench upon your Back, rather than let you Whore at this rate. — Look ye, if he find ye once indifferent, he'll sleep over it, and find ye out another. — *No Body knows when:* In the mean time something may happen on our side.

Pam. Think ye so?

Dav. No doubt on't, I'll warrant ye.

Pam. Have a Care where thou leadst me. *Dav.*

Dav. What, will ye ne'er ha' done ?

Pam. Well, I'll say, as you'd ha' me : But *you* must take special Care it don't come to my Father's Ear that I've a Child, and that I'm in for a Maintenance.

Dav. O confident Devil !

Pam. Why, she bound me upon my Oath to take Care on't, as a Token I shou'd ne'er forsake her.

Dav. Well, we'll take Care on't. — —

Enter Simo at a great distance.

Yonder comes your Father, put on your t'other Face, quick.

Sim. to himself.] These Blades are conferring Notes ; I've a mind to see what they'd be at.

Dav. The good old Man takes it for granted, that you'll refuse to marry. He comes so cogitabund from some by-corner or another, he questions not but he has that in his Head which will put ye to a confounded Nonplus. — Be sure to have all your Brains about ye.

Pam. I'll do what I can, *Davus*.

Dav. Come, Sir, tell him but you'll marry her, and if ever he opens his Mouth to ye again upon that Business, never believe *Davus*.

Enter Byrthie at another part of the Stage. watching them.

Byr. to himself.] This Master o' mine has discharg'd me a while from all other Services, to make me a Spy upon Mr. *Pamphilus*'s Designs about this Wedding : For this Purpose have I dogg'd Father Grey-beard upon the Heel. — O here they are all together. — Faith I'll play at Bo-peep here.

[withdraws to one side of the Stage]

Sim. come nearer.] O here are the Gentlemen I want.

Dav. S't ! mind your Cue.

Sim. Pamphilus !

Dav. softly.] Turn quick, as though you had not seen him.

Pam. turning hastily about.] Hah, my dear Father ?

Dav. Excellent i' Faith. *[Aside to Pamphilus.*

D

Sim.

Sim. I must ha' ye marry to Day, as I told ye.

Byr. Now I'm plaguily afraid whether his Answer will be for us. [*Aside.*]

Pam. Sir, I shall be ready to obey ye in this and all other Commands.

Byr. Say ye so!

[*Aside.*]

Dav. The old Man's Mouth is stopt.

[*Aside.*]

Byr. What answer'd he?

[*Aside.*]

Sim. Why this is like a Son, when ye cheerfully do as your Father wou'd ha' ye.

Dav. Will ye believe me another time? [*Aside.*
to Pamphilus.]

Byr. For ought I perceive my poor Master may go whistle for a Wife. [*Aside.*]

Sim. Go in, *Pamphilus*, that you may be at hand when you're wanted.

Par. I'm going Sir. [*Exit Pamphilus.*]

Byr. *coming from his Covert.*] Is there no Faith in Man? Well, I find the old Saying stands good, *Every Man for his own Ends*: I remember, once I had a glimpse of this Lass; 'Sbobs, a charming Creature! and Mr. *Pamphilus* is i'th' right on't, if he had rather lie by such a one himself, than my Master shou'd: —I'll go tell him all; 'tis but venturing a few hard Words for a little hard News. [*Exit Byr.*]

Dav. Now this old *Mumpsimus* concludes I've got some notable Intrigue in my Budget, and that I planned myself here upon the same account. [*Aside.*]

Sim. What says *Davus* to the World?

Dav. There's no News stirring, Sir.

Sim. None say ye?

[*Angrily.*]

Dav. None at all, Sir.

Sim. Truly but I look'd for something tho'.

Dav. He has lost his Aim I perceive, and that nettles him too.

Sim. Sirrah can't you speak without a Lie in your Mouth?

Dav. Most fluently, Sir.

Sim. Come, does not this Match stick in my Son's Stomach,

Stomach, because of his Amours with the Stranger?

Dav. Why truly, Sir, no; — or were it so, that Uneasiness wou'd off in a Day or two's time, (D'ye understand me, Sir?) then all wou'd be well again; But now he has fairly taken the Point by the right Handle.

Sim. I commend him for't.

Dav. Indeed when you wink'd at it, and his Age bore him out in't, he did wench a little; but then he did it secretly, and, like a Man of Honour, took Care it shou'd be no Blot in his Escotcheon — Now 'tis time to look out for a Wife, he has his Thoughts wholly upon Matrimony.

Sim. Methought he lookt a little downish upon it though.

Dav. Not at all for that, but there's something else he did n't take so well at your Hands.

Sim. What's that, pray?

Dav. A meer Trifle, Sir.

Sim. What is't for a Trifle?

Dav. Nay, nothing at all to speak on,

Sim. Well, well, I must know what it is.

Dav. He says, *You're too sparing of your Purse.*

Sim. Who, I?

[*Angrily.*]

Dav. Yes, you Sir. — *For, says he, my Father has laid out but Ten Groats for a Supper, and is that to be my Wedding-Treat, forsooth? Which of my Companions can I invite at such a Time as this? And under the Rose, Sir, I think you're a little close-fisted, I cou'd wish it were otherwise.*

Sim. Leave your prating, Sirrah.

Dav. I've stung him, I see.

[*Aside.*]

Sim. Let me alone to see that all be well. —

[*Exit Davus.*]

Sim. alone.] What's the Meaning of all this? — What wou'd this old *Hocus* be at? — If there be any Piece of Roguery here on foot, I'll lay my Life he is chief Actor in't.

[*Exit after him.*]

The End of the Second Act.



A C T III.

Enter Myfis and Lesbia on one part of the Stage ; on another Simo and Davus observing them.

Myf. **T**Ruly *Lesbia*, you're much i'th' right on't.
A faithful Lover is a very great Rarity.

Sim. This Maid belongs to the *Andrian* : What say you to't ?

Dav. Yes, Sir.

Myf. to *Lesbia*.] But this Mr. *Pamphilus*.——

Sim. What says she ?

Myf. —— Has sign'd and seal'd over again. ——

Sim. So, so !

Dav. Wou'd the old Man's Ears were stopt, or her Tongue out for me.

Myf. —— For whate'er God sends her, he has order'd to be brought up.

Sim. Confusion ! what do I hear ! if what she says be true, all's past Recovery.

Lesf. A sweet natur'd young Gentleman I'll warrant ye.

Myf. Oh, a most sweet-natur'd —— But come along, for you'll be too late else.

Lesf. Well, lets in then. [*Exit Myfis and Lesbia.*

Dav. How shall we recover ourselves out of this Relapse ?

Sim. *walking aside.*] What means all this ? —— Is my Son so mad then, and for a Stranger too ? But hold ! now I see which way the *Hare* goes. —— That I cou'd n't find it before, like a senceless Sot as I was. [*Softly.*

Dav. *partly overhearing.*] What's that he has found out, says he ?

Sim. Oh ! here begins the Rogue's Tricks ; they pre-

pretend a great Belly among 'em, to beat off M^r.
Cbremes from the Match. [*Aside.*

Glycerie *within.*) Oh! — Oh! — Help, kind
Heavens, and free me from my Pains, I beseech ye.
Oh ———

Sim. *softly.*) Ha, ha, ha. — so nimble, A very
good Jest! after she heard of my being at the Door,
she presently falls in Labour forsooth. — Your Farce
wan't well tim'd, Mr. Rogue. (*to Dav.*

Dav. Meaning me, Sir?

Sim. Ah Sirrah, were your Actors out in their
Parts?

Dav. I don't understand you, Sir, in the least.

Sim. If this Rascal had serv'd me so in a real
Wedding, here wou'd ha' been fine Work with a
Vengeance; but now he makes a Rod for his own
Back: For my part, I'm safe enough.

*Enter Lesbia from Glycerie's House, not seeing
Simo and Davus.*

Les. *to Archillis at the Door.*] For what is 'past,
Archillis, and for a Woman in her Condition, every
thing is as well as a-body cou'd wish: In the first
place, let her be well bath'd, and then let her take
the Dose I prescrib'd her to drink, and just the Quan-
tity; I shall be back again in a minute. — [*Archillis
retires, Lesbia speaks to herself.*] Heart of my Body!
Pamphilus has got a very pretty Boy; I hope in
Heaven he will live to make as good a Man as his Fa-
ther, who scorn'd to wrong this innocent Creature.
(*Exit Lesbia.*

Sim. What Man alive that knew thee, wou'd n't
swear that this was one of thy Rogue's Tricks?

Dav. What Rogue's Tricks, Sir?

Sim. Within Doors there were no Orders given
about the big-belly'd Woman; but when she was
once ont, she sets up a bawling in the Streets to
those within, that the whole Town might ring
on't ——— Why Dav. am I to be made a Proper-
ty? or what dost thou see in my Face, to think of

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making so palpable an Ass of me? If it had been more artificial, it wou'd ha' look'd like somewhat of Reverence for me, if I shou'd have found it out.

Dav. Faith, the old Fool cheats himself, not I. [*Aside.*

Sim. Did n't I charge ye strictly? Nay, did n't I threaten ye too? But what car'd you? 'Tis all but so much Breath lost. Can ye think me so mad as to believe this Woman's brought to Bed?

Dav. Oh, have I found out his blind Side! I know my Cue then. [*Aside.*

Sim. Have ye never a Tongue in your Head, Sirrah?

Dav. Why, what wou'd ye believe? As if you had n't an Item of this before-hand.

Sim. Who shou'd give me an Item?

Dav. Strange! Did you find out this Imposture, and yourself too. [*Jeeringly.*

Sim. Very fine, I am laugh'd at.

Dav. I'm sure it was told ye, Sir: How shou'd ye suspect it else?

Sim. How? 'cause I know thee for a Rogue.

Dav. As much as to say, I was the Contriver on't.

Sim. Nothing so certain. I know't.

Dav. Sir, you're mightily mistaken in your Man.

Sim. Mistaken in my Man!

Dav. For if I go about to speak a Word, you presently think I put upon ye.

Sim. Belike, I lye then.

Dav. Troth, at this Rate, I dare scarce move my Lips to ye.

Sim. This I'm certain of, there has been no Belly laid here.

Dav. Are ye very certain of't? Yet, for all that, you'll have a Child laid at your Door before you're aware on't. This, Sir, will certainly be, and remember that I told ye on't now, that if there shou'd happen any Roguery i'th' Case, it might n't be laid to *Davus's* Charge. I wou'd fain have ye believe better things of *Davus*.

Sim. But how d'ye know they'll trick a Child upon us?

Dav.

Dav. I heard it, and believe it too. And there are a thousand Circumstances which makes me be of that mind. For, first, the Gentlewoman cry'd she was with Child by your Son, which is found to be a meer sham. As soon as she heard of a Wedding on foot, her Maid forsooth is posted away presently for the Midwife, and for a Child over and above. But if it chanced that you should see this Child at your Door, the Wedding may go on for all this.

Sim. How's this? — As soon as ye heard of these Plots, pray why cou'd'nt *Pamphilus* have been acquainted with all?

Dav. And who wast d'ye think but I that parted them? For the whole Town knew that he was up to the Ears in Love. Now he has his Mind upon a Wife. As for the Business of the Child, let me alone with that. Go on with the Wedding as you've begun, Heavens prosper it, I say.

Sim. Very well! — Now ye may go in, and wait there till I come, and get ready what's wanting. [Exit Davus.]

Simo alone. This Fellow was n't very urgent upon me to believe his Stories; and may be all he said was n't true neither. Be it so, or no, I care not a Straw: the main thing I stand upon is my Son's Promise. — Well, I'll go see for my Neighbour *Chremes*, and beg his Daughter; then if I get her, I'll have a Wedding to Day in spite of their Teeth. I don't question my Son's Promise at all. If he draws back I can fairly force him to't now. —

Enter Chremes.

Here comes the Man in as good time as a body cou'd wish. — A good Day to ye Neighbour *Chremes*.

Chr. O Sir, you're the Man I look'd for.

Sim. And I you.

Chr. You're well met, Sir. — there are those who told me they heard from your own Mouth, that this Day your Son and my Daughter were to be marry'd. Now I am come to see whether you or they are well in their Wits.

Sim. Have a little Patience, and you'll hear my Desires, and an Answer to your Question too.

Chr. Well Neighbour, let's hear it then.

Sim. I beg ye for Heaven's sake, by your Friendship, begun with our Childhood, and increas'd with our Years : By your dear Daughter, and my only Son (whose Welfare depends wholly upon you) to assist me in this weighty Point, and let the Match still go on, as we formerly design'd.

Chr. Pray, Sir, no such Entreaties : As though I cou'd n't grant it without all this begging. D'ye think I am not the same Man as when I made the first offer ? If the Match be for their good, let them be sent for out of hand. But if more harm than good be like to come on't, I'd have ye consider Matters impartially, as tho' she were your Daughter, and *Pamphilus* my Son.

Sim. It is upon such Conditions that I desire it, and press it so forward. Nor shou'd I have been so urgent, had not the Matter requir'd it.

Chr. As how, I beseech ye ?

Sim. O Sir, my Son and his Mistress are fallen out.

Chr. Meer Tales !

Sim. Believe me Neighbour, it is true.

Chr. Yes Faith, just as I tell ye, *Love is a meer Caterwaul, where Scratching begets Kissing.*

Sim. Say ye so, Sir, pray then let us prevent the worst now we have fair Opportunity, whilst the edge of his Appetite is taken off by Affronts and Ill Usage. Let us give him a Wife before these wheedling Queans, by their Tricks and false Tears, soften his Love-sick Mind to pity. I hope, Sir, when he is once reclaim'd by the pleasant Conversation of a virtuous Wife he will easily wind himself out of these Mischiefs.

Chr. You're of this Opinion, but I am not ; they will never endure to be together, and I shall be as uneasy under it.

Sim. But how can ye know it, till you have experienc'd it.

Chr.

Chr. 'Tis ill buying Experience at the Expence of my Daughter.

Sim. Why, when the worst comes to the worst, if such a thing shou'd happen (which Heavens forbid) they can but part. But shou'd he once take up and mend, consider how many Advantages will happen. First, I shall have my Son well settled, you an honest Son-in-Law, and your Daughter a good Husband.

Chr. What's all this ado for? If you're fully persuaded that all will prove for the best, GOD forbid I shou'd be your hindrance in the least.

Sim. Indeed, Sir, I have always had a high Esteem for ye.

Chr. But to the Purpose.

Sim. Well, Sir.

Chr. How come ye to know that your Son and his Mistress were fallen out?

Sim. Why Sir, *Davus*, a Privy Counsellor of theirs, told me so, and withal urg'd me to strike up the Match with all speed. And d'ye think he wou'd ha' don't, had n't he known my Son was willing too? — Now I think on't, you shall hear it from his own Mouth. ---- [*to Servants within.*] Soho! within there, bid *Davus* come hither. —

Enter Davus to them.

But see here he comes himself.

Dav. to Sim. I was just coming to you, Sir.

Sim. Well, what's the Matter?

Dav. Why don't ye send for the Bride, Sir? it grows late. [*Fawningly.*]

Sim. to Chremes.) Look ye there now, do ye hear him? — (*to Davus.*) Well, *Davus*, Servants are slippery, and I had a fancy once that you were as likely to serve your Master a slippery Trick as another body, especially in the Case of my Son's Amours.

Dav. Lord, Sir! I do such a Thing!

Sim. I was once of that Opinion; and for fear of the worst, kept something to myself which now i'll discover to ye.

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Dav. And what may that be, I pray, Sir ?

Sim. I'll tell ye, for I cou'd now find in my Heart to trust thee.

Dav. I hope you're satisfy'd in my Fidelity at last.

Sim. In short, there was nothing of Marriage i'th' Case.

Dav. How, Sir, no Marriage ?

Sim. No, no, 'twas but a Contrivance to feel your Pulse.

Dav. Will ye tell me so ?

Sim. Ev'n just so, *Davus*.

Dav. Why, look ye, Sir, I cou'd never comprehend this. Bless me ! there's a damn'd Reach in't. [*Jeering.*

Sim. But hear me now. ——— No sooner had I sent you in, whom shou'd I meet but my Neighbour here in the very Nick.

Dav. S'death, is't come to this, then ? [*Softly.*

Sim. ——— I up and told him what you told me.

Dav. [*softly.*] Confusion ! What's this I hear ?

Sim. ——— I begg'd his Daughter, and with much ado prevail'd. ———

Dav. Undone, Undone ! [*Softly.*

Sim. [*partly bearing.*] How ! What say ye ?

Dav. I said, 'twas excellently well done.

Sim. As for Mr. *Chremes*, he's ready.

Chr. Well, I'll just step Home, and put all things in order ; then I'll come back, and tell ye more of my Mind. [*Exit Chremes.*

Davis looks simply upon Simo.

Sim. Now, prithee *Davus*, seeing this is a Match wholly of thy making ———

Dav. 'Twas wholly of my making with a Pox to't.

[*Afide.*

Sim. ——— I'd ha' ye take my Son in Hand, and help to reclaim him.

Dav. Yes, Sir, I'll do my best. [*Coldly.*

Sim. That's easily done now he's upo'the peevish Pin.

Dav. Well, Sir, set your Heart at rest.

Sim. Do't then ; but where's he now ?

Dav.

Dav. Ten to one he's at home.

Sim. Well, I'll step in, and tell him just what I told you. [Exit Simo.]

Davus alone.] So! I shall be hang'd. — I've no more to do, but strait to Prison goes poor Davus with a Vengeance — there's no crying Peccavi i'th' Case. I've turn'd all Topsey-turvey, impos'd upon the old Man, noos'd his Son into Matrimony, and brought a Business about, that the one never dreamt of, and the other was afraid of. — This 'tis to be super-subtle! Had I sat still, and not been tampering, all had been well enough.

Enter Pamphilus at a distance.

But look now (as my evil Genius wou'd ha't) yonder he comes. — I'm a lost Man already. — What wou'd I give for a convenient Precipice to dash my Brains out.

Pam. to himself.] Where's the Vilain that has undone me?

Dav. Heaven's! What will become of me? [Aside.]

Pam. to himself.] I must confess I'm well enough serv'd, like a senceless short-sighted Fop as I was. — What, venture my Life and Soul to the Secrecy of a prating Fool! I shall pay dear for being a Block-head; but as I live that Dog shan't carry it off so.

Dav. If I 'scape hanging this bout, I'll be sworn the Gallows will never have me. [Aside.]

Pam. to himself.] What Excuse shall I pretend to my Father? Shall I break off, when but just now I engag'd myself to marry, — With what Face shall I dare to offer it? — I'm at a wretched Nonplus.

Dav. listening.] And so am I, in good Faith, tho' my Wits are on the Tenterhooks, yet I must pretend I've that in my Head will fetch him off again; though 'twere only to put off this plaguy Business a little longer. [Aside.]

Pam. seeing Davus.] Hah! Are ye there?

Dav. S'death, he sees me. [Softly, hanging his Head.]

Pam. Pray come hither, good Mr. Rogue! What

Excuse

Excuse now? — Don't ye see you Rascal, what a miserable Condition your damn'd Contrivances have brought me into. [*Angrily.*]

Dav. But I'll soon bring ye off again.

Pam. You bring me off again!

Dav. Yes, Sir, without doubt.

Pam. Without doubt, as ye did before. [*Scornfully.*]

Dav. I hope, Sir, a little better too.

Pam. How can I credit such a Villain? Can you set a Matter entirely lost and desperate to rights again? — Very fine! what a rare Fellow have I rely'd upon, who this Day amidst a Calm has rais'd a Storm, and forc'd an odious Match upon me in spite of my Teeth? — Did n't I tell you how 'twould be, you Rascal?

Dav. You did so, Sir.

Pam. What d' ye deserve for your Pains?

Dav. A Halter, I must confess. — But, pray Sir, reprieve me, 'till I've recover'd my Senses a little. I'll soon see what's to be done i'th' Case.

Pam. I'm sorry I have not time to give you your Due. I have scarce enough to look to myself, much less to punish you. [*Exeunt Ambo.*]

The End of the Third Act.



ACT IV.

Enter Charine by himself.

DID ever any-body believe, or but read of People so horribly base, as to take Pleasure in the Miseries of others, and out of their Ruins to make their own Fortunes? — Ah! is this true or no? Yes, yes! 'tis true with a Vengeance. There are a brutal sort of Men that make some Scruple of a downright Refusal, but when the time of Performance

mance comes, they pluck the Mask aside with trembling Hands, forc'd to discover what they are, and give a flat Denial; then being past all shame, they cry, *Pray who are you, Sir? What are you to me, Sir? Shall I resign my Mistress to you, Sir? Oh Sir, I'd have ye know Charity always begins at home.* If ye charge them with Breach of Honour, they are not ashamed; they can blush when there is no reason for it, but when there is, they shake Hands with their Modesty. — What Measures shall I take? — Shall I go to him and reason the Case with him for this Affront? — I'll give him ill Language enough. *Hold Sir* (may some say) *you will be never the better for it.* — Oh, much: I shall certainly plague him to some Purpose, and so ease my Mind a little that way.

He goes towards Simo's Door, where he is met by Pamphilus and Davus.

Pam. Ah dear Sir, I have most inconsiderately ruin'd you and myself too, except Heaven help us.

Cha. How! *inconsiderately* d'ye call it? then ye are not to seek for an Excuse. You're a fine Man of your Word indeed. [Scornfully.]

Pam. How so, Sir?

Cha. D'ye think to catch me a second time with your Flams?

Pam. What d'ye mean, Sir?

Cha. I no sooner told ye of my Passion for Madam Philumena, but you were strangely smitten with her. — What a Wretch was I, to judge of another's Generosity by my own!

Pam. You are still under a Mistake, Sir.

Cha. Were not your Joys compleat enough before without bubbling me the poor Cully, and drilling me on with phantastick Hopes. — But there, take her for me. (Very angrily.)

Pam. I take her! — Ah Sir, you can't conceive what Troubles I lie under, and to what a miserable pass this Rascal of mine has brought me by his damn'd Projects. *Cha*

Cha. Where's the Wonder, since he took you for his Pattern.

Pam. I'm sure ye wou'd n't talk at this rate, if ye knew either me or my Circumstances.

Cha. jeeringly.] Yes, yes : I know very well some Words have past between your Father and you, and that's the Reason he is so very angry with ye; yet he cou'd n't force ye to marry to Day.

Pam. Nay, Sir, to let you see how little ye know my Trouble, there was no Wedding to be to Day, nor any thing of a Wife design'd for me.

Cha. Yes, Sir, I know 'twas a voluntary Compulsion. —

Pam. But hold Sir, ye don't know the Business yet.

Cha. Yes, so much on't, that you're just upon having her.

Pam. Why d' ye rack me thus? Do but hear -- He never gave over tampering with me to tell my Father I'd marry her : Nay, he lay pressing and begging o' me, till in plain-dealing I cou'd hold out no longer.

Cha. What *He* d' ye mean?

Pam. Why *Davus*, that *He*.

Cha. Who *Davus*!

Pam. 'Tis *Davus* all over.

Cha. How so?

Pam. Indeed I can't tell, unless the angry Gods, to punish me, made me give ear to that Rascal.

Cha. to Dav.] Is this true, Sirrah;

Dav. Ay, too true.

Cha. What say ye, Villian, hah! — The Gallows reward ye for't. — Now answer me; if all the Devils in Hell were muster'd together, to force a Match upon him, what Advice could they have given more proper to their Design than this?

Dav. I confess, Sir, I have been a little outwitted, but yet I don't despair.

Cha. Very likely.

[Jeeringly.]

Dav. The last Nail wou'd not go, but we'll drive one that shall, unless *you* fancy a bad Beginning always makes a bad End.

Pam.

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Pam. to Dav.] Right, Boy ; I know if you'll but set your Wits to work, you'll bring me two Weddings out of one. [*Jeeringly.*]

Dav. Sir, I'm bound, as your Servant, to trudge for ye Night and Day, with Might and Main, even to venture my Neck, as long as I can do you any good : For what happens cros you ought to pardon. Tho' my Measures were broke, yet I did my best ; if you can find how to do better, I'll be gone.

Pam. With all my Heart, — but first put me in the Conditions you found me.

Dav. I'll do't, Sir.

Pam. But out of hand, then.

Dav. Hold, S't — *Glycerie's Door opens there.*

Pam. What's that to the Purpose ?

Dav. There must I make my Plot.

Pam. What, is your Plot to seek ? Hah !

Dav. But now, adad, I've hit on't.

Enter Myfis from Glycerie's House.

Myf. to Glycerie within.] Well, this same *Pamphilus* of yours, I'll go hunt him up, and bring him along with me, if he be above Ground : — But, my Dear, don't you lie fretting yourself in the mean time. [*She comes from the Door.*]

Pam. Oh, *Myfis* !

Myf. What's the Matter ? — (*turning about*) O Mr. *Pamphilus*, you're well met.

Pam. Why, what's the Matter ?

Myf. I am to charge you from my Mistress, that if you have any Love for her, you'd come to her presently ; she says, she longs strangely to see ye.

Pam. Alas, unhappy Man ! — My Misfortunes come one upon the Neck of another — [*to Davus.* Must we two now be plagu'd upon your Account ? I'm sent for only because she heard of the Wedding.

Cha. pointing to Dav.] Had n't this Gentleman been tampering, how well and quiet might all have been ?

Dav. Very well ! he is n't mad enough himself, but you must make him worse. [*Aside to Charine.* *Myf.*

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Myf. to Pamph.] And truly, Sir, that's it which makes my poor Mistress take on so.

Pam. Myf! I swear to thee, by all that's Sacred, I'll never leave this Creature, tho' I shou'd loose all the Friends I have in the whole World for't; 'Tis she I wish'd for, and my wishes are granted; our Humours are well enough suited. He that offers to divide us, I'll have nothing to do with him: Death, and nothing but Death shall do't. —

Myf. I'm reviv'd again.

Pam. The Oracle never pronounc'd a greater Truth, If the breaking off this Match cou'd be done by anybody else but me I shou'd be glad on't; but if that can't be, I'll e'en make a bold push on't, and own the thing. — What think ye of me? [*to Cha.*

Cha. Just as deep in the Dirt as I am in the Mire.

Dav. My Brains are at Work.

Cha. to Dav.] Thou'rt a bold Trojan.

Pam. to Dav.] I know what ye'd be at. [*Jeeringly.*

Dav. Depend on me, I'll do your Business to your hand. *Pam.* It must be presently then.

Dav. I have it in my Head, Sir, I have it.

Cha. What's that, I prithee?

Dav. Your Pardon, Sir, I'm working for my Master, not for you; therefore don't mistake me.

Cha. Well, I'm satisfy'd.

Pam. Well, what will ye do now?

Dav. Come, come, I want time for my Business, and must not spend it in prating: To deal plainly with ye. You do but hinder me, I'd rather have your Room than your Company. [*Pushing them.*

Pam. Well, I'll to my Mistress. [*Exit Pamphilus.*

Dav. staring on Charine.] Well, what's your Business here? Which way are you sauntering?

Cha. Shall I tell ye the very Truth?

Dav. interrupting him.] Yes, yes; why not? — we shall have a Speech on't.

Cha. Prithee, what shall poor I do?

Dav. Very pleasant i faith! Are not ye content that

that I have put off the Wedding, and repriev'd ye for one short Day?

Cha. But yet, *Davus*. [*Shaking his Head.*

Dav. interrupting] What but yet?

Cha. That I may but marry her.

Dav. A pleasant Freak?

Cha. Order the Matter so, tha you may come to my House there, if possible. [*Pointing to his House.*

Dav. What shou'd I come for? Iv'e no Business.

Cha. But if something shou'd happen. ———

Dav. interrupting.] Well, well, I'll come.

Cha. If there be any Occasion, I shall be at home. [*Exit Charine.*

Dav. Myfis. I must go out a little; do but you stay till I come back.

Myf. For what?

Dav. For a certain Reason that I know.

Myf. Prithee be quick then.

Dav. I'll be here in a trice. [*Exit Davus.*

Myfis alone.] Is there nothing in this World that a Man can call his own? ——— Blessed Heaven! I took this Mr. *Pampbilus* to be the very Heart and Soul of my Mistress, a Friend, a Lover, and in effect a Husband, and all in one, and ready to serve her upon all Occasions; and yet, after all, what Miseries does this unfortunate Woman endure for his sake? And how much greater is her present Trouble than all her former Satisfaction! (*Enter Davus with Glycerie's Child in his Arms.*) O here comes *Davus* again. — Prithee good Boy, what have we here? [*discovers the Child.*] Where d' ye carry that Child?

Dav. Now, *Myfis*, for one Cast of thy Skill and Cunning at a Pinch.

Myf. What Plot's next, *Davus*?

Dav. Here, take the Child quickly, and lay it at our Door.

Myf. Prithee what, on the cold Ground?

Dav. Can't ye take some of these Herbs there, and lay under it?

Myf.

Myf. Well, and why can't you do't yourself?

Dav. Why, if my Master put me to swear whether I laid there or no, I may do't with a safe Conscience.

Myf. I understand ye: — But pray how came this sudden Qualm upon you? — Give it me then.

She takes the Child and moves toward's Simo's Door.

Dav. Prithce go faster, and be back again in a moment, that I may give ye your Lesson.

Chremes appears at a great distance.

But, Oh the Devil!

Myf. starting back.] What's the Matter now?

Dav. Yonder's the Bride's Father, and I must e'en go another Way to work now. [*Aside.*]

Myf. I can't imagine what you'd have.

Dav. I'll make as if I came from that Way there o'th' Right-hand. — Be sure put in a Word or two upon Occasion, to make our Stories hang together.

Myf. O' my Conscience I know your Designs no more than a Post. — If I can do you any Service (which you know better than I) I'll stay where I am, without putting any Stop to your Business.

As Chremes comes towards Myfis, Davus sneaks to the other side.

Chr. to himself.] Every thing's ready now for my Daughter's Wedding, and we've nothing to do more but to invite the Guests. — *Seeing the Child at the Door.]* But what have we here in the Name of Goodness? — *Goes nearer and uncovers the Child's Face.]* A Child upo' my Life. — Hark ye Gossip! Did you lay this Child here? [*to Myfis.*]

Myf. looking fearfully about.] Hah! What's become of him?

Chr. What are ye Tongue ty'd?

Myf. Alas! he's not to be seen. — O dear Heart, the Fellow has left me and is vanish'd.

Davus appears seemingly out of Breath, pretending he sees not Chremes, and bawls as loud as he can.

Dav. Bless me! what a Bustle's yonder i'th' Market! — There's a Squabble indeed — then Corn is con-
foundedly

foundedly dear. — Troth, I ha' nothing else to say.
[Softly.]

Myf. to Davus.] Prithee, what must I be left alone for thus?

Dav. looking upon the Child.] Heyday! what Farce is here? — [turning to Myfis] Oh, ho! whence came this Bantling? Pray, who brought it hither?

[He winks on her.]

Myf. not understanding] What's the Fellow a Fool to ask me such a Question?

Dav. Who should I ask? there's no-body else here to ask.

Chr. I wonder whence it should come?

Dav. Come, will ye give me an Answer, or no?
[Angrily.]

Myf. Bless, me, Sirs!

Dav. softly to her.] To the Right-hand a little.

Myf. The Man is mop'd, wan't it yourself? —

Dav. softly.] If ye offer to speak one Word from the Point, at your Peril be it. [Holding up his Finger.]

Myf. D'ye threaten me?

Dav. aloud.] Whence came this Child? —
[softly] speak out, Wench.

Myf. From our House.

Dav. aloud.] Ha, ha, ha, — 'tis no Wonder if a Strumpet be so impudent.

Chr. I'm mistaken if this ben't the Andrian's Maid.
[Aside.]

Dav. Can ye find no-body else to make sport with?

Chr. I came in the very critical Minute. [Aside.]

Dav. You'd best make haste, and be packing with the Child from the Door. — [As she is about it, he speaks softly.] But stay tho'; see that ye don't budge from this Place.
[Holding up his Finger.]

Myf. Shame take ye for me, ye do so fright me.

Dav. aloud.] Is't you I speak to, or no?

Myf. Why, what would the Man have?

Dav. Have, with a Pox! Come, tell me whose Child you've laid there; once for all, tell me.

Myf. You don't know, I warrant ye. Dav.

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Dav. A Fig for *what I know* : Do you tell me what I ask.

Myf. 'Tis Yours among ye.

Dav. aloud.] Which of ours? All of us didn't get it.

Myf. Why, 'tis Mr. *Pamphilus's*?

Dav. Zookers ! what my Master *Pamphilus's*?

[Very angrily.]

Chr. I was always i'th' right to be against this Match.

[Aside.]

Dav. very loud.] This is a Roguery deserves the Lash.

Myf. Why d' ye bawl so?

Dav. Why did n't I see this very Child brought to your House last Night?

Myf. O thou brazen Face !

Dav. I'm sure I saw Gammar *Canthara* as big as she cou'd tumble with something she carry'd.

Myf. Well, 'twas a Blessing that many creditable Women were at my Mistress's Labour.

Dav. I'm sure she did not know her Man for whom she design'd this Trick. *I warrant*, said they, *when Chremes sees the Child, he'll not part with his Daughter.* But i'faith he'll do't the sooner for that.

Chr. I' faith but he won't tho'. *[Aside.]*

Dav. Now therefore in plain English, if ye don't take away the Bastard, I'll kick it into the middle of the Street, and take ye and set your A—in the Kennel.

Myf. You're either Drunk or Mad sure.

Dav. How one Piece of Roguery brings out another ! Now they begin to buz it about, that this *Glycerio* is a Citizen of *Athens*.—

Chr. How !

[Aside.]

Dav. — So that the Law will make him marry her in spite of his Teeth.

Myf. Under Favour, sweet Sir, Is she not a Citizen?

Chr. I had lik'd to have fool'd fair, why I had almost noos'd myself.

[Aside.]

Dav. Whose Tongue's is that? *(turning about to Chremes)* O Sir, you're come in the luckiest time that can be— Pray Sir, hear me.—

Chr.

Chr. I've heard all.

Dav. How all ?

Chr. Why, all from the beginning.

Da. You've heard then?— Fine Rogueries on foot ! Now shou'dn't this same Jade be carted ?—
(to *Myfis*) Don't think that poor *Davus* is the Man you play upon. Here's the Gentleman himself.

[pointing to *Chremes*.

Myf. Ah dear ! Indeed Sir, an't please your Worship, I han't spoke one Word of a Lye.

Chr. I know the whole Business. — But is my Neighbour *Simo* within ?

Dav. I think so, Sir.

[Exit *Chremes*.

Davus goes to play with Myfis.

Myf. Hands off, Varlet ! If I don't do your Errand to my Mistress ne'er trust me.

Dav. Oh thou silly Soul, thou dostn't know how the Case stands.

Myf. How should I ?

Dav. Why this is the Bride's Father, and without all this, he cou'd n't ha' known that we'd have him.

Myf. Cou'dn't ye give me the Item before ?

Dav. Pshaw ! as if there were no difference between what Nature does briskly on a sudden, and what's done by dull Direction.

Enter at a distance Crito in a Country Habit.

Crit. to himself.] Why, I was told that our *Chrysis* liv'd some where down this Lane. And she found there were more to be got by Jadery in the Town, than Honesty in the Country. But now as she's dead, I'm Heir at Law to her Goods. Where shall I ask about her ?— O there are Folks. — (goes up to them.) By your Leave I pray.

Myf. Goodnow who's that ? Is n't it old *Crito*, Mrs. *Chrysis*'s Kinsman ? — The very same.

Crit. O *Myfis* ! I'm glad to see thee.

Myf. And I you, good *Crito*.

Crit. And is it so with poor *Chrysis*, Hah ?—

[Sorrowfully.

Myf. Yes indeed ; she has left us, to our Sorrows

[Sighing

Crit

Crit. Pray how do you do? — How goes the World? Pretty hoddy, hah?

Myf. What we? — They that can't do as they wou'd, must e'en do as they may as the Saying is.

Crit. How does young *Glycerie*? Has she found her Relations here?

Myf. Ah, wou'd she had!

Crit. What, not yet! — Then I have brought my Hogs to a fair Market. 'Sbud, if I had known so much beforehand, the De'il a foot wou'd I have stirr'd out of my House; For she pass'd with every body for *Chrysis*'s Sister, and she is now in Possession of what she had. Now for me, that know no body, to hamper myself in Law-suits, there are Examples enough in the World to keep me from burning my Fingers. And, now I think on't, she may get some spruce Gallant to stand by her, for she was in the Teens, let me tell ye, when she went from us: The People will cry out, *This is a beggarly Rascal, that sets up only a forg'd Title*: And then a-body would make some Conscience too of turning the poor Girl a begging.

Myf. Go thy ways, honest *Crito*; in Troth thou art the same *Crito* still.

Crito. Come, bring me to her, however; since I'm come so far, I will see the poor Rogue.

Myf. With all my Heart.

Exit Crito and Myfis with the Child.

Dav. looking carefully about.] I'll follow 'em, but would not for the World that the old Man should see me this Hour.

Exit after them.

The End of the Fourth Act.



A C T V.

Chremes and Simo.

Chr.en-tring. **C**OME, Mr. *Simo*, you've had Proof enough in all Conscience of my Friendship to ye; and I've run Risque enough for ye, therefore pray let

let us have no more of these Importunities; I have comply'd with ye now so long, that I was within a very little of undoing my Daughter.

Sim. Nay, Sir, I must more and more entreat you and adjure ye to stand to your Word, and let the World see by your Actions the Sincerity of your Promises.

Cbr. But pray see, Sir, how unreasonable your Passion makes ye; for as long as you can obtain your own Ends, you don't regard common Civility, nor well consider what you'd have yourself; if you did, I am sure you don't desire to serve me after this rate.

Sim. After what rate, pray?

Cbr. Ah Sir, do ye ask that Question? You've put me upon marrying my Daughter to a wild Spark of the Town that's pre-engag'd, and a Marriage-hater, to have 'em always wrangling, and forc'd to part in a fortnight's time; thus my Daughter's to be mortified, and your Son to have the benefit of it. I promis'd ye, and began to perform with ye, whilst the Matter would bear it; and since 'twill bear no longer, ye must have Patience. His Mistress, they say, is a free Citizen, and there's a Child got between 'em, therefore pray don't give us any further Disturbance.

Sim. For goodness sake, Sir, don't trouble your Head with such idle Stories. I tell ye, it is their chief Interest to make him as bad as they can; this is all a Trick from one end to the other, to break off the Match; Now do but take away the Cause of this, and the Effect ceases of itself.

Cbr. You're out indeed, Sir, for I just now saw her Maid and *Davus* quarrelling about it.

Sim. I know the Trick.

Cbr. Nay, they were in earnest, for they little thought of my seeing them.

Sim. That I believe too, for I had an Item of this Stratagem from *Davus*; and I thought to have given You a hint on't, but something put it out of my Head.

Enter Davus just appearing at Glycerie's Door.

Dav.

Dav. *to them within.*]—'Tis my Will and pleasure that no Grief come within these Walls to day.

Chr. Look ye, yonder's your Man *Davus*.

Sim. Whence comes the Rogue? [*In a fret.*]

Dav. *to them within*] Let her rely upon my Worship and this honest Stranger. —

Sim. Listening.] What's there now a brewing? [*aside*]

Dav. *coming from the Door.*] Well, for the Man, the nick of Time, and the Encounter, take 'em all together, never was any thing so pat to our Purpose.

Sim. partly overhearing.] Ah damn'd Rogue! who does he commend so? [*Aside.*]

Dav. *to himself.*] Now Devil do thy work, we are as safe as a Thief in a Mill.

Sim. Why don't I speak to him? [*Aside.*]

Davus *perceiving Simo.*] 'Sdeath! here's my old Master, what had I best to do; [*Softly.*]

Sim. to Dav.] Oh, how is't with your Worship? [*Scornfully.*]

Dav. O my good Masters *Simo* and *Chremes* both! why all things are ready within. [*very briskly.*]

Sim. You have taken a world of Pains I don't doubt. [*Jeeringly.*]

Dav. Now, Sir, send for the Bride as soon as you please. [*Leeringly.*]

Sim. Very well? — there's nothing but that wanting. But, good Sir, let me ask ye one

Question, — What Business had you at that House, Sirrah? [*pointing to Glycerie's House.*]

Dav. Who, I Sir?

Sim. Ay you, Sir.

Dav. Mean ye me, Sir?

Sim. Yes, you Sir, if ye must be told so often.

Dav. Why Sir, 'twas not three minutes since I went in. —

Sim. Sirrah, do I ask ye how long since? [*Angrily.*]

Dav. With my Master *Pamphilus*.

Sim. hastily.] And is he there then? — O my Torture! — Ye Hang-dog, didn't ye tell me they were broken all to pieces? Dav.

Dav. So they are, Sir.

Sim. What should he do there then? [*Hastily.*

Chr. What d'ye think Sir? — Only t'other Brush of quarrelling. [*Jeeringly.*

Dav. Ah, Mr. Chremes, there's more 'th' Wind; I'll tell ye perhaps one of the foulest Stories you ever met withal. — (*pointing to Glycerie's House.*) Here's a certain old Man just come to Town, whence the Lord knows, a shrewd wary Fellow I'll warrant him; if ye did but see him, you'd say he's no ordinary Personage, for he looks as grave as an Alderman, and talks like a Judge.

Sim. What News from him pray? [*Hastily.*

Dav. Nay, none to speak of — Only I remember he was a saying. —

Sim. Well, but what was he saying?

Dav. — That he certainly knows *Glycerie* to be a Citizen of *Athens*.

Sim. Soho! *Dromo*, *Dromo*! [*In a Fury.*

Dav. What's to do now? [*Aside.*

Sim. *Dromo* I say! [*Louder.*

Dav. But hear me, Sir. [*In a fright.*

Sim. Dog! speak but another word — why *Dromo*! *Dromo*! [*Louder yet.*

Dav. *upon his Knees.*] I beseech ye, Sir, hear me.

Enter Dromo.

Dro. to Simo.] Your Pleasure, Sir.

Sim. Take this Rascal in, and truss him up immediately.

Dro. What do ye mean, Sir?

Sim. *Davus* here.

Dav. Why, good Sir, why?

Sim. 'Tis my Pleasure — (*to Dromo*) take him away, I say.

Dav. Why, what have I done, Sir?

Sim. Away with him. [*to Dromo.*

Dav. If you catch me in a Lie, cut my Throat.

Sim. *stopping his Ears.*] I'll not hear a word — I'll put your Rogueship out of humour.

Dav. Notwithstanding it be true? E Sim.

Sim. Notwithstanding—— do you (to Dromo) take him and fetter him: And d' ye hear, let him be ty'd Neck and Heels like a Beast as he is. — Away.

Exit Dromo, leading in Davus.

As I'm a living Soul, Sirrah, I'll make ye to know this Day what 'tis for a Servant to put Tricks upon his Master, and for a Son to make Sport with his Father. *(Walking about in a great Passion.)*

Chr. For Heaven's sake, Sir, moderate your Passion.

Sim. Ah, Sir! when it comes to the Duty of a Son, that's a tender Point: Don't ye pity me? — that I shou'd take so much Pains for such an ungracious Wretch! *(Weeps, looking towards Glycerie's House.)* Soho! *Pamphilus.* — out of your fulsom Nest. — Ha' ye no Grace left?

Enter Pamphilus.

Pam. Who calls there? — *(seeing Simo)* Oh, 'tis my Father. I'm Planet struck.

Sim. What say'st thou, the most ungracious — *(Very angrily.)*

Chr. O fie Sir, leave this ill Language, and argue the Case calmly.

Sim. As though the worst Language wasn't good enough for him. — *(to Pamphilus)* And d' ye say now that *Glycerie* is a Citizen?

Pam. 'Tis so reported, Sir.

Sim. Reported, Jackanapes! — O prodigious Impudence! was ever such an unthinking Coxcomb? Does he repent of any thing he has done? Nay, has he the Grace so much as to blush at it? — Is he so little Master of himself, as to set his Heart upon such an infamous Woman, without regard either to the Customs or Laws of his Country, or to the Will and Pleasure of his Father? *Pam.* Oh me! *(sighing.)*

Sim. O *Pamphilus*! are ye at last convinc'd? — then, then indeed you should ha' thought o' this, when first you took your swig in all that's base, then you should ha' cry'd, O me! — *(Walks about in a Rage.)* But what I do mean? why shou'd I plague and

and torment myself? Or, why cark myself in my Old-age, for a mad hot-headed Fool? Shall he play the Puppy, and must I suffer for't? — e'en let him have her, make his best of her, and kennel together.

Pam. Dear Father! ——— [*in a soft Tone.*

Sim. interrupting.] Why dear Father? As tho' you stood in need of such a Father. — You've got your House, your Wife and Children, and the dear Father ne'er the wiser; you've brought your Cheat to prove her a Citizen. — You've got the Day, much good may't d'ye.

Pam. Pray hear me one Word, Sir.

Sim. What can you say for yourself? [*turning away.*

Chr. Good Sir, give him the Hearing.

Sim. I hear him! what shou'd I hear him for, Mr. Chremes?

Chr. But you may let him speak, tho'.

Sim. Let him speak then, who hinders him?

Pam. in a soft Tone.] Sir, I confess I lov'd, and if to love be a Sin, I confess that too. — But now, dear Sir, I'm at your Disposal; and submit to whatsoever you shall think fit, or command. Wou'd ye ha' me marry one Woman, and part with another? I must bear either as well as I can. Only thus much let me beg of ye, that you wou'dn't believe that I suborn'd this old Man; let me but clear myself of that, and bring him Face to Face. *Sim.* Bring him!

Pam. Pray, Sir, let me.

Chr. 'Tis nothing but Reason, pray let him.

Pam. Sir, I beseech ye don't deny me.

Sim. Well, let it be so, then. *Exit Pamph.*

You see, Sir, I'm content with any thing, as long as I ben't grossly impos'd upon.

Chr. A small Punishment serves for a great Fault, between Father and Son.

Re-enter Pamphilus with Crito.

Cri. entering.] — Well, without any more Words, now, for three Reasons are as good as three Thousand. I'll do't either for your own, or Truth's sake,

or for poor *Glycerie's* sake, that I've a Kindness for.

Chr. Is that old *Crito* of *Andros*? — the very same — Troth, *Crito*, I'm glad to see thee: what Wind blew thee to *Athens*?

Crit. A chance one. — Is this Mr. *Simo*?

Chr. Yes.

Sim. D'ye ask for me? — Hark ye, Friend, Ha' you the Face to say *Glycerie* is a Citizen of *Athens*?

Crit. And ha' you the Face to deny it? [*Pertly.*

Sim. You've your Lesson without-Book I perceive.

Crit. Why that, pray? [*Surlily.*

Sim. Wou'd ye know? — Don't ye deserve to be laid by the Heels for this? Are ye come here to trap and inveigle raw young Gentlemen, and to feed their Fancies with fine Flams and gay Promises?

Crit. interrupting] What's the Man mad? [*Surlily.*

Sim. Then ye make Matches 'twixt them and their Whores together. [*Crito stares and wonders at him.*

Pam. Alas! how do I tremble for fear the old Man shou'dn't stand his Ground! [*Aside.*

Chr. to Simo.] If ye knew this Man as well as I, you'd be of another Mind. Why, he's as honest a Man as e'er broke Bread.

Sim. The Devil's Broker, he honest! — to come just i'th' nick on the Wedding-day, to set up for an Evidence, and was never before here in his whole Life! Well, must his Testimony carry it?

Pam. If I weren't afraid of my Father, I've that at my Tongue's end wou'd help him out at a dead Lift. [*Aside.*

Sim. A Knight o' the Post.

Crit. What does he call me? [*walks about in a buff.*

Chr. 'Tis his way, you d better let him alone.

Crit. Let him look to't. If he pretends to talk, whate'er he has a mind to, I'll make him hear something that he has no mind to. (to *Simo.*) Pish! Do I hinder or care a Part for your Wedding? what, can't ye bear your Misfortunes like a Man? — Whether I spoke true or false you'll know immediately. (turning

ing to Chremes) Once upon a Time, d'ye see? there was a certain *Athenian* Merchant cast away at *Andros*, and that little Girl with him; this Man being in Want, hapned to apply himself to *Chrysis's* Father--

Sim. interrupting] Now he begins a fine Tale.

Chr. Pray let him go on.

Crit. Why does he put me out? [*Angrily.*

Chr. On with your Story.

Crit. Well; Now this same *Chrysis's* Father (d'ye mind?) was my Kinsman. And there did I hear the Man himself say, that he was a Merchant of *Athens*. In short, there he dy'd. *Chr.* His Name?

Crit. His Name!—Let me see: Oh, his Name was *Phania*.

Chr. Bless me! I'm in a cold Sweat. [*Aside.*

Crit. Why, truly, Sir, I think they call him *Phania*. However, this I'm sure of, he said he was a *Rharianusian*. *Chr.* O Heavens!

Crit.—And a world of People in *Andros* heard as much as I.

Chr. aside.] Wou'd it were no worse than I wish for.—But prithee, *Crito*, tell me, what said he about this Girl? Did he say she was his own?

Crit. No, Sir.

Chr. Whose then, pray?

Crit. His Brother's, I think.

Chr. O my Soul she's mine then.

Crit. What d'ye say, Sir?

Sim. How's this? What say ye? [*Hastily.*

Pam. Courage, *Pamphilus*, Courage. [*Aside.*

Sim. What makes ye believe it so readily?

Chr. Why, this *Phania* was my Brother.

Sim. I know't; I was well acquainted with him.

Chr. I'th' Time o'th' late Wars he fled for't, and follow'd me into *Asia*, but was afraid to leave my Daughter behind him. Now, Sir, this is the first News I've heard of him ever since.

Pam. Methinks I'm in another World; my Mind's distracted 'twixt Fear and Hope, Joy and Wonder, at such a sudden Blessing. [*Aside.* E 3 *Sim.*

Sim. I'm glad upon several Accounts she's found to be your Daughter.

Pam. But I believe, Sir, 'tis true.

Chr. But hark ye, *Crito*, there's one Scruple yet that makes me uneasy.

Pam. Would you and your Scruples were hang'd. his is hunting for a Knot in a Bulrush. [*Aside.*]

Crit. What's that, Sir?

Chr. The Name won't do.

Crit. Truly she had another Name when she was a little one.

Chr. Prithee what is't, don't ye remember?

Crit. I'm hammering at it. [*He studies upon it.*]

Pam. aside.] Shall I suffer this shallow Brain to stop the current of my Joys, when I can cure all with a Word speaking? No, I'll not suffer't? D'ye hear, Mr. *Chremes*? *Passibula*'s is the Name you want.

Crit. | together | Ay, that's that's it.

Chr. | The very same.

Pam. I had it from her Mouth a thousand times.

Sim. Truly this is good News for all o'us, and I hope you think so too. [*to Chremes.*]

Chr. As I hope to be sav'd, 'tis true.

Pam. to Simo.] And what's to be done next, Sir?

Sim. Why, now we are all Friends again.

Pam. The best of Fathers! — I suppose Mr. *Chremes* will allow us to be in *statu quo*.

Chr. And all the reason-i'th' World, unless your Father's against all.

Pam. | together | I'm sure he's not.

Sim. | I agree to't.

Chr. Mr. *Pamphilus*, you shall have two thousand Pounds with her.

Pam. I'm satisfy'd, Sir.

Chr. Well, I'll to my poor Girl in an Instant. Come *Crito*, go along with me, for I doubt whether she knows me or no. [*Exeunt Crito and Chremes.*]

Sim. And hadn't we better send for her now?

Pam. I think 'twere better, and that shall be *Darius*'s Business. *Sim.*

Sim. But that can't be.

Pam. Why so, Sir?

Sim. Because he's a little engag'd.

Pam. As how, Sir?

Sim. Why, he's bound Neck and Heels.

Pam. Ah Sir, 'twas n't well done.

Sim. I'm sure I order'd it to be well done. [*Merrily.*]

Pam. Pray, Sir, let it be undone then.

Sim. Well let it be done then.

Pam. But immediately, Sir, if you please.

Sim. I'll in, and about it.

Pam. A blessed and happy day's work! [*Exit Sim.*—

Enter Charine at a distance.

Cha. to himself.] Well, I'll go see how squares go with Mr. Pamphilus—Oh, yonder he is. [*Observes him.*]

Pam. Some may be apt to think my Heart is far
From what my Lips do utter, but even *Now*
Now 'tis, I'm conscious what I say is most true.
That Gods themselves wou'd not immortal be,
Were not their Joys like them immortal too. —
And now methinks I'm all encirc'd round
With Heavenly Blifs, if no left-handed God
Come in between, and dash my Sweets with Sowre.
Oh! for a Friend, to whom I might relate
This blessed Change, to make't the more compleat.

Cha. What's the meaning of these Raptures?

Enter Davus at a distance.

Pam. Oh, yonder's *Davus*, the Man o'th' whole
Earth I cou'd have wish'd for; for I'm sure there is
not a Soul can more heartily relish my Enjoyments.

Dav. to himself.] Where shou'd a Man light of this
Pamphilus now?

Pam. O *Davus*!

Dav. not seeing him.] Who art thou for a Man?

Pam. 'Tis I old Rock.

Dav. turning about.] What you, Sir?

Pam. Ay: ye don't know what good Fortune I
have met withal.

Dav. No faith; but I know to my sorrow, what
Fortune I've met withal. [*Shrugging his Shoulders.*]

Pam. Ah Boy, that I know too.

Dav. Just as the World goes: Bad News always flies faster than good.

Pam. My Dearest has found out her Parents.

Dav. Before *George* 'tis brave. [Merrily.]

Cha. [listening.] Bless me! [Aside.]

Pam. And her Father is one of our great Colonies.

Dav. Who's that pray?

Pam. No less than Mr. *Chremes*.

Dav. Spoken like a Cherubim?

Pam. I've now nothing to do but to marry her, and—

Cha. The Man dreams of what he had a mind to waking. [Aside.]

Pam. Then for the Child, *Davus*. —

Dav. No more of him, I'll warrant ye he'll come to be an *Hero* at last.

Cha. [going to them] I'm made a Man, if all this be true. — I'll e'en speak with 'em. [Aside.]

Pam. Who goes there? — O dear *Charine* you're come i'th' luckiest time that could be.

Cha. I'm very well pleas'd —

Pam. How! ha' ye heard the News then?

Cha. Every Syllable. — Well I hope you won't forget your old Friend on your Wedding-day. Mr. *Chremes* is now your own, if you'll but say the word I'm sure he'll do't.

Pam. I'll warrant ye I'll not forget ye. — 'Twould be too long to wait Mr. *Chremes*'s coming, let's e'en go to my Mistress, where we shall be sure to find him. — But do you *Davus* go home, and send Company to remove her to our's. — What makes ye stand like a Post? — Why don't ye remove?

Dav. I'm going, Sir.

[Exeunt Pamphilus and Charine.]

[Davus turns to the Spectators.]

Gallants, you must not expect their return, for the Match and every thing else will be made up within doors. — One Clap, good Gentlemen.

The End of the Fair Andrian.

T H E

THE
EUNUCH:
A
COMEDY,

Acted at the Feast of Cibeles,

WHEN

L. Posthumius Albinus } were Cu-
and rule Edils.
L. Cornelius Merula }

By the Company of { *L. Ambicius Turpio*;
and
L. Attilius of Preneſtæ.

Flaccus made free by *Claudius* compos'd the Mu-
ſick, which was perform'd upon two Right-
handed Flutes.

It was taken from the Greek of
Menander.

Acted twice under the { *M. Valerius*,
Conſulſhip of and
C. Fannius.

A. U. C. 593. Before CHRIST 165.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

- Laches, *Father to Phedrie and Cherea.*
 Phedrie, { *His eldest Son, a Gentleman of a soft and easy Temper, fondly in Love with Thais, whom he keeps.*
 Cherea, { *His younger Brother, a hot, wild, amorous Youth, wantonly in love with Pamphila.*
 Antipho, *A young Gentleman, Cherea's Confident.*
 Chremes, { *A young Country Esq; somewhat blunt in Speech and Behaviour, and unacquainted with the Tricks of the Town.*
 Thraſo, { *A proud, self conceited, pedantic, bragging, beſtoring clownish Officer, a Pretender to Thais, one that believes himself a great Wit, and a Man of Courage, when at the same time he's both Coward and Coxcomb.*
 Gnatho, { *The Parasite, a Hanger-on of the Captain's, a crafty, sly, insinuating, wheedling buffooning Fellow, always extolling the Captain's Wit and Valour, and by an ingenious equivocating sort of Flattery, abusing the Captain to his very Face.*
 Parmeno, { *Servant to Phedrie, and his Counsellor, a bold, cunning, intriguing Fellow, and a downright Woman-bater.*
 Dorus, *The Eunuch.*
 Sanga, *Servant to Thraſo.*

W O M E N.

- Thais, { *A Noble Courtesan, kept by Phedrie, a good natur'd Creature of a flattering, insinuating, winning Disposition.*
 Pythia, { *Her Maid, very busy and faithful, a mortal Enemy to Parmeno.*
 Doria, *Another Servant to Thais.*
 Sophrona, *A Nurse.*

M U T E S.

- Simalio, Dorax, Syriſcus, *Servants to the Captain.*
Scene, A T H E N S.

The T I M E, about six or seven Hours.



THE
EUNUCH.

ACT I.

SCENE, the Street before Simeo's Door.

Time, the Forenoon.

Phedrie attended by Parmeno.

Phed. *en-
tering.*



What's to be done now? shan't I
go to her? — what, not now,
when she sends for me so kind-
ly? — Or shall I resolve never
to put up the Affronts of a jilting Mistress? She shut
me out now she invites me in — Go, with a Pox!
No, that I won't, tho' she begg'd it on her Knees.
Angrily.

Par. Troth, Sir, if you cou'd hold out at this rate,
'twould be the best and bravest thing you ever did;
but if you begin upo' th' Huff, and your Heart not
serve.

serve ye to go through with it ; if you faint i'th' Enterprize, and go before you're sent for, or so much as reconcil'd, and sneakingly tell her, *You're so entirely devoted to her, as not to live an Hour without her*, your Business is done to all Intents and Purposes. She'll ride you to death when she rides you at mercy ; wherefore I'd have you to be twice advis'd before it be too late : For alas ! Sir, what will Reason or Moderation signify in a Case that will bear neither ? For Love, you know, is strangely whimsical, containing Affronts, Jealousies, Jars, Parlies, Wars, then Peace again. Now for you to ask Advice to love by, is all one as if you ask Advice to run mad by ——— As for your present Resolutions while your Blood is up, *What ! go to her when a Rival's prefer'd, myself refus'd, even Entrance deny'd me ! Ne'er persuade me to't ; I'll die first : I'll make her know I'm none of her Cully.* Why, in good faith, Sir, one pitiful hypocritical Drop of a Tear, which this Creature can hardly for her Soul squeeze out of her Eyes with all her scrubbing, will confound all this bluster, bring you to your whining *Peccavi*, and make you submit to her Ladyship's Mercy.

Pbe. Oh, horrid shame ! ——— Now I see she's a cursed Jilt, and I a miserable Fool ! I'm sick on't ; yet I die with Love : Then I perish with my Knowledge and Senses about me, both living and looking on. And I know not what to do.

Par. What shou'd you do, Sir, but free yourself from her as cheap as you can ? If you can't draw the Stake fairly, make the best of a bad Game, and never stand vexing yourself for the Matter.

Pbe. D'ye think that's the best way ?

Par. Ay, Sir, If you know the best way. — Add no more Troubles to those that Love has brought on ye ; but bear what's already befallen ye like a Man. —

Enter Thais at some distance.

Oh, yonder comes the Caterpillar that spoils all our Harvest, and leave us to starve.

[*Aside.*
Thais

Thais to herself.] Unhappy Woman ! I am very much afraid that *Phedrie* shou'd take it worse, or otherwise than I intended, that I did not let him in Yesterday.

Pbe. Ah, *Parmeno* ! I'm all over in a cold Sweat at the very sight of her.

Par. Brisk up, Sir ! To her I say, she carries Fire enough to warm ye with a Vengeance.

Tha. overhearing.] How now *Phedrie* ! What, are you here ? And waiting at the Door too ? Why didn't you come in without any more ado ?

Par. The De'il a word's here of shutting the Door upon us. [*Aside.*]

Tha. What, speechless my Dear ?

Pbe. Well ask'd, Madam ! for these Doors were always wide open to me, and I the highest in your Ladyship's Favours.

[*Scornfully.*]

Tha. Let these things pass my Dear. [*Clapping him on the Cheeks with her Fan.*]

Phe. angrily.] How ! Pass ! ——— [*more mildly.* Ah, *Thais*, *Thais*, wou'd that you and I did but love equally, and went an even Pace ; that what you've done might trouble you as much as me ; or that I might concern myself as little at it as you do.

Tha. interrupting] Prithee don't fret thy self my pretty *Phedrie*, for by this Light 'twasn't because I lov'd or car'd for any-body more than thy dear self ; but as the Case stood 'twas a thing not to be avoided.

Par. Likely enough : That's usual. — She poor Soul shut him out of Doors, out of star^k Love and Kindness.

[*Feeringly.*]

Tha. to Par.] Say ye so, *Parmeno* ? — Well go on : — [to *Pbe.*] but prithee, my Dear, hear but why I sent for ye.

Pbe. We'll hear ye for once.

Tha. First, let me know whether this Man here can keep Counsel.

Par. Meaning me, Madam ? — the rarest Fellow i'th' World at it ; but we must enter into Articles about

about keeping your Secrets: If the Story be true, I am as mute as a Fish; but if it be a Falſity, a Foppery, or a Flam, 'twill out in an Instant, I'm full of holes, and run like a Sieve. Therefore pray Madam not a Word of Lye, as you hope for Secrecy.

Tha. My Mother was born at *Samo*, but liv'd at *Rhodes*.

Par. Mum, mum, for that. (*Aside.*)

Tha. There it was that a certain Merchant presented her with a fine young Girl, kidnapp'd from *Attica*.

Phr. Was ſhe a Gentlewoman?

Tha. I ſuppoſe ſo. We cou'd n't tell for a certain. She told us her Parent's Names; as for her Country, and other Tokens, ſhe forgot, nor cou'd it be otherwiſe expected becauſe of her Age. The Merchant added withal, that he underſtood by the Pyrates (of whom he bought her) that ſhe was ſtolen from *Sunio* hard by *Athens*. — No ſooner did my Mother take charge on her, but ſhe gave her the beſt Education ſhe cou'd, and bred her up like her own Child; ſo that we were generally taken for Siſters. In Company with that Stranger (the only Perſon I was then engag'd withal, did I come hither, who left me all I have at preſent.

Par. interrupting] A couple of Rapparees. — Guſh.

Tha. Why ſo?

Par. Becauſe forſooth, one Diſh to be ſure wou'd never ſatisfy you, neither was he your ſole Benefactor; for this Gentleman's Pocket has ſmoak'd to ſome Tune for moſt of your Bravery.

Tha. Be it ſo: But can't you let me go on with my Story? — (*to Phr.*) Whilſt things ſtood thus, the Captain, who began to take ſome liking to me, march'd into *Caria*, mean time I got acquainted with thee, my dear Rogue, and thou know'ſt how dearly I have lov'd thee e'er ſince, even to the truſting thee with the greateſt of my Secrets. —

Phr. *Parmeno* will let go again.

Par. You may ſwear it, Sir.

Tha.

Tha. For Love's sake, dear Hearts ! hear me out. Not long after my Mother died at *Rhodes*. Now my Uncle, you must know, was a little given to the World, and perceiving the Girl was very likely, and had a good hand at the Lute, hop'd to make Money of her, and forthwith expos'd her to Sale, and made his Markets on her. As good Luck wou'd have it, my Friend, the Captain, being there, buys her for a Present for me, being perfectly ignorant of this whole Affair. He's just come to Town, and perceiving what's between you and I, he invents many Excuses and Flams, to put off his parting with her as long as he can : But says, cou'd he but persuade himself I lov'd him better than you, and where he not miserably afraid that when I once got her, I shou'd turn him off, he'd part with her presently, This he's still afraid of, but as far as I can perceive he has hankering after her himself.

Pbe. And is it got no further than hankering ?

Tha. No, for I've made strict Enquiry. — Now my dear *Pbedrie*, I've a thousand Reasons why I'd wheedle him out of it. First, because she goes for my Sister, and then to restore her to her Friends, for I'm a lonesome Woman here, no-body with me, neither Friend nor Kinsman ; therefore I hope by this Office to make myself Friends ; therefore if you love me, help me out in the Management of this good Business : Let this Swaggerer be Master of Mis-rule two or three days. — What, no Answer. (*Fawningly.*)

Pbe. Thou basest of thy Sex. — What shall I answer thee, who dealest so ungratefully by me ?
(*Walks about in a Passion.*)

Par. O rare Master o'mine ! Gramercy say I : He's touch'd now. — Edad, thou'rt a Man every Inch of thee. (*Aside.*)

Pbe. As if I didn't know what you wou'd be at. —
(*in another Tone mocking her.*) A young Girl was Kidnapp'd hence, — my Mother bred her up like her own, — she went for my Sister, — I'd fain wheedle him

him out of her — and restore her to her Friends. —

All this Stuff is to shift me off, and to take in your Captain, forsooth; But why, I pray? Only because he's more in your Ladyship's Favour than I am; and you're plaguily afraid this Girl will put your Nose out of Joynt, and take your lusty Stallion from you.
[*Scornfully.*]

Tha. Who, I afraid on't?

Phe. Ay, you: Why shou'd you be so concern'd else? Is he the only Person that has made you Presents? Did ye ever find me close-fisted? T'other day you ask'd for a *Black*, didn't I go Post haste and get you one? And then you'd have your *Eunuch* forsooth, purely because your Ladies of Quality have 'em; this I got too: I'm sure Yesterday I paid down o'th' Nail no less than fifty Guineas for 'em both. Tho' I'm slighted by ye, yet you see I didn't forget ye; and my good Nature's finely rewarded.

Tha. How's this, my *Pheidrie*! No, tho' I shou'd be very glad to have this Girl, and I believe I might this Way as easily as may be, yet rather than disoblige thee, I'll do what thou wou'dst have me. [*Fawningly.*]

Phe. O that that Word came from your Heart now, *rather than disoblige thee.* Cou'd I but believe that was spoken sincerely, I cou'd then bear any thing.

Par. He staggers, one damn'd Wheedle has don't in a Trice.
[*Aside.*]

Tha. Ah dear! don't I then speak from my Heart? When did I ever deny you a Request, tho' 'twere made but in a Jest? And yet I can't for my Soul obtain the Favour of your Absence but for two Days. [*Weeping.*]

Phe. Ay, if it were but two Days. — But what if that Two shou'd prove Twenty?

Tha. Indeed, Sir, it shall be no more than two, or—
Phe. interrupting] Or what? No more on't.

Tha. It shall be no longer, indeed. Let me prevail with thee for once.

Phe. Well, for once you shall ha' your Mind. [*coldly.*]
Tha.

Tha. Now I love thee most wonderfully, thou hast so oblig'd me.

Phe. Well, I'll into the Country, and there pine away for these two Days. — That's my Resolution, since my cruel Dear must have her Humour. — But *Parmeno*, do you take care to deliver the *Eunuch* and *Black* in my Absence.

Par. I will, Sir.

Phe. God b'uy my dearest *Thais*, for two long Days.

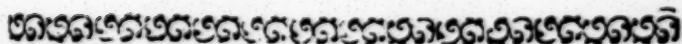
Tha. God b'uy to thee my sweet Creature. Hast you any other Commands?

Phe. What can I desire further; but that tho' the Captain has your Company, yet your Heart may be at another place: Let me both Night and Day be the Entertainment of your Love, your Wishes, your Hopes, your Pleasure, your All. In fine, let your Heart be as much mine, as mine is yours.

[*Exeunt Phedrie and Parmeno.*

Thais alone.] Dear Heart! I'm afraid *Phedrie* believes not one Word of what I have said, but takes me for one of your jilting Creatures of the Town. But I, that know my own Heart best, am sure, I've devis'd no Flams; nor is there any Soul I love so fondly and tenderly as this Gentleman. And whatsoever I have done 'th' Case was purely for the sake of the poor Girl, whose Brother, a Person of some Repute, I hope I've in a manner found out. To Day he appointed to give me a Visit, I'll step in and wait his Coming. [Exit.

The End of the First Act.



ACT II.

Phedrie attended by Parmeno.

Phe. DO as I order'd ye: Let the Presents be carry'd.

Par. So they shall, Sir.

Phe. But with Care then.

Par.

Par. It shall be done.

Pbe. But with speed too.

Par. I shall so.

Pbe. Have I told ye enough on't?

Par. Ah! that's a Question indeed! [*Angrily.*] As tho' 'twas so hard a piece of Business. — For my part, Sir, I wish with all my Soul that you were as sure of winning a thousand Pounds, as ye are of loosing these Presents.

Pbe. Prithee don't trouble your Head about those things, for if I lose them, I lose my self too, which is by far the greater Loss.

Par. It shan't trouble me, but I'll do your Business effectually—Have ye any further Commands for me?

Pbe. Be sure you set off the Presents with all the Commendations you can; and give my Rival all the Interruption imaginable.

Par. Pshaw, I'd ha' done that without your bidding.

Pbe. Well, I'll into the Country, and there tarry.

[*Offers to go.*

Par. I fancy so.

[*Jeeringly.*

Pbe. returning] But hark ye, *Parmeno.*

Par. What's your Pleasure, Sir?

Pbe. Dost really think I can have so much Power o'er myself, as to hold out my whole time.

Par. Who you Sir? No faith: For either you'll come back again presently, or else your want of sleep will send ye hither at Midnight with a Why-not.

Pbe. I'll tire myself as much as I can, that I may sleep whether I will or no.

Par. 'Twon't do, Sir, tire yourself as much as ye please, ye'll be ne'er the nearer.

Pbe. All this signifies nothing, *Parmeno.* — I must break the neck of this effeminate Humour; I indulge myself too much; in short, d'ye think I can't live without her three whole days, if occasion serve?

Par. How, Sir! What three live-long days? For shame, Sir!

[*Jeeringly.*

Pbe.

Phæ. Nay, I'm fully resolv'd upon't however.
[*Exit Phædrie.*]

Parmeno alone.] Hevaven's what a plaguy thing's this ! that Love shou'd alter Men so strangely, as you can't know 'em for the same ! There was never a Gentleman in Town had a better Head-piece, a graver Carriage, and less given to the Flesh than this Master of Mine—

Enter Gnatho leading Pamphila, attended by her Waiting-maid at a distance from Parmeno.

—But who comes yonder i'th' name of Goodness ? Ha, ha, 'tis that wheedling Rascal *Gnatho*, a hanger-on o'th' Captain's. He has got the young Gentlewoman by the Fift, as a Present to his Lady.—— Bless me ! what a smug-faced little Rogue it is. No wonder if I make but a scurvy Figure to day with my old rotten *Eunuch*. —Why this Creature cuts out *Thais* herself.
[*Walks about the Door.*]

Gnatho to himself.] Bless me ! to see the Difference between one Man and another, betwixt a Fool and a Philosopher ! The thing I say it for is this : As I was coming along to day, I stumbled upon one of my own Rank and Quality, an honest Fellow I warrant him, who had made a shift to guzzle away an Estate, as I had done before him. I seeing such a rough, nasty, meagre Fellow, rigg'd out with Rags and Rheumatisms ; *What's the meaning of this fine Dress* (quoth I ?) *Alas* (said he) *I had an Estate once, but play'd the Fool, and cou'd n't keep it, and you see what I am brought to : All my Friends and Acquaintance fly me as they wou'd the Plague.* Here I began to look down upon him with Scorn : *Why you Whoreson Blockhead* (said I) *is it come to that then, that you hadn't left yourself an After-Game ? Have ye lost your Brains and your Money together ? Why, do but look on me, who was once in the same Case with yourself ; how fresh and sparkish, how genteel I go, and how strong and lusty I am ! I have the Indies at command, the Lands I have none ; and*
tho'

tho' I have scarce a Groat in the World, yet I want for nothing. [In another Tone.] But (says he) I'm of such an unlucky Constitution, that neither buffooning nor beating will agree with me. How's that (said I) d'ye think that's the Way? No, you're plaguily wide o'th' Mark. In the Days of Yore this might have done well enough, but we are now in another Method, and perhaps I was the Inventer of it too. — There's a Sort of People in the World who set up for Wits of the first Rate, and yet have no more Brains than Maggots: Now these are the Men for my Turn: But then I am not their Merry-Andrew, to make them Sport, but very readily make Sport at them, tho' at the same time I praise their Parts to the Skies. If they say any thing, I cry it up too. If they unsay it, I commend 'em for that too: What they deny, I deny: What they affirm, I affirm. In fine, I've brought myself to be of their Mind in every thing, and by this Means I get many a sweet Bit, and a sweet Penny.

Par. A very pretty Fellow, upo' my Word! Give him a Fool, and he'll make him a Mad-man. [*Aside.*

Gna. Whilst this Chat lasted, we got to the Market-place, where I was joyfully met by a Troop of Confectioners, Fishmongers, Butchers, Cooks, Pastry-men, Fishermen, and Poulterers; all of my old Cronies, whom I had been a good Customer to before, and since I had spent my Estate, and am so still: They complimented me with Hat in Hand, invited me to Supper, and were very glad to see my Worship. When my poor Hunger-starv'd Comrade saw I was so highly in their Books, and liv'd so bravely at ease, he begg'd o'me, for Heaven's Sake, to teach him a little of my Art. I bid him follow me, and be my Pupil; and as the Sects of Philosophers borrow'd their Names from their Masters, so all that have learnt the *Art of Wheedling*, shou'd from me be call'd *Gnathonicks*.

Par. To see the Virtue now of living at Ease, and being fed at another Man's Table.

[*Aside.*
Gna.

Gna. But hold, I'm plaguy backward in handing this Present to Mrs. *Thais*, and to invite her to the Treat — [*advances towards the Door, and sees Parmeno*] Yonder's *Parmeno*, our Rival's Servant, all i'th' Dumps before the Door. Our Business goes swimmingly on; these Sparks will have but a cold Suit on't. — I'm resolv'd to have some Sport with this poor Rogue.

Par. I warrant they think this Gift will make the Lady theirs for ever. [*Aside.*]

Gna. My known dear Friend! *Gnatho's* thy very humble Servant. Well, what are you upon now?

Par. Upon my Legs.

[*Jeeringly, Surlily.*]

Gna. I see that. — But don't you see something here that offends your Eyesight? [*pointing to Pam.*]

Par. Yes, you.

[*Surlily.*]

Gna. That I believe too. — But is there nothing else?

Par. Why, what shou'd there be?

Gna. Because, my Friend, you seem to be a little out of Humour.

Par. Not in the least.

Gna. Nay, I wou'dn't have ye so. — But what think ye of this Present? Hah!

Par. Why she's tolerable.

Gna. I've gall'd him, I see.

[*Softly.*]

Par. [*overbearing.*] How plaguily he's mistaken now!

[*Aside.*]

Gna. Won't Madam *Thais* be mightily taken with this Present, think ye?

Par. As much as to say our Nose is out of Joint: But, hark ye Friend, every Dog has his Day; there is a Time for all Things.

Gna. Now, *Parmeno*, will I give thee a Holy-day for this half Year, and save thee the Trouble of trotting up and down, and sitting up till four or five in the Morning. Don't I do ye a prodigious Piece of Service.

Par. Who, me? Ay, a damnable one.

Gna. Thus I always oblige Friends.

Par. You do well.

Gna. But perhaps I detain ye, Sir; your Business possibly calls ye elsewhere.

Par.

Par. No, I'm at my Journey's End.

Gna. Pray, Sir, do me the Favour then to introduce me to the Lady.

Par. Very good : This Present will be your Passport now.

Gna. Will ye be pleas'd to have any one sent out to ye ? [*Exit Gnatho, Pamphila, and Waiting-maid.*

Par. alone.] Let but two Days be over, and I'll take care that you may knock till your Heart akes without Admittance, tho' now you're so happy as to have the Doors fly open at a Touch of your little Finger.

Re-enter Gnatho.

Gna. What, here still, my known Friend ? D'ye keep Guard here, that not an Embassy by a civil Messenger can pass privately between the Captain and the Lady ?

[*Exit Gnatho.*

Par. alone.] Very wittily spoken ! These wonderful fine Things must needs please the Captain. [*seeing Cherea.*] But behold, I see my Master's younger Son making this Way.—I wonder what makes him from his Post at *Pireo*, when he's upon Duty there.—There's somewhat more than ordinary in the Wind :—And he's in great Haste too.—I can't guess what makes him throw his Eyes about thus.

Enter Cherea at a distance from Parmeno, out of Breath, and looking about him.

Che. to himself.] I'm undone ! The pretty Creature's lost—And so am I—who have unluckily mist on her. Where shall I look for her ? Where shall I trace her ? Whom shall I ask for her ? What blind Alley shall I range in ?—I'm in a strange Quandary.—I've this Comfort left, that she can't be long *incognito* where-e'er she be.—The most charming Look ! From this Moment I've done with the whole Sex besides. Your Every-day Lasses and Faces will ne'er down again.

Par. Heyday ! Here's another in the whining and languishing Vein, or I'm beside the Cushion.—The old Gentleman their Father's finely blest : If this Spark once begins the Sport, he'll be so mad upon't, that
Mr.

Mr. *Phedrie* will be a Child to him. [Aside.

Cbe. Wou'd the De'l had this old *Mumpsimus* for stopping my Journey; and me too for staying, when I shou'd have taken no Notice of him. — Ho! here's *Farmeno*! Well met, old Friend.

Par. Why so concern'd, and yet so gay? And whither a going?

Cbe. Who I? Troth I can't tell whence I came, nor where I'm going; I've lost my Senses.

Par. How so, I beseech ye?

Cbe. I'm in Love, Man.

Par. Heyday!

Cbe. Now, old Boy, shew what a Man you are; thou know'st how often thou hast promis'd me: *Master Cherea, do but find out one you've a mind to, and I'll shew what a Talent I have at Intriguing.* You remember 'twas when I us'd to get you many a good Bit out of my Father's Pantry, and no-body e'er the wiser, ye Rogue.

Par. Pshaw, no more of that.

Cbe. Why, 'Faith, 'twas'en so: Therefore, prithee now be as good as thy Word, at least, if you think it worth beating your Brains about. — This pretty Creature isn't at all like our Town Ladies, whose Mothers saddle their Backs, and strait-lace their Waists, to make 'em well-shap'd. If any chance to grow somewhat plumper than the rest, they presently cry, *She's an Hostess*; and then her Allowance must be shortned; and tho' she be naturally fat and lusty, yet, by her Dieting, she's made as slender as a Broom-stick: By this means one *Woodcock* or another is caught in their Springe.

Par. And how's yours, I beseech ye?

Cbe. Such a Beauty the World never saw.

Par. Heyday!

Cbe. Her Complexion true and natural; her Body sound and strong, and as plump as a Partridge.

Par. How old, think ye? *Cbe.* About Sixteen.

Par. In the very Prime, i'Faith.

Cbe.

Cbe. Now, do ye but help me to this sweet Creature, either by Force, Fraud, or Wheedle; I don't care which way, so I do but enjoy her.

Par. But what is this sweet Creature?

Cbe. Faith, I know not.

Par. Whence came she?

Cbe. I can't tell.

Par. Where does she live?

Cbe. Nor that neither.

Par. Where did you see her?

Cbe. In the Street here.

Par. How came you to lose her?

Cbe. That's it I was cursing at when I met you. Nor do I think there's that Man living, whose good Fortune had left him thus in the Lurch. What a Misfortune was here! — I'm a very Wretch.

Par. What's done to ye, Sir?

Cbe. D'ye ask? Don't ye know old *Archimedes*, my Father's Kinsman and Companion?

Par. Yes, very well.

Cbe. This Fellow met me full butt, as I was hot upo' th' Scent after this pretty Creature.

Pam. Faith 'twas a little unseasonable.

Cbe. Rather devilish unfortunate; for lighter Matters may be call'd *unseasonable*. For I can safely swear I hadn't seen him this half-Year till now, when I neither desir'd nor wanted his Company. Wasn't this a damn'd Accident! Hah! What say you?

Par. As you say, Sir, 'twas a damn'd Accident.

Cbe. He comes hobbling after me as far as he cou'd see me, with his Chin and his Knees together, his Joynts shaking in his Hide, hanging his Jibb like an old Horse, and groaning like a rotten Sheep: He bauls out, *Sobo, Cherea, Sobo? 'tis you I wou'd speak with.* — With that I made a halt. D'ye know, says he, *what's my business with ye?* No, pray tell me, Sir. *Oh*, said he, *my Cause comes on to morrow.* And what then said I? *Why be sure* (quoth he) *to tell your Father that he must not fail to be at th' Court.* I think he was a whole Hour by the

the Clock in telling this. I ask'd him if he had any further Business; he said, *None at all*. Away march'd I: And looking for this young Creature, I found she had taken down this Street.

Par. My Life on't, if this ben't the same that was presented to *Thais*. [*Aside.*

Cbe. As soon as I was got hither she was vanish'd.

Par. Had she any Attendance with her?

Cbe. Yes, a Man and a Waiting-maid.

Par. aside.] The very same, i' Faith. — Set your Heart at rest, Sir, your Business is done.

Cbe. Sure thy Wits are a Wool-gathering.

Par. No, I know what I say.

Cbe. Why, canst tell who she is; — Prithee tell me. — Did ye see her? (*Hastily.*)

Par. I did see her, I know her too; more than that, I can tell where she's gone, too.

Cbe. Ah, dear Rogue! dost know her indeed?

Par. Yes, Sir.

Cbe. And canst tell where she's gone too?

Par. She was brought hither as a Present to *Thais*.

Cbe. Is any Man living able to be at the Charge of such a Present?

Par. Yes: Captain *Thraso*, your Brother's Rival.

Cbe. For ought I see, my Brother will be put to his last Trumps then.

Par. Ay, 'Faith! so you'd swear indeed, if you knew what a precious Present he has provided to match this withal.

Cbe. What's that, prithee?

Par. An *Eunuch*.

Cbe. What, that Tool of a Man that he bought Yesterday? That haggish Fellow?

Par. That's he, Sir.

Cbe. Certainly he and his Present will be kick'd to the Devil. — But I ne'er knew before that this *Thais* was our Neighbour.

Par. Why, she's lately remov'd thither.

Cbe. Unlucky Whelp that I am! That I should

ne'er see her.—But, prithee tell me, is she such a Beauty as they talk of? *Par.* Every Jot.

Cbe. But short of our's my Life on't.

Par. Quite another Thing.

Cbe. Prithee, honest Boy, do but thy best to bring us both together.

Par. You shall have my Good-will in't. I'll do what I can to help ye: What wou'd ye have more? *[going off.]*

Cbe. Whither away now?

Par. Why Home, to hand the Presents hither according to your Brother's Orders.

Cbe. Oh the Luck of this same roguy *Eunuch*, to go into this House upon such an Errand!

Par. Why so, Sir?

Cbe. D'ye ask that? Why, he'll always be blest with the Sight of his beautiful Companion; they'll talk together, live together, and now and then perhaps lie together.

Par. What wou'd you say now, if you were that blessed Creature?

Cbe. Which Way? Speak, dear Rogue. *[Hastily.]*

Par. Suppose you take his Cloaths. —

Cbe. His Cloaths! And how then?

Par. And be carried thither instead of him.

Cbe. On, on Boy.

Par. And give out that you are he.

Cbe. I smell your Design.

Par. And there you may enjoy all those rare Blessings you fancy'd but just now for another. You may eat and drink with her, sit by her, touch, toy with her, and — lie by her. For not a Creature in that House can tell what you are, and whence you came. And besides, your Age, and those smooth Chops of yours, will make you pass for a compleat *Eunuch*.

Cbe. Spoken like an Angel, and advis'd like an Oracle! *[Hugs Parmeno, and is carrying him off.]* Come away Boy, let's in and about it, equip me to rights now, immediately away with me, and bring me to her as fast as you can for your Life. *Par.*

Par. *struggling*. [Hold Sir! — what d'ye mean? I did but jest.

Cbe. Pshaw! That's Nonsense.

Par. I'm ruin'd! How like a Fool have I done! where d'ye thrust me, Sir? — Faith you had almost push'd me on my Nose — 'Tis you I speak to, Sir, Pray stay.

Cbe. But I say let's go.

Par. Are ye resolv'd upon't then?

Cbe. Absolutely.

Par. Have a care you don't make more Haste than good Speed.

Cbe. No, no, let me alone for that.

Par. Ah, but my Bones will smart for't. Oh! 'tis a horrible Villany?

Cbe. A Villany d'ye call it, for a Man to go into a Bawdy-house, and to pay a Company of Jilts in their own Coin: Why, if they make a Trade to abuse, torment and trepan innocent young Men, is it not Justice and Equity to plague and chouse them again? Shan't I rather play Tricks with them than with my Father? This I shou'd be blam'd for; as for 'tother, 'twould be said, *I serv'd them in their own kind*.

Par. How's this? Well, if ye be fully bent upon't, e'en take your own Course; but then don't lay the Blame at my Door afterwards.

Cbe. I won't then.

Par. And as it is your Will to have it so?

Cbe. 'Tis my Will to have it so, and it must be so, and it shall be so; and what I have said I will stand by.

Par. Nay then, follow me.

Cbe. *Venus and Cupid* favour the Design.

[*Exeunt Ambo.*]

The End of the Second Act.



ACT III.

Thraſo and Gnatho.

Thr. Well, but was ſhe ſo very thankful then.

Gn. O yes, Sir, moſt hugely.

Thr. And glad at Heart, ſay ye ?

Gna. O yes, but not ſo much for the Gift as the Giver ; and for that, let me tell ye, ſhe's plaguily proud on't.

Enter Parmeno at a diſtance.

Par. to himſelf.] I'm come to watch a fair Opportunity to bring my Preſents in too. — But hold ! Here's Captain *Bellſwagger*. [*Retires to one ſide.*

Thr. Really I have the luck on't ; every thing that I do is moſt wonderfully taking.

Gna. I have obſerved as much.

Thr. The King of *Persia*, whenever I did him a Kindneſs, was always very ſenſible of it : He waſn't ſo to every body.

Gna. A ſmart Tongue ſo well hung as yours makes all that Glory his own, which others ſo long have toil'd for.

Thr. Right, Boy.

Gna. The King has you in his Eye then ?

Thr. Right, again.

Gna. And loves to have you there.

Thr. No doubt on't. — Nay more, truſted his whole Army to my Conduct, and follows my Advice in every thing.

Gna. Prodigious !

Thr. Then if he chanc'd to be weary of Company or Buſineſs, and had a Mind to take a little Eaſe — as tho' — you know what I mean.

Gna. Yes, Sir : As tho' when he had a Mind to clear his Stomach, as a-body may ſo ſay, of all Concerns. —

Thr. Right, then would he take me to him Hand to Fiſt.

Gna.

Gna. Ay, marry Sir ! This is a King indeed.

Thr. Oh ! He's a Man of a thousand. —

Gna. Yes, one of a Million — if he chuse you for his Companion. [Aside.]

Thr. All the Officers envy'd me, and grumbld at me behind my Back : I didn't value it a Straw ; they envy'd me damnably. But above all, one who had the Charge of the *Indian* Elephants. This Fellow being more troublesome than the rest, *Pribees Strato*, said I, *Why so plaguy big ? Is it because you are Lord over a parcel of Beasts ?*

Gna. Neatly said, i'faith, and shrewdly. — Bless me You overthrew Man and Beast — What said he, Sir ?

Thr. Not a Word.

Gna. Nay, I don't know how he shou'd.

Par. Bless me ! This Captain's the blindest Con-comb, and t'other the vilest Rascal I ever saw. [Aside.]

Thr. What think ye, *Gnatbo* ? Did I ever tell ye how sharp I was on the young *Rhodian* Spark at a Feast ?

Gna. Never, Sir, let's hear it, I pray. — He has told it me a thousand times. [Aside.]

Tha. This *Rhodian* Spark, I told you of, was with me at a Feast, where by chance I had a small Girl : this Stripling began to be sweet upon her, and waggish upon me too. *How now, you impudent Sauce-box*, (said I) *you're Man's Meat yourself, and yet have a Mind to a Tit-bit.*

Gna. Ha, ha, he.

Thr. What's the Matter ? Hah !

Gna. Very fine, sharp, and delicate ; that cou'dn't be mended. — But pray, Sir, was this all your own ? I took it for an old one.

Thr. Why, did you ever hear't before ?

Gna. Yes, Sir, very often : And it takes extremely.

Thr. I'll assure you, 'twas all my own.

Gna. I'm sorry you were so sharp upon the foolish young Gentleman.

Par. Ah, the De'il take thee for a Rascal. [Aside.]

Gna. Pray, Sir, what did he say then ?

Thr. He was quite dash'd out of Countenance ; and the whole Company was ready to die with Laughing. After that, every body was plaguy wary of meddling with me.

Gna. And well they might :

Thr. But — hark ye, *Gnatbo*, had I best clear myself to *Thais* from the Jealousy she has of my being in Love with *Pamphila*?

Gna. Let that be the least of your Thoughts ; but rather give her more Cause to be Jealous.

Thr. Why so ?

Gna. That's a Question : Don't ye apprehend me, Sir ! Shou'd she but speak a Word of *Pbedrie*, or offer to commend him on purpose to plague you. —

Thr. I ha't.

Gna. Your only way to prevent that, is, whenever she names *Pbedrie*, be sure you hit her in the Teeth with *Pamphila* ; if she cries, *Let's have Phedrie to be merry with us*, do you answer, *And Pamphila to give us a Song* : If she praises his Shape, extol her Face : And be sure give her a *Rowland for her Oliver*, and that will vex her to the Heart. —

Thr. Ay, if she lov'd me, this might do, *Gnatbo*.

Gna. As long as she desires and loves your Presents, you may lay your Life she loves you. So long you may venture to teaze her ; she'll always be afraid lest any angry Word shou'd turn the stream of your Bounty another way.

Tha. Thou say'st right — Why, I never so much as dream'd of this before.

Gna. A good Jest i'faith : Sure you didn't give your Mind to't ; for had you set your Wits about it, your Contrivance wou'd ha' been worth fifty of mine.

To them enter Thais attended by Pythia.

Tha. I fancy'd I heard the Captain's Tongue just now. — On, here is — My dear Hero, Welcome.

[Hugs him.

Thr. Oh, my sweet *Thais*, my dear Honey, how is't. — Don't ye love me now, for giving you this pretty Wench ?

Par.

Par. Admirably, i'Faith! how nobly he opens the Campaign. *(Aside.)*

Tha. Oh, Sir, I'm eternally oblig'd to you for't.

Gna. Let's in to Supper, I say: Why this dallying?

Par. Here's another too! Faith one wou'd swear he is the Captain's Bastard, they're so like one another. *(Aside.)*

Thr. to Gna.] As soon as you will, for I am ready.

Par. *advancing nigher.*] I'll to her, and make as tho' I just came from Home. — Are you going abroad, Madam? *[Aside to Thais.]*

Tha. to him.] Oh *Parmeno*! Troth you are come very lucky, I was just a going out.

Par. Whither, Madam?

Tha. Why, don't ye see this Gentleman here? *[Aside to him.]*

Par. I do see him, with a Pox to my Sorrow. — When you please, Madam, my Master's Presents are at your Service. *[Aloud.]*

Thr. What do we stay for? Why don't we jog on?

Par. to Thrafo.] May it please your Honour, by your leave; first let me make my Presents as I was order'd, and go and have a little harmless Chat with my Lady.

Thr. Special Presents! I'll warrant ye, not to be nam'd the same Day with mine. *[Jeeringly.]*

Par. The Tryal's all. — *[goes towards Laches's House.]* Soho! within there I send out the Persons I order'd. — *[Enter the Blackamoor]* Here, advance forward. — Here's a Lads come from as far as *Prestor John's* Country.

Thr. I can have as good for seven or eight Guineas.

Gna. Ay, and a better too.

Par. to them within.] You-sir *Dorus*, where are ye? Stand forth, Boy. — Here's your *Eunuch* for ye then. — See what a pretty Look he has got, and just in the Prime of his Age. *[Enter Cherea]*

dress'd up like the Eunuch.

Thr. As I hope to be sav'd, a very tight Fellow.

Par. What say ye now, Mr. *Gnatho*? D'ye 'spy

ny Faults here? — And you, Noble Captain? — What, never a Word? — That's Commendation enough of all Conscience. — Try him in the Schools, Field, Musick, or where you will, you'll find he has the Education of a Gentleman.

Thr. For a Need that *Eunuch* wou'd down well enough, tho' a Man was sober. [*Aside to Gnatho.*

Par. And yet, Madam, the Gentlemen that made these Presents, doesn't desire to be your only Favourite, nor that all others should be thrust out of Doors for his sake; He doesn't tell you romantick Stories of his Fights and Duels, nor yet boast of his Wounds and Scars; neither does he stand in your Light, as a certain Person that shall be nameless: But when it shall be no Trouble to you, Madam, when you please, and your Ladyship is at Leisure, he thinks it Favour enough then to be admitted.

Thr. 'Tis evident this Fellow has got some poor *Grubstreet* Merchant for his Master.

Gna. Faith like enough; for he wou'dn't keep this Fellow so long, had he a Shilling in his Pocket to hire him a better.

Par. Peace, Dog. — Thou art not worthy to be kick'd. — If you can stoop to flatter him (*pointing to the Captain*) thus, you'd be content to do the most sordid Thing in the World for a Livelihood.

Thr. Shall we stay to hear this Fellow prate?

[*Angrily.*

Tha. I'll only just step in with these, and order my Maids what to do, and I'll be back again in an Instant. *Exeunt Thais, Che. and the Black.*

Thr. I'll go before — but do you stay and wait upon my Mistress. [*to Gnatho.*

Par. Fie! 'tis beneath a General to Squire his own Mistress.

Thr. to Parmeno] Why should I spend my Breath upon thee? — *Like Master, like Man.*

[*Exit Parmeno.*

Gna. Ha, ha, he. —

Thr.

Thr. What d'ye laugh at? [*Somewhat jurlily.*]

Gna. Why, what you just now said: Besides, you put me in mind of the *Rhodian Spark*, and I cou'dn't forbear. — But here's Madam *Thais* again.

Re-enter Thais, Pythia, and Attendants.

Thr. Run home, and see that all the Rooms be ready.

Gna. I'm gone, Sir. (*Exit Gnatho.*)

Tha. to Pythia.] Be sure *Pythia* take care to do what I bid ye. — If Mr. *Chremes* should chance to come to day, desire him to stay a little; if he's in haste, beg him to come another time; if he can't do that, send him over to the Captain's to me.

Pyth. I will, Madam.

Tba. Hold — I had something else to say. — Let me see, — O, I remember't — Be sure you make much of the young Gentlewoman. Do you keep home.

Exit Pythia.

Thr. Now let's march.

Tba. Do you follow me. [*to the Attendants.*]

As they go off one way, enter Chremes alone another way.

Chr. In troth the more I think and chew upon this Business, the more I'm afraid that this *Thais* should play me some plaguy Dog-trick or other; I find myself damnably wheedl'd by her. When she first sent for me, any Man might have wonder'd what Business I had there; Faith I cou'dn't tell myself: But when I came, she immediately casts about for Fetches and Excuses to make me tarry. I have (says she) just now been at my Devotion, therefore more fit to discourse of grave and serious Matters. At that my Heart misgave me plaguily. She draws a Chair and sat down by me, and fawning upon me, she began to pump for Discourie. When she had nothing else to say, she'd fall asking Me, *How long my Father and Mother had been dead*: I told her, *a pretty while since*. Then whether I had not a Seat at Sunio, and how far it stood off the Sea. Pox! I believe she liked the Situation

herself, and had a mind to gull me out on't. And lastly, *If I hadn't lost a young Sister thence? and who was with her then? What she had about her when lost? Whether 'twas possible for one to know again?* and such like Stuff. I can't imagine why the De'il she ask'd all these Questions, without she designs to put herself upon me instead of this lost Sister, as it is the Impudence of these Jades. However, if she is alive, she is just Sixteen and no more; but this same *Thais* is somewhat older than myself. She has sent again, to beg of me very earnestly to come—Now let her tell her Business plain, or trouble me no more. I'll be hang'd if she catch me here a third time. Soho! within there! Soho! *[Knocks at the Door.]*

Pyth. within. Who's there?

Cbr. 'Tis I, my Name's *Cbremes*.

Enter Pythia.

Pyth. My pretty little Squire, is it you!

Cbr. So,—I said as much, this wheedling bodes no good. *[Aside.]*

Pyth. My Lady humbly desires you to come again to morrow.

Cbr. I'm going into the Country.

Pyth. For Love's sake, Sir, do.

Cbr. I tell you plainly I can't.

Pyth. Why then, Sir, stay but a little till my Lady comes back.

Cbr. Faith I don't intend it.

Pyth. Why not, dear Mr. *Cbremes*? *[Fawningly.]*

Cbr. Pox take ye for a dissembling Baggage.

Pyth. Well, if you be resolv'd, I beseech ye, Sir, to give yourself the trouble of stepping over to her where she is.

Cbr. I don't care if I do that.

Pyth. to them within.] Doria! *[Enter Doria]* Go quickly and shew that Gentleman over to the Captain's.

[Exeunt severally.]

Enter Antipho alone.

Ant. Yesterday a knot of Good-fellows of us were got

got together at *Piero*, where we clubb'd to have a Feast to Day. We chose *Cherea* for our Steward. The Forfeits were all laid down, and Time and Place agreed upon. The Time's past, and at the Place they know nothing on't; our Gentleman-Steward has given us the slip, and 'faith I can't tell what to say or think o'th' Business. — The rest of the Company have imploy'd me to hunt about for him; I think I'd as good call in at his Father's. — [*discoveeing Cherea.*] But who is yonder a coming out of *Thais's* House? Is it he, or is it not he? — As I live 'tis he. Heyday! what a Toy of a Man have we got here? What means this Disguise? — What unaccountable Freak is this? I am puzzl'd, and can't imagin for my Heart what's the Matter: Whatsoever it be, I will know before I stir a Foot [*Retires a little on one Side.*]

Enter Cherea, looking cautiously about.

Che. to himself softly] But is no body here now? Not a Mortal. — Does no body dog me? — Not so much as my Shadow. — Shall I now give vent to my swelling Joys? — Oh Heavens! what wou'd I give for some body to cut my Throat immediately, that in the Height of this Joy, I may end my Life without the least Dash of Misfortune — But is there never a curious inquisitive Fellow following me close upon the Heel, to deafen and murder me with Question upon Question at every Turn? As, *Why so transported? Why so wonderful merry? Whither away so fast? Whence came ye? Where got ye this Garb? What Frolick's this? Are you in your Wits? Or are you stark mad?*

Ant. advancing nigher.] Faith, I'll e'en up to him, and do him that Favour myself. — *Cherea*, What is't you chuckle at so? What means this Fool's Coat? Why so merry about the Mouth? Hey brave! What d'ye mean? D'ye pretend to be in your Wits? What d'ye stare for? — [*Here they stare one upon another.*] What, never a Word?

Che

Cbe. Huzza ! This is a Day of Jubilee ! Well met, old Soul ! Gad take me, there's not a Man alive I'd have wish'd for so soon as thy dear self.

Ant. Prithee tell me this mighty Business.

Cbe. And prithee, dear Rogue, prepare thyself to receive it then. — I suppose you know my Brother's Mistress.

Ant. Yes ; you mean *Thais*, I suppose.

Cbe. The very same.

Ant. I thought I knew her.

Cbe. This Day a pretty young Female was presented to her. But why shou'd I stand prating and commending her charming Face to thee, my Friend, when thou know'st so well what a Critick I am in Beauties. — In short, she fired my Blood.

Ant. Say you so ?

Cbe. Ay Boy, had you but seen her, I'm sure you wou'd say she was the Mirrour of her Sex. But to leave Impertinencies, I was presently in up to the Ears ; and as good Luck wou'd have it, we had an Eunuch at Home, which my Brother bought for his Mistress, but wasn't yet deliver'd to her. Our Man *Parmeno* gave me an Item of a Design, which I immediately put in Execution.

Ant. And what was that ?

Cbe. Be patient and you'll hear't the sooner. It was to change Cloaths with the Eunuch, and forme to be presented instead of him.

Ant. What, for the Eunuch !

Cbe. Ev'n so, old Boy.

Ant. Prithee what Advantage cou'd you propose to yourself by that ?

Cbe. That's worth the asking indeed ; why to see her, discourse with her, and be alone with the pretty Creature, I lov'd, ye Rogue. And d'ye make nothing of this now ? — In short, presented I was to *Thais*, who as soon as she receiv'd me, very joyfully brought me Home, and committed the beautiful Creature to my Charge.

Ant. To whose Charge ? To thine ?

Cbe.

Cbe. Yes, to mine.

Ant. Marry she was in safe Hands !

Cbe. She order'd that not a Man should come nigh her but myself, and charg'd me not to stir a Step from her ? and, that she and I shou'd be alone together in the Parlour. I look'd as if Butter wou'dn't melt in my Mouth, and cry'd, *Yes Madam.*

Ant. The Lord help thee.

Cbe. She told me she was going out to Supper; and with that drew all her Train after her, except a few raw New-comers to attend the fair Stranger. Those prepar'd a Bath for my Angel : I urg'd 'em to hasten it as much as they cou'd. Whilst they were about it, this sweet Creature was sitting in a withdrawing Room, casting her Eyes upon a fair Piece, which was the Picture of *Jupiter*, who (as the Story goes) came down into *Danae's* Lap in a Shower of Gold. I made bold to dart a Look that Way too, and finding how like the Intrigue was to mine, I cou'dn't but be ten times the more tickl'd at the Conceit on't. That a very God should transform himself into a Mortal, and privately steal through the Tyies of another Man's House, and so drop like a Shower into his Mistress's Arms. But what God, thought I, was this ? Why, no less a God than the Thunderer himself, who shakes the Battlements of Heaven. And shou'd Flesh and Blood refuse to follow his Example ? I'll do't, and with all my Soul too. While these Thoughts were working in my Head, they call'd her away to the Bath ; she goes, she washes, she comes back, and then they put her to Bed, I stood waiting for the Word of Command. At last comes one to me, *Pri- thee do you, Dorus, take this Fan, and cool the young Gentlewoman thus, the Time we are bathing. When we have done, you may bathe if you've a mind to't.*

Ant. I'd-a given the whole World almost t'have seen that impudent Face of thine at that Time ; how you carry'd yourself, and how like a great Booby you manag'd the Fan.

Cbe.

Cbe. The Words were scarce out of her Mouth, but they all rush'd out of the Room to the Bath, and set up a Gaggles, as Servants do when their Master's Back's turn'd. Mean time my dear Lady falls into a sweet Sleep; with that I cunningly cast a Sheep's Eye askew through the Fan. [*shewing him how he look'd*] and took a side-long Glance round the Room, to see that the Coast was clear. — I finding all right, made fast the Door.

Ant. What then, brave Boy?

Cbe. How? what then, Simpleton?

Ant. Ay, Simpleton, indeed!

Cbe. Shou'd I have neglected such a short, wish'd-for and unexpected Opportunity, when it dropt into my very Mouth, I must ha' been a very *Eunuch* indeed then.

Ant. Faith, Boy, thou'rt in the right. — But, in the mean time, what's become of our Treat?

Cbe. 'Tis just ready.

Ant. Troth, thou'rt a brave Fellow. But where is't? At your House?

Cbe. No; at old *Harry Platters*.

Ant. That's a plaguy Way off.

Cbe. We must go the faster, then, that's all.

Ant. But won't you change your Cloaths?

Cbe. How can I? Pox on't! I'm quite banish'd Home, for fear my Brother shou'd see me; and what's worse, lest my old Father shou'd be come out of the Country.

Ant. Why then, e'en let's go to our House, that's the nighest Place I can think of, to shift yourself.

Cbe. That's right; let's away then, and lay our Heads together, how my Dear may be for ever mine.

Ant. A Match then.

Exeunt Ambo.

The End of the Third Act.

Act



ACT IV.

Doria alone, with a Casket under her Arm.

AS I'm a living Soul, as much as I can gather from the Captain's Humour, I'm terribly afraid this Swaggerer should make some Disturbance to-day, and fall foul upon my Lady. For as soon as young *Chremes*, the Gentlewoman's Brother, came thither, she askt leave of the Captain to *have him admitted*. He began to huff and be angry, but yet durst not deny her. Besides, my Lady urg'd him to desire the Gentleman to *sit down and welcome*, because she'd have him stay there, for this was'nt a proper time to tell him all she had a mind to about his Sister. At last, with a dogged Look, he coldly bids him welcome. The Gentleman staid, and my Lady began to discourse. This Captain *Huff-cap* imagining he had been a Rival brought under his Nose to affront him, thought he would do something that should plague her too. *Hark ye*, says he, *go for Pamphila, to give us a Song. By no means in the World*, cries my Lady; *What should such a Wench do at a Feast?* The Captain being set upon't fell to wrangling. Mean time the cunning Creature whips her Gold and Jewels into this Casket, and slipt it into my Hand to carry off; which is a certain sign she won't be long behind, as soon as she can get away.

Enter Phedrie at a distance.

Phe. As I was walking to our Country-house upon the Road, (as 'tis usual with People when they are uneasy) a thousand Thoughts came running into my Head one after another, which I took all in the worst Sense: To be short, whilst I was musing on these things, I pass'd by my House unawares, and had got half a Mile before I perceiv'd it; upon that I turn'd back with a Heart as heavy as Lead. — When I was
just

just got by the way to the House, I stood still, and began to think thus with myself: *What! must I be forc'd to stay here eight and forty long Hours without her?—What of all that?—A meer trifle—How a trifle?—What if I can't kiss her Hand, yet 'tis very hard if I can't have one look at her? If I can't have one, sure I may have the other: 'Tis better to be almost distanc'd, than to be quite thrown out of the Race.* With that I went by on purpose. But hold, what makes *Pythia* run out of Doors in such a Fright?

Enter Pythia looking about

Pyth. to herself.] Where's this cursed, wicked Creature--Wretch that I am! Where shall I find him? Or where shall I look for him?—That ever any Man shou'd have the Impudence to offer at such a Villany!

Phe. Alas! my Heart misgives me strangely. [*Aside.*

Pyth. to herself.] Nay, more than that, after the Villain had abus'd the Girl, he tears her Cloaths, and drags her up and down by the Hair o'th' Head.

Phe. How's this!

[*Aside.*

Pyth. to herself.] O that I had but the Rogue in my Clutches now!—How I would claw the Eyes of the Whore's-bird!

Phe. I can't imagine what great Disorder here has been in my Absence. — I'll e'en step to her. [*Aside.*
to Pythia] What's the Matter? Whither in such haste? Whom d'ye look for, *Pythia*?

Pyth. Hah, Mr. *Pheidrie*! Whom look for, say ye? a Curse upon you and your precious Presents both together.

Phe. Prithee tell me what's the Matter?

Pyth. The Matter, quoth'a? — Your *Eunuch* that you gave us, what wicked Work has he made here? He has gone and ravish'd the young Gentlewoman the Captain gave my Lady.

Phe. in a maze.] What say'st thou?

Pyth. I'm quite undone.

Phe. Av, and drunk too, I think.

Pyth. Would the worst of my Enemies were as drunk as I am.

Dor.

Dor. O Law, *Pythia*, wasn't it a very prodigious Thing, ha !

Pbe. Thou'rt certainly mad. — How is't possible for an *Eunuch* to do this ?

Pyth. I can't tell what he was ; but what he has done, 'tis plain. The poor young Creature is all in Tears, neither can ye get one Word from her. This precious Rogue hides his Head now. I'm wofully afraid he has finger'd somewhat out o'th'House too, when he ran away.

Pbe. 'Tis a Wonder to me such a limber-hamm'd Dog should get out of Sight so soon, unless he has hous'd himself at my Father's.

Pyth. Dear Sir, step in and see.

Pbe. You shall know that presently. [*Exit Phedrie.*]

Dor. O *Gemini* ! Prithee, my Dear, did you ever hear of such a horrid Prank before ? I never did.

Pyth. Truly I have heard say, these *Eunuchs* are great Admirers of fine Women, but can do nothing but stabber them over. But I, like a filly Jade as I was, never thought of this : If I had, I shou'd have lockt up my Gentleman, and have kept the Girl far enough from his Reach.

Re-enter Phedrie, dragging in Dorus by the Ears.

Pbe. Come out you infamous Dog ! — What, d'ye hang an Arse, ye runagate Scoundrel ? — Thou damnable Bargain, out of your Kennel.

Dor. Good Sir !

Pbe. Do but see what a damn'd *Friday*-face the Jail-bird makes ? How came you hither again ? — Why this change of Habit, I pray ? — What Answer, Dog ? If I had staid but a Minute longer, *Pythia*, I had mis'd d o'th' Rogue, you see he's just equipt for the March.

Pyth. O dear, Sir, have ye met with the Rascal ?

Pbe. Met with him ! Ay.

Pyth. That's good Luck indeed.

Dor. Ay, special good Luck, upon my Word.

Pyth. What ha' ye done with him ?

Pbe. Done with him ! Can't ye see before ye ?

Pyth. Whom should I see ?

Pbe.

Pbe. This Fellow here. (*pointing to Dorus.*)

Pyth. What of this Fellow here?

Pbe. The same that was sent to your House to Day.

Pyth. I dare swear, Sir, none of our House e'er set Eye upon him.

Pbe. Sure they were blind then.

Pyth. Pray, Sir, can ye believe this to be the Man that was brought to our House?

Pbe. Believe it, the De'il a one else had I to send.

Pyth. Fie! — there's no Comparison to be made between this and that; for that other had a fine Air, and look'd like a Gentleman.

Pbe. Ay, so you thought, because he had got his gay Clothes on; now he has alter'd his Habit, you take him for an ugly Creature.

Pyth. Pray, Sir, don't persuade me to't, as if there were no more Difference than that comes to. Why, he that we had to Day was such a fine young Fellow, 'twould ha' done your Heart good to have seen him. This is a dry, decrepit, drouzy-headed Fumbler, and looks like a Wheazle.

Pbe. 'Sdeath! What Stuff's this — You've brought me to that Pass, that for my Part I know not what I've done my self. — Come hither, Sirrah, [*to Dorus*] Didn't I buy ye, and pay for ye?

Dor. Yes, an't please ye.

Pyth. Now, pray, Sir, let me have one Pull at him.

Pbe. Do so.

Pyth. Were you at our House to Day? (*He nods.*) Look ye, he denies it. — He that *Parmeno* brought was but sixteen.

Pbe. Well, I'll at him once again myself. First tell me how you came by these Cloaths. What, ha' you lost your Tongue? — Ye ugly Dog, why don't ye answer me?

Dor. One Mr. *Cherea* came —

Pbe. Not my Brother, I hope.

Dor. Yes, Sir.

Pbe. When?

Dor. To Day.

Pbe. How long ago?

Dor.

Dor. But a little while.

Pbe. Who did he come with ?

Dor. *Parmeno*, an't please ye.

Pbe. Did you know him before ?

Dor. No, Sir, nor never heard of his Name.

Pbe. How came ye then to know'twas my Brother ?

Dor. *Parmeno* told me so. — And 'twas *Cberes* gave me these Cloaths. —

Pbe. Confusion !

Dor. — And put on mine, and away they went together.

Pyth. *to Phedrie.*] So, Sir, who's drunk now ? 'Twas I fill'd your Head with Stories, wasn't it ? Now 'tis as clear as the Sun, that the poor Gentlewoman's ravish'd. [*Weeps.*]

Pbe. Away, ye Beast. — D'ye believe one Word this Fellow prates ?

Pyth. A Fig for believing : The thing's plain enough itself.

Pbe. *softly. to Dorus.*] Come a little this way ; D'ye mind me, Sirrah ? — Nigher yet. — That's well. — Let me hear this Business once again. Did *Cberes* take your Cloaths from ye ?

Dor. He did, Sir.

Pbe. And put 'em on himself ?

Dor. Yes, Sir.

Pbe. And was sent hither in your stead.

Dor. Yes, that he was.

Pbe. Oh Heavens ! this is the most wicked impudent Dog living. (*Aloud in a Passion.*)

Pyth. Alas Sir ! are ye not convinc'd that we have been most basely abus'd ?

Pbe. No Wonder if a crack'd Chamber-maid believes this Scoundrel : [*Angrily to Pyth.*] — But the truth on't is, I'm somewhat gravell'd myself, [*Softly.*] — Hark ye, Sirrah, deny all, or I'll cut your Throat. [*aside to Dorus*] — Can't I rack the Truth out of ye to Day : Did ye see my Brother *Cberes* ?

[*Aloud to Dorus.*]

Dor.

Dor. No indeed, Sir. [Fearfully.]

Pbe. I see there's nothing to be done without Blows. — This way, ye Dog. — He hunts counter. — Down o' your Knees, and ask me Pardon.

[Aside to Dorus.]

Dor. *kneeling.*] Good Sir, I beseech ye forgive me.

Pbe. Into your Kennel then.

Dor. Hey, hey. [Runs out howling.]

Pbe. Faith, I cou'dn't tell how to make a fair come-off without this Stratagem. If so, the thing's past cure. [Aside.] — D'ye think, ye Rascal to make a Makegame of me ;

[Aloud to Dorus.]

[Exit after him.]

Pyth. My Life on't, this damn'd Plot is of Parmeno's contriving.

Dor. You may swear it.

Pyth. I faith I'll pay him in his own Coin before I sleep. — But prithee, Doria, what would'tt advise me in this Case ?

Dor. You mean, in the young Gentlewoman's Business !

Pyth. Yes, whether we had best keep it to our selves, or tell on't.

Dor. In troth, if you're wise, take no notice of the Eunuch, or the Girl either ; for by that means you'll keep out of Harm's-way, and oblige our Lady besides. You need only say, The Eunuch has given us the Slip.

Pyth. I'll follow your Counsel.

Dor. But yonder comes Mr. Chremes, — My Lady isn't far behind 'em.

Pyth. What makes ye think so ?

Dor. Because the Captain and she were almost at Daggers drawing when I left 'em.

Pyth. Then away with the Casket, quick : — I'll learn of this Gentleman what's to do.

To her enter Chremes half drunk.

Chr. *to himself.*] Hey dazy ! — I ha' been finely bubbl'd i' faith. — This Wine has been too hard for me.

me.—The time I was toaping, — I thought my self as sober as a Judge, — But when I came to try my Legs, — 'Sbud, my Feet nor my Head knew not which was to go uppermost.

Pyth. Oh, Mr. *Chremes* !

Chr. Who's that? — Oh, the pretty, pretty *Pythia* ! Why, thou'rt worth forty of the *Pythias* I saw last.

Pyth. And upo' my Word, you're forty times more pleasant than you were before.

Chr. The old Saying's very true, *If it wasn't for Meat and good Drink, the Women might gnaw the Sheets.* — But your Mistress has been come home a long time, I suppose.

Pyth. Why, is she come from the Captain's then?

Chr. Oh, a damnable while. — They were quarrelling like Dog and Cat.

Pyth. Didn't she desire ye to follow her !

Chr. No, she only tipt the wink at me as she went away.

Pyth. And wasn't that Item enough ?

Chr. No, i'faith ; I cou'dn't tell what her winking and twinkling meant, till the Captain very civilly gave me to understand it, by thrulling me Head and Shoulders after her. — But see, she's upon the back on's already. — I wonder what Devil brought me hither before her.

(*Enter Thais.*)

Tha. to herself.] I believe this hectoring Bully will be upon my back presently, to take away the Girl by force : Ay, let him come ; if he offers to touch her but with one Finger, I'll pluck his Eyes out — I can away with his Impertinencies and big Words, as long as they are but Words, but i'faith if he comes to touch our Copyhold once, I'll make him smart for't.

[*Angrily.*]

Chr. Ah Madam, I've been here a long while.

Tha. My dear *Chremes*, 'twas you I wanted ; Arn't you sensible this Quarrel was upo' your account, and the whole Business a Concern of yours !

Chr.

Cbr. Of mine ? pray how so ? As if I had been—

Tba. Whilst I'm taking Pains to help you to your Sister, and restore her to ye, I'm forc'd to sit down with these and a thousand such like Affronts.

Cbr. Pray, Madam, Where is she now ?

Tba. At home at my House.

Cbr. Hah !

[*concernedly,*

Tba. What's the Matter ? You needn't fear, for her Education hasn't been beneath herself, or you either.

Cbr. What's that you say ?

Tba. Nothing but the Truth. I freely give her to ye, and shan't expect a Farthing for my Pains.

Cbr. I thank ye, Madam, and I shall endeavour to make ye amends when time serves.

Tba. But have a care, Sir, you don't lose her before you have her, for 'tis she the Captain is coming to plunder us of by force of Arms. — D'ye hear *Pythia*, run in and fetch the Casket and Tokens, quick.

Chr. *discovering Thraso and his Party.*] D'ye see 'em Madam ?

Pyth. Where is't set, Madam ?

Tba. I'th' Chest of Drawers. — D'ye move no faster, ye Baggage ?

Exit Pythia.

Cbr. What an Army has this Fellow muster'd up against ye ! — Lamentable !

Tba. What, Cow-hearted ! my Dear !

Cbr. Pshaw, I Cow-hearted ! I'm as bold as a Lyon.

[*Struts.*

Tba. Ay, and so you had need.

Cbr. Ah, Madam, I doubt ye take me for a—
strange Fellow.

Tba. However, take this for your Comfort, this Fellow you're to deal with is a perfect Stranger, has less Interest, less Acquaintance, and fewer Friends to back him than you.

Cbr. That I know too : But 'tisn't for a wise Man to stand behind an Ass when he kicks. I'd rather prevent a Quarrel before-hand, than revenge it afterward. — Do you run in and barricade the Door,
whilst

whilst I run to the Piazza and fetch the Constable to keep the Peace. *[Going off.]*

Tha. *catching him by the Cloak.*] Hold, Sir.

Chr. I had better go.

Tha. Stand your Ground, pray. *[Still holding him.]*

Chr. Pray let me go, I'll be back again in an Instant.

Tha. Sir, you need not call any Help. — Do but tell him she is your Sister, and that you lost her when she was young, and are now come to the Knowledge of her: Then shew him the Tokens.

Re-enter Pythia with the Casket.

Pyth. Here they are, Madam.

Tha. Do you take 'em, Sir. — *[Chr. takes the Casket.]* If he offers the least Violence, you may have him before his Betters. — You understand me.

Chr. Yes, very well.

Tha. Be sure you speak this with a good Courage.

Chr. Edad, and so I will. *[struts and puts his Arms a-kimbow.]*

Tha. Up with your Cloak, Man. — Dear Heart! I've pitch'd upon a Champion that wants one himself. *(Aside.)* *Exeunt on one Side.*

Enter on t'other Side Thraso, Gnatho, Sanga, Servants with Link-boys, Fire-forks, Shovels, Dish-clouts, &c.

Thr. Prithee Gnatho, is't for a Man of Honour to put up such a notorious Affront as this? I'll die upo' th' Spot first. *Simalio, Dorax, Syriacus*, follow your Leader. — First I'll storm their Castle.

Gna. Very well.

Thr. Then I'll carry off the Damsel triumphantly.

Gna. Better and better.

Thr. And lastly, I'll put the Jilt under severe Contributions. *Gna.* Best of all.

Thr. Advance, *Dorax*, with your Truncheon, and command the main Body. — *Simalio*, command you the Left Wing; and you, *Syriacus*, the Right. — Where are the rest? Where's Captain *Sanga* with his ragged Regiment?

San. Here, Sir.

Thr.

Thr. to Sang.] Ye lazy Son of a Whore ! D'ye think to engage the Enemy with a Dishclout ? What did ye bring that for ?

San. Who I, Sir ? Why, I knew the Prowess of my General, and the Courage of his Soldiers, so well, that they cou'd never part without Blood and Wounds ; so I brought this to wipe 'em withal.

Thr. Where's all the rest of 'em ?

San. The rest, with a Vengeance ! There's only *Sannio* left to keep the House from running away.

Thr. Gnatbo, do you see 'em all in Rank and File.— I'll bring up the Rear, and there give the Signal for the Onset.

Gna. This 'tis to be wise : When he has drawn up his Men in Battalia, he makes sure of one Post for his own Retreat. *[Aside.]*

Thr. This was always the *French King's* Way.

Chremes and Thais appear above.

Chr. D'ye observe, Madam, what this Cut-throat's about ? I see my Counsel wasn't amiss, when I advis'd ye to barricade the Door.

Tha. Pshaw ! This Fellow that you take for a Hector, is as faint-hearted as a Town Bully. — Bear up, Man.

Thr. to Gnatbo.] What had we best do ?

Gna. Had we but a Mortar now to play upon 'em under the Covert-Way, one Bomb would make 'em scamper.

Thr. discovering Thais.] But hold, yonder's the Enemy.

Gna. Shall we give the Assault, noble General ?

Thr. Hold, I say. — Wise Commanders usually send a Summons before they storm ; perhaps he'll surrender upon Discretion, before we make the Assault.

Gna. Oh wonderful ! what plaguy Things these Politicks are ! I never am in your Company, but I go away the wiser for't.

Thr. to Thais.] *Thais*, answer me the first Article : When I gave ye *Pamphila*, didn't ye promise me so many Days to myself ? *Tha,*

Tha. What's all that ?

Thr. That's a pretty Question ! ——— Didn't ye bring one of your Gallants under my Nose ? What Business had ye together ? why did ye slink away with him from my House ?

Tha. 'Cause 'twas my Pleasure.

Thr. Why, then deliver up *Pamphila*, unless you'd have her carried off by Force.

Chr. Deliver her to thee ! Touch her if you dare thou worst of ——— [*Angrily.*

Gna. to Chremes.] Hah Sir ! have a Care ; not a Word more.

Chr. Do you prate Buffoon ?

Thr. Shan't I touch what's my own ?

Chr. Thine, Villain !

Gna. to Chremes.) I say once again, have a Care, Friend : I see you don't know who you speak to.

Chr. to Gnatho.) Won't ye be gone, ye Rascal ? [*to Thrafo.]* And you, Captain Swash, d'ye know what to trust to ? If you give us the least Disturbance here, I'll make you remember the Place, the Day, and Person you affront too, as long as you breathe.

Gna. to Chremes.) Poor Wretch ! I pity ye, that ye should provoke so great a Man to be your Enemy.

Chr. I'll crack your Fool's Pate for ye, if ye ben't gone presently.

Gna. Say ye so, Mr. *Snarl* ? Are your Hands so heavy ?

Thr. to Chremes.] Pray, who are you for a Man ? What wou'd you have ? And what have you to do with the Girl ?

Chr. That ye shall know presently : First, I say she's Free-born.

Thr. So !

Chr. And a Citizen of *Athens*.

Thr. How ?

Chr. And my Sister too.

Thr. Oh Impudence !

Chr. Therefore, Captain, (*Jeeringly.*) I tell ye once for all, lay Hands on her if you dare. ——— (*to Thais.*)

Now, Madam, I'll step and fetch *Sophrone*, the Nurse, and shew her the Tokens.

G

Thr.

Thr. Why will you, Sir, hinder me from meddling with what's my own?

Chr. Yes, that I will.

[*Withdraws.*]

Gna. to Thrafo.] Bear witness, this *Chremes* owns himself a Thief, he has done his own Business.

Thr. to Thais.] Do you say the same too?

Tha. Go look.

[*Withdraws.*]

Here Thrafo and Gnatho stare at one another.

Thr. What shall we do next?

Gna. E'en let's march home again—By and By she'll come fawning like a Spaniel to beg your Pardon.

Thr. Think ye so?

Gna. Nothing more certain : I know the Humour of these Women well enough ; when you will, they won't, and when you won't they will.

Thr. Thou hast hit it.

Gna. Shall I dismiss the Army?

Thr. When you will.

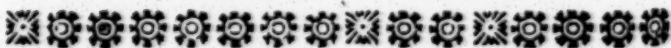
Gna. to Sanga.] Well Captain, you and yours are discharg'd now like a noble General take your Army into Quarters of Refreshment i'th' Kitchen.

San. Troth, my Belly chim'd Cupboard above half an hour ago.

Gna. Well said *Tom. Prog.* ———

Thr. Follow your Leader. [*Exeunt shouting.*]

The End of the Fourth Act.



ACT V.

Thais and Pythia.

Tha. en-tring. D'YE speak in Riddles still, ye dirty Quean? [*In another Tone mocking her.*]
I know, I don't know, he's fled, I heard on't, but was not there Hussy, can't ye tell me in plain terms whatever the Matter is. The poor Girl's Gown's rent, she's all in Tears, and won't speak. The Eunuch's fled too? But why—What's done?—What, no answer?

Pyth.

Pyth. Alas, Madam, what wou'd ye ha' me say, when they all affirm 'twasn't an *Eunuch* that was here?

Tha. Who was't then? *Pyth.* One Mr. *Cherea*.

Tha. What Mr. *Cherea*?

Pyth. The young Gentleman, *Phedrie's* Brother.

Tha. What's that ye say, ye Witch?

Pyth. Nothing but what is certainly true.

Tha. Pray what shou'd he do here? Upon what Account came he hither, pray?

Pyth. I can't guess, unless he was in Love with *Pamphila*.

Tha. 'Sdeath, I'm undone then, all my Measures are broken if this be true. Is't for this the poor Creature bemoans herself so?

Pyth. So I believe, Madam.

Tha. How's this, ye Baggage? Didn't I give you a particular Charge about her, when I went away?

Pyth. What cou'd I do i'th' Case? You order'd that she should be wholly committed to his Care.

Tha. Oh you Jade, you set the Wolf to keep the Sheep: I'm asham'd to the Soul to be so cursedly fool'd.—[*Seeing Cherea afar off.*] But what Fellow's that!

Enter Cherea at a distance still in the Eunuch's Dress.

Pyth. 'S't, Madam! Patience, I beseech ye: All's well, we have got our Spark in Lob's Pound.

Tha. Where is he?

Pyth. 'S't! on the Left-hand. Don't you see him?

—look there then.

Tha. I see him.

Pyth. Seize him immediately.

Tha. What can we do to him, Fool!

Pyth. Do to him, say ye?—See, I beseech you, what a cursed impudent Look he has got.—

Tha. I see no such thing.

Pyth. And with what Confidence he comes to us.

Che. to himself. *Antipho's* Father and Mother were both at Home, as if they'd staid there on purpose, that I cou'dn't possibly get in without being discover'd. The time I was i'th' Porch, an Acquaintance

o' mine came that way. Upon this I takes me to my Heels as fast as I cou'd, runs into a blind Alley, then to another, and so to a third. Thus did I dance up and down in a Peck of Troubles, to prevent a Discovery. — But hold, is that *Thais*? The very same. — I'm at a plaguy stand what to do. — Pshaw, what care I? she can neither hang, draw, nor quarter.

Tha. Let's up to him, — O good Sir *Dorus*, you're welcome home, — Pray tell me, Did you run away from us?

Che. True as you say, Madam. [*Looks simply.*]

Thr. And are extreamly pleas'd with the Vagary I warrant?

Che. Not so extreamly neither, Madam.

Tha. D'ye think you shall come off so?

Che. Well Madam, pardon me this one Fault, if you catch me in another, hang me up.

Tha. Were you afraid that I should prove a hard Mistress, that you run for't?

Che. No indeed Madam. *Tha.* Of what then?

Che. Why I was only afraid this Woman shou'd ha' told Tales of me. [*Pointing to Pythia.*]

Tha. Why, what have ye done then?

Che. A small matter.

Pyth. Impudence! A small matter d'ye call it? Is ravishing a Virgin and Citizen so small a matter in your Account? [*In a Passion.*]

Che. I took her for one of my Fellow Servants.

Pyth. Thy Fellow Servants? I can scarce keep my Nails out o'th' Eyes of him — Thou Devil incarnate! Are you come to laugh at us too? [*In a great Fury.*]

Tha. to Pythia.] Keep off, you Bedlam.

Pyth. Why, Madam? As if there cou'd ha' been any thing done to me if I had pull'd his Locks for him, since he owns himself your Servant.

Tha. trifling aside.] — Indeed, Mr. *Cherea*, you've done a very unworthy thing, and which did not become ye; for tho' I had deserv'd this Affront never so much, yet 'twas dishonourable for you to do't: As I live,

live, I know not what course to take about the poor Girl; you've so broken all my Measures, that I can't possibly return her to her Friends, neither as I ought to do, nor as I intended, that I might ingratiate myself among 'em by so compleat an Obligation.

Cbe. Now, Madam, I hope to see a lasting Kindness betwixt us both: for from such bad Beginnings as this, oft the greatest Friendships 'rise; and who knows but some lucky Star has order'd all this?

Tha. Why truly I interpret it thus, and wish it from my Soul.

Cbe. And I beg it might be so. Believe this one thing, 'twasn't to affront you, but pure Love caus'd all this.

Tha. I do believe it, and therefore rather pardon it; for I'm not of that Nature, Mr. *Cherea*, nor yet so insensible myself, as not to know somewhat of the Power of Love.

Cbe. As I hope for Happiness, Madam, I'm extremely taken with you.

Pyth. Faith, Madam, look to yourself then.

Cbe. I wouldn't hurt her if I might.

Pyth. I'll trust ye no farther than I can see ye.

Tha. Leave prating, Fool.

Cbe. Now, Madam, I must crave your Assistance in this great Design. I trust and commit myself wholly to your Disposal, and beg your Protection; let me die if I don't marry her.

Tha. But what if your Father——

Cbe. What, he? —— I'm sure of his Consent, could she be prov'd to be a Gentlewoman.

Tha. If you please to stay a little, her Brother will be here strait; he's but stept for the Nurse that brought her up; and so, Sir, you may be by at the Discovery.

Cbe. Then I'll stay.

Tha. I think we'd better go in i'th' mean time than stay at the Door.

Cbe. With all my Heart.

Pyth. D'ye know, Madam, what you're going to do?

Tba. Why that Question ?

Pyth. Why ? Sure you don't intend to take this Blade into your House again.

Tba. Why not ?

Pyth. Trust me for once, Madam, he'll make some new Disturbance.

Tba. Prithee leave your tatling.

Pyth. It seems you han't made sufficient Tryal of him then.

Cbe. I'll do no Harm, good Mrs. *Pythia*.

Pyth. I'll not trust ye an Ace, good Mr. *Cherea*— unless your Head were off.

Cbe. But Mrs. *Pythia*, thou shalt be my Keeper.

Pyth. No, Faith, who will trust their selves with you, either to keep or to be kept by ye ? Away with ye. —

Enter at a distance Chremes and Sophrona.

Tba. What Luck's here ! Here's the Brother just upon us.

Cbe. Alas a-day ! I beseech ye, Madam, let's in ; I wouldn't for the World be seen i'th' Street in this Dress.

Tba. Why so ? Cause you're asham'd on't ?

Cbe. Yes indeed am I.

Pyth. Yes indeed am I, say ye ? For the young Woman, *Cherea* ! — [*clapping her Hands at him.*]

Tba. Do you go in, Sir, I'll follow ye. [*Exit Cherea.*] But do you stay here, *Pythia*, to bring in Mr. *Chremes*. [*Exit Thais.*]

Pyth. to herself. What Trick now, what Mischief can I think of ? — How shall I contrive to make this Rogue *Parmeno* pay Sauce for this damnable Cheat he has put upon us ?

Cbr. Come, bestir yourself Nurse a little faster.

Soph. So I do, you see.

Cbr. Ay, but you don't advance.

Pyth. to Chremes. Have you shown Nurse the oken's ?

Cbr. Yes, all of 'em.

Pyth.

Pyth. Pray, Sir, What says she? Does she know 'em again?

Cbr. Ay, remembers 'em very well.

Pyth. That's good News in troth, I wish the poor Gentlewoman well with all my Heart — Be pleas'd to walk in, my Lady has look'd for ye sometime. —

[*Exeunt Chremes and Sophrona.*

Enter Parmeno at a distance:

Yonder comes that precious Rogue *Parmeno*, — In the Name of Heaven, how unconcernedly the Fellow stalks it! — But I believe I have found out a way to revenge myself on him as I would wish. — I'll go in and see the Truth of this Discovery, then I'll come again and fright the Rascal to some Tune.

Exit Pythia.

Par. alone.] I'm come to see how *Cherea* carries on his Intrigue, which, if it be manag'd cunningly, goodly, good'y! what Monuments of Praise are due to my Worship! For, to say nothing of procuring him the Person he loves without Trouble, Fees, or Charges, when the Amour might have prov'd very difficult and costly from a covetous Bawd, I've done that, which I think, I deserve a Statue for; having shewn this Spark a way to know all the Tricks and Custom of those common Jilts, that by timely notice he may abhor 'em for ever after. When they're abroad, forsooth, none so cleanly, none so modish and genteel, none so delicately neat as they: When their Ladyships feast with their Gallants, they feed as nicely as possibly; but to see the unsatiable Gluttony, the vile Nastiness, the griping Penury of these filthy Jades at home, how greedy of a Crust, how eagerly they flabber, and soss upon Brown-George out of stinking Pottage; to know all this before-hand, may be the saving of a young Man.

Pyth. at the Door overhearing him.] Faith I'll be even with you for your Rogueries you've said or done; you shall have small Joy, Sirrah, in making Sport with us.

Enter Pythia, taking no notice of Parmeno.

Pyth. entering.] Bless me? What a base unworthy Action's this! An unfortunate young Gentleman! And *Parmeno* an ungracious Wretch, to betray him hither!

Par. What's in the wind now? [*Aside.*

Pyth. to herself.] It grieves me to the Soul, Dear Heart; I left the House in Haste, to get out of the fight on't. — What a dreadful Example do they say they'll make of him!

Par. Heavens! what new Mischief's this! Is my Plot come to this then? — I'll e'en speak to her. [*Aside.*] — What's the Matter, *Mrs. Pythia*? What's that you talk'd of? Who's that will be made an Example?

Pyth. D'ye ask that, ye desperate Fool? Why, you've quite ruin'd the young Gentleman you had brought for the Eunuch, when you thought, I warrant, you had put a Trick upon us.

Par. How so — what has happen'd — prithee tell me.

Pyth. I will so. — You don't know then, that the Girl, that was presented to my Lady to day, is a Gentlewoman o' this Town, and her Brother a Person of Quality?

Par. I know nothing on't.

Pyth. But so it prov'd. — And 'twas she that your poor Wretch ravish'd When her Brother knew of it, a most bloody minded Fellow. —

Par. What did he do? [*Fearfully.*

Pyth. — First bound him Hand and Foot, 'twould grieve your Heart to see it. —

Par. Bound him! Damnation!

Pyth. — Tho' my Lady beg'd all she could for him.

Par. What say ye? [*Hastily.*

Pyth. Now he threatens to serve him like a common Horner, a thing I ne'er saw, nor wou'dn't for the World.

Par. With what Face can he answer so great a Villany?

Pyth.

Pyth. Why so great, I beseech ye ?

Par. Why isn't it the greatest of all Villanies ? — Pray who e'er heard of any one apprehended for a Fornicator in a common Bawdy-house ?

Pyth. I can't tell that.

Par. That you mayn't say you don't know on't, this I declare, and forewarn you, that 'tis no less than Mr. *Pbedri*'s Brother. —

Pyth. How ! prithee, 'tisn't he ; is't ?

Par. — Therefore your Lady had best take care he comes to no Harm. — But why don't I break into the House myself ? [Offers to go.]

Pyth. Have a care what you do, *Parmeno* ; You'll do him no good, and ruin yourself into the Bargain, for every body believes 'tis all your Contrivance.

Par. coming back.] What Course shall I set upon ? [Seeing Laches at a distance] Oh, yonder comes my old Matter from his Country-house. — Shall I tell him on't, or no ? [Studies.] — In troth I will, tho' I certainly know I shall make a Rod for my own Breech. Necessity has no Law, he must rescue his poor Son.

Pyth. You do well — I'll go in. — Be sure you tell him the whole Story from the Beginning to the End.

Enter Laches.

Laches to himself.] I always find this Advantage from the Nearness o' my Country-house, that I'm never much tir'd with the Town or Country ; when I begin to be sick of the one, I shift Lodgings to the other. — But isn't that our Man *Parmeno* ? — 'Tis he, as I hope to live. — *Parmeno* ! who is't you wait for at this House ?

Par. turning short] Who's that there ? — Ah, Sir, you're welcome to 'Town.

Lac. Who d'ye wait for, ha ?

Par. I'm Thunderstruck, I can't wag my Tongue for Fear. [Aside.]

Lac. Ha ! What's the Matter ? Why d'ye shake so ? Is all well at home ? Prithee tell me.

Par. First I'd have you be fully satisfied of this one thing, Sir, that whate'er has happen'd, I'm as innocent as a new-born Babe.

Lac. Why, what's the Matter?

Par. That's well ask'd, for I shou'd ha' told you that before —— Mr. *Pbedrie* bought an Eunuch, which he presented to this Woman.

Lac. To what Woman?

Par. This.

Lac. He buy Eunuchs! —— 'Sbud, I'm undone then. —— What did he cost?

Par. Fifty Pounds.

Lac. I must run my Country then.

Par. Then his Brother *Cherea* fell in Love with a Musick-wench.

Lac. How! What! Is he in Love too? Does he know what belongs to that Sport already? Is he come from his Post to the City? —— One Plague upon another! [*Angrily looking on Parmeno.*]

Par. Pray, Sir, don't you direct your Discourse to me, I wasn't his Counsellor.

Lac. Speak another Word about yourself, you Hangman, and as I live. —— But tell me the whole Business quickly.

Par. Mr. *Cherea* was sent there instead of the Eunuch, Sir.

Lac. Instead of the Eunuch!

Par. Very true, Sir; and now they have apprehended him for a Rape, and have bound him Hand and Foot.

Lac. Hell and Furies!

Par. But mark the Impudence of these Jades.

Lac. Is there any Roguery you han't told me on yet?

Par. Youv'e heard all, Sir.

Lac. Why don't I break in upon 'em? [*Exit Laches.*]

Parmeno alone.] I don't question but I've brought an old House upon my Head by this Day's Work; and yet I couldn't possibly avoid it. —— However, I'm pleas'd that these Strumpets shall feel some of the

the Smart by my Means; the old Gentleman has sought an Occasion this Half-year to make notorious Examples of some of 'em, and now, I think, he has found one.

Enter Pythia.

Pyth. to herself.] I faith this was the pleasantest Scene I e'er saw in my Life; to see the old Gentleman come blundering upon us in such a Mistake: I had all the Sport to myself, because I knew his Ailment.

Par. overhearing.] What a Plague's here? (*Aside.*

Pyth. to herself.] I'm now come to see for the Fool *Parmeno*, ——— But where, in the name of Goodness shall I find him.

Par. O' my Soul, she looks for me. (*Aside.*

Pyth. to herself.] O! I see him, I'll be with him presently.

Par. What's the Matter, Mrs. *Impertinence*? What wou'd you be at? what are you so tickl'd at—What ne'er ha' done?

Pyth. O my Sides! ——— I've almost burst my Sides with laughing at thee,

Par. Your Reason, pray?

Pyth. A pretty Question! — Faith, thou'rt the arrantest Ass I e'er did, or shall set my Eyes on: 'tis utterly past my Skill to tell thee what excellent Sport thou hast made within. — I took thee for a cunning ingenious Fellow.

Par. How's this?

Pyth. Had ye no more Wit than to believe presently what I said? Were you not asham'd of the Villany you put the poor Gentleman upon, but you must tell Tales of him to his Father? How simply did he look, think ye, when his Father surpriz'd him in that Disguise? What, don't ye see what a fine pass you have brought yourself too?

Par. Ha! how's this you filthy Carrion? Did ye tell me a Lye, and then laugh at the Wit on't? D'ye think it such fine Sport to abuse us, ye Jade?

Pyth.

Pyth. Oh, the finest Sport i'th' World.

Par. D'ye think you shan't pay dearly for this?

Pyth. Perhaps so.

Par. Ay, faith shall ye.

Pyth. I fancy as much. — These Threats may come to morrow, but you'll be hang'd to day for entering a young Gentleman a Debauchee, and then discovering it; they'll both have a pull at your Coat for this.

Par. I'm a Reprobate.

Pyth. You see the Reward of your Roguery, and so Good-by to ye. *Exit Pythia.*

Par. alone] Like a senceless Fool, I've betray'd myself, like Rats with their own squeaking.

Enter Thraso and Gnatho at another part of the Stage.

Gna. to Thr.] What's in Hand now, Sir? upon what Assurance or Design came we hither? What Enterprize next, Sir?

Thr. Who, I? I'll e'en surrender myself to her upon Discretion, and e'en do as she'd have me.

Gna. How, Sir?

Thr. Why shou'd I be less submissive to this Lady than *Hercules* was to *Omphala*?

Gna. A pat Example. — wou'd I cou'd see the Slipper flung at your soft Head too. [*Aside.*] But what makes her Door open? [*discovering Cherea.*] what Mischief's on Foot now? — I think I never saw that Face before: — What makes him cut Capers thus as he comes?

Enter Cherea.

Che. to himself. Come, my dear Countrymen, was ever any Man born under a happier Planet than myself? Not a Man, upon my Word, For 'tis plain, the Powers above, to shew in me how great their Sovereignty is, have singled me out, on whom they have shew'd down so many Blessings at once.

Par. Why's he so merry thro'?

Che. My dear *Parmeno*! 'tis to thee I'm indebted
for

for the Rise, the Advancement, and the Perfection of my Comforts. — Dost know, my dear sweet Creature's prov'd a Gentlewoman?

Par. I heard it by the bye, Sir.

Cbe. — And that she's to be my Bride?

Par. As I hope to be knighted, that's admirable.

Gna. D'ye hear, Sir, what he says. *(Aside.*
to Thraaso.

Cbe. Then I am heartily glad my Brother's Amours are in such a happy Condition: The Families are both united now, *Thais* has put herself wholly under my Father's Care and Protection, and is wholly ours.

Par. Then Mr. *Phedrie* is like to have her for good and all.

Cbe. Yes, indeed.

Par. This too is worth laughing at, for the mighty Captain's routed.

Cbe. Do you take care that my Brother may know of this as soon as you can, wheresoe'er he be.

Par. I'll for him at home. *Exit Parmeno.*

Thr. So *Gnatho*, Dost not think I'm gone to all Intents and purposes?

Gna. There's no thinking otherwise.

Cherea to himself.] Where shall I begin first? or whom to commend most? him that advis'd to do't, or myself that had the Heart to venture upon't, or the good Fortune that directed us both, and that brought so many Circumstances of so great moment, and so luckily too into the Compass of one Day? — Or shall I praise the the Indulgence of my Father?

Great *Jove*! that dost poor Mortals Fate secure,
Grant that our Joy may with our Lives endure.

Enter Phedrie.

Phe. to himself.] Bless me! *Parmeno* tell me Wonders But where's my Brother?

Cbe. Here, at your Service.

Phe. I'm extreamly glad for your good Fortune, Brother.

Cbe. I believe so; and truly Brother, there's ne'er
a Mi-

a Mistress more worthy to be belov'd than yours, she has vastly oblig'd our Family.

Pbe. Hey-day ! Do you need to commend her to me ?

Thr. to Gnatho.] I'm quite undone : The less I hope, the more I love, good *Gnatho*, I rely wholly upon thee.

Gna. What wou'd you ha' me do, Sir ?

Thr. Bring it about, either for Love or Money, that I may continue a little in Madam *Thais's* Favour.

Gna. That will be hard.

Thr. You can do't I know, if you give your Mind to't : If ye perform it, command what Gift or Reward you please, 'tis your own.

Gna. Shall it so, Sir ?

Thr. It shall indeed.

Gna. Why then, Sir, if I do't I desire to have free Egress and Regress into your House, whether you be at home or abroad ; and a Place at your Table, whether invited or no.

Thr. It shall be so, upon my Honour.

Gna. Well, I'll make an Effort.

Pbe. Whose Tongue's that ?—O Captain, is't you ?

Thr. Gentlemen, I'm your humble Servant.

Pbe. Perhaps you know not what has happen'd at this House.

Thr. Yes, Sir, I do.

Pbe. But what makes ye scouting in these Quarters then ?

Thr. Under your Protection, Gentlemen. —

Pbe. D'ye know the Protection you're to expect ? Take this from me, Goodman Captain, if I find you sauntering here again in the Street, you mustn't think to sham me off with, *I was looking for a Friend, my Business lay this way*, for your'e like to have no no Quarter.

Gna. Soft, Sir, that's not like a Gentleman.

Pbe. I'll be no worse than my Word.

Gna. Indeed, Sir, I didn't think you had been so huffy.

Pbe.

Phe. You'll find it just so.

Gna. Pray be pleas'd, Gentlemen, to hear your Servant *Gnatho* a Word or two, and then do what you please in this Affair.

Phe. Let's hear it then.

Gna. Do you Captain, move a little on one Side : [*Thraso stands off*] In the first Place, let me beseech ye both to be persuaded, that whate'er I do i'th' Case is purely for my own Sake ; but if your Interest shou'd jump with mine, you're unwise if you don't follow my Counsel.

Phe. Out with't then.

Gna. What if you took the Captain in amongst ye too ?

Phe. How amongst us ?

Gna. Consider a little better, Sir. — Why faith you and your Mistress live very high, for you're us'd to an easie splendid Life ; you've but a small Allowance yourself, and this *Thais* will be requiring more. Now, that you may supply her, and save your own Pocket, there's not a fitter or more convenient Utensil than this Blunderbuss i'th' whole World : For first, he has Money enough at command, and none more prodigal on't than he ; then he's a soft-headed Fool, and a half-witted Coxcomb, and a fumbling Fellow, that snores Night and Day. You needn't fear the Gentlewoman's falling in Love with him ; then you may kick him out of Doors when you please. —

Phe. to Cherea.] What had we best do ?

Gna. Then, Sir, what's best of all, he treats as high and nobly as a Lord.

Phe. Ten to one but we may have occasion for this Fool some time or other.

Che. I'm of that Mind too.

Gna. Gentlemen, I'm oblig'd to you. — One Favour more let me beg of you, to admit me also into your Retinue. — I've been cleaving of that Block long enough already.

Phe. We grant it.

Che.

Che. And with all our Hearts.

Gna. Then in requital, Gentlemen, here's to the
fleecing and jeering the Cully to Death.

Che. That's well.

Phe. He deserves it.

Gna. to Thrafo.] Now, noble Captain, you may
make your Approaches.

Thr. And prithee how do Matters stand?

Gna. How? The Gentlemen didn't know your
Worth; when I had inform'd 'em of your good
Qualities, and given 'em a Character of ye as your
noble Actions and Virtues deserve, your Suit was
granted. *[Aside to him.]*

Thr. to Gnatho.] Well hast thou done.—— *[To
Phe. and Che.]* Gentlemen, great Thanks do I re-
turn ye; I never was any where, but that all kind
of People lov'd me most dearly.

Gna. Didn't I tell ye how Choice he was of his
Expressions? Polite upo' my Word.

Phe. Now there's nothing wanting; you may
retire.

[Turns to the Spectators.]

Gentlemen adieu, one kind Applause.

The End of the Eunuch.



THE

Self-Tormentor :

A

COMEDY,

Acted at the Feast of *Cibele*,

WHEN

L. Valerius Flaccus } were *Cu-*
and } *rule Edils.*
L. Cornelius Lentulus }

By the Company of *Ambivius Turpio*.

It was taken from the Greek of
Menander.

Flaccus the Son *Claudius* compos'd the Musick,
which was perform'd the first Time of Acting
on unequal FLUTES, the second Time on
two Right handed FLUTES.

This PLAY was acted a third time.

Under the Consulship of { *Tit. Sempronius.*
and
{ *M. Juventius.*

A. U. C. 591. Before CHRIST 161.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

- Chremes,** { *An old Gentleman near Athens, of a Nature somewhat strict and severe, very busy, and a great Meddler.*
- Menedeme,** { *A Gent. Chremes's Neighbour, the Self-Tormentor, of a melancholy, but softer and milder Disposition than the former.*
- Clitipho,** { *Chremes's Son, a hot wild Spark, a loose Liver, and somewhat stubborn to his Parents.*
- Clinie,** { *His Friend, Menedeme's Son; of a civil, courteous, pliant temper, passionately in Love with Antiphila.*
- Syrus.** { *Servant to Clitipho, and his Instructor; a very sly, subtle, active, intriguing Fellow; always plotting against Chremes, and tricking him of Money.*
- Dromo,** { *Servant to Clinie.*

W O M E N.

- Sostrata,** { *Chremes's Wife, of a soft, easy and indulgent Nature, very submissive to her Husband.*
- Antiphila,** { *A young Gentlewoman, Clinie's Mistress, very innocent, modest, loving, and faithful.*
- Bacchis,** { *A noted Courtesan, kept by Clitipho, a haughty, proud, impudent, drinking, chargeable Miss.*
- Phrygia,** { *Her Waiting-maid.*
- Antiphia's** { *Nurse.*

SCENE, The Fields near *ATHENS*.

The TIME, about ten or eleven Hours.

THE

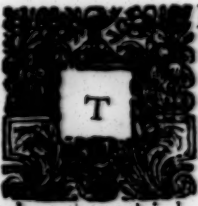


THE
SELF-TORMENTOR.

ACT I.

SCENE, *the Country before Chremes's Door.*
TIME, *the shut of the Evening.*

*Enter Chremes and Menedeme, with a Rake, &c.
upon his Shoulders, returning from the Field.*

Ch.  Ho' our Acquaintance is but short,
(for it began, ye know, upon
your buying this Farm here next
mine, that and little else being the
occasion of it) yet either your
own Worth, or your Neigh-
bourhood, which I esteem next Door to Friend-
ship, makes me take the Boldness with all Free-
dom to tell ye, that you do not seem to live as
becomes either your Age or Condition: For,
in the Name of Heaven and Wonder, what d'ye
do with yourself? What wou'd ye be at? If a
Body may judge by your Face, you write Threescore
at least; I don't know any that is better seated, has

a prettier Estate, or is better serv'd than you, and yet you manage all the Business yourself, as if you hadn't a Soul i'th' World to help ye. Let me go out ne'er so early in the Morning, or come home never so late at night, there you're at it digging, ploughing, or lugging something or other; in a perpetual hurry, without any regard to your Quality or Person. I'm very certain you don't do this for your Diversion — Perhaps you'll say, *I hate to see my Work go on slowly*: Let me tell ye, Neighbour, if you'd bestow but half the Pains upon your Servants, that you do upou your Ground, your Business would go on ten times faster.

Mened. Chremes, ha' you so much Leisure from you own Business, as to mind another Man's, that doesn't concern ye?

Cbr. Common Humanity, Sir, obliges me to be so concern'd as I'm a Man; and therefore you may take what I say either by way of Advice, or by way of Enquiry, that if what you do be well, I may do so too; if ill, I may divert you from it.

Men. I have Reason for what I do; you may do as you please.

Cbr. Can any Man ha' Reason to torment himself?

Men. I have.

Cbr. If there were any just Occasion for this toyling and moyling of yours, I shou'dn't be against it; but then I would gladly know what it is, and what ye ha' done to deserve so ill of yourself.

Men. Hey-ho!

[Weeps.]

Cbr. Never cry for the Matter, but whate'er 'tis let me know't: Out with't, fear nothing, but depend upon me; I'll either condole with ye, or advise ye, or assist ye in what I can.

Men. Wou'd ye needs know't then?

Cbr. For the very Reason I just told ye of.

Men. I'll tell ye then.

Cbr. But pray, Sir, down with your Tools the mean time, and don't tire yourself so.

Men. By no Means.

Cbr.

Cbr. Pray what's your Design in't ?

Men. Ah ! Let me alone, that I mayn't indulge myself one Minute.

Cbr. Indeed, Sir, but I won't.

[*He forces the Rake, &c. from him.*]

Men. Ah ! that's not fair.

Cbr. Bless me ! what a Weight's here !

Men. I deserve it all.

Cbr. Come, come ; out with't now.

Men. I have an only Son, a Youth. ——— What did I say I have ? Ah *Chremes* ! I had one indeed, but whether I have now or no, I know not. ———

Cbr. Why d'ye say so ?

Men. I'll tell ye, Sir.—Hard by dwells a poor old Woman, of *Corinth*, whose Daughter my Son began to be so fond of, that it had like to have been a Match, and all this without my knowledge. When once I found out the Intrigue, I began to take him to Task roundly ; and not with the Tenderneſs that is due to the Weakneſſes of Youth, but extreemly ſharp I was, after the common ranting Way of Fathers, I was every Day taunting at him : *How now*, ſaid I, *d'ye think to go on after this vile Rate, and keep a Miſtreſs ſo openly whilſt I am living ?* No, *Clinie*, you're mightily miſtaken, and don't know me, if you think ſo : *I ſhall look upon ye as mine, as long as ye do what ye ought to do ; but if otherwiſe, I know what I ought to do, and you ſhall find it. I know this is only the Effect of too much Idleneſs. When I was at your Years, I didn't give my Mind to Women, but was forced to go a Soldier into Aſia to get a Live- lihood, where by the War I got me both Riches and Honour too.* At laſt Matters came to that paſs, that the poor Boy, hearing the ſame thing preſt upon him ſo often, and ſo gravely, was brought over ; and thinking my Age and Prudence better Guides than his own, he ſhip'd off for *Aſia*, and went Reformade under the King of *Perſia* there, Mr. *Chremes*. ———

Cbr. How's that, Sir ?

Men.

Men. He stole away without my knowledge, and has been gone a whole Quarter of a Year. [*Weeps.*]

Chr. You're both to blame; yet what he has done shew'd both an ingenious Temper, and a brave Spirit.

Men. When I heard of this Journey from some of his Intimadoes, I went Home with a Heart full of Sorrow, my Mind half distracted, not knowing where to turn my Head for Grief: I sate me down, my Servants all attend my Beck, some help to undress me, others run to lay the Cloth, and get my Supper ready, and all most diligent to assuage my Grief. At sight of this I thus began to muse: *Alas! must so many sweat and toil for me alone? So many strive to humour me? So many Women spend their Time to adorn my House and me? Shall all these vast Expences be for me alone; for me, whose Cruelty has driven hence my Son, my only Son, who ought to have an equal Share with me, or more, since Youth can better relish these Enjoyments? If I still keep this Course of Life, no Plague too great can light upon my Head. Whilst he thus lives in Penury abroad, banish'd from Home by my Severity, I'll e'en revenge his Wrong upon myself; I'll labour, spare, pinch, and scrape up all for him.* With that I put my Resolution in practice; for I've turn'd all things out o'Doors, left neither Dish nor Bed for use, but pull'd down all: I turn'd off all my Maids, and Men too, except a few to till my Land, which were no Charge to me: I expos'd all to Sale, and put *House to be sold over the Door*: I rais'd the Sum of two or three thousand Pounds, and bought this Farm, where I toil and moil every Day. I'm fully persuaded, Neighbour, I do less Injury to my poor Child, whilst I'm in Misery as well as he; nor ought I to take any manner of Pleasure till he return safe to be Sharer with me.

Chr. I believe you are an indulgent Father, and he as dutiful a Son, if managed to the best Advantage: But indeed you didn't know his Temper, nor he well-yours: And when things are so, there's no living.

ing. You never told him how much you valu'd him, nor had he that Confidence in you which he might have presum'd upon. If this had been, things had never come to this.

Men. Very true, Sir, I confess; but I'm most in fault.

Cbr. In troth, Sir, I hope the best yet, and do verily believe you'll see him safe home e'er long.

Men. Oh! Heavens grant I may.

Cbr. I'll warrant ye, Sir. — This is *Bacchus's* Day; and I shou'd be glad of your Company at Supper to Night, if you cou'd conveniently.

Men. I must beg your Pardon for that.

Cbr. Why so? — Pray Sir give yourself some little Refreshment. I'm sure your absent Son wou'd gladly have it so.

Men. There is no Reason I that forc'd him to hardship shou'd shift it off myself.

Cbr. Is that your Resolution?

Men. 'Tis so, Sir. *Cbr.* Good Night t'ye, Sir

Men. And to you too.

Exit Menedeme with his Rake upon his Shoulder.

Chremes alone.] I profess he has forced Tears from me, and I can't but pity the poor Gentleman. — But as the Day goes, 'tis time for me to invite my Neighbours *Phania* to Supper, — I'll call in and see if he's at home. —

[Steps to Phania's Door and returns.

Oh, I see he need not be reminded, for they tell me he's at our House already. — I make my Guests stay for me now: I'll in to 'em. — But what makes the Door go? — who's that comes out of my House. — I'll step a little o' one side. *[He retires.*

Enter Clitipho.

Clit. to Clinie within at Chremes's House.] As yet you needn't fear *Clinie*: they han't been such a while away; I'm confident she'll be here, and the Messenger too in a short time; therefore shake off these causeless Fears, that so torment ye.

Cbr?

114 *The SELF-TORMENTOR.*

Chr. Who's that my Son talks so ? (*Afide.*)

Clit. Oh ! here's my Father, just as I was wishing for him ; I'll up to him. — — Sir, I'm glad I've met with ye.

Chr. Why, what's the Matter ?

Clit. Sir, d'ye know our Neighbour Mr. *Menedeme* ?

Chr. Yes, very well.

Clit. And that he has a Son too ?

Chr. Yes, I heard he's in *Asia*.

Clit. No, Sir, but he's now at our House.

Chr. Indeed !

Clit. I happen'd on him just at his landing, and brought him hither to Supper ; for we've been very intimate from our very Childhood.

Chr. Your News pleases me strangely. — What would I give now that Mr. *Menedeme* had come when I invited him, that I might have been the first to have surpriz'd him with these joyful tydings. I believe 't isn't too late yet.

Clit. O Sir, have a Care what ye do, 'twon't be proper.

Chr. Why not ?

Clit. Because he's in a great Quandary what to do with himself. He's but just come ashore, and is dismally afraid both of his Father's Displeasure and his Mistress's Inconstancy, whom he loves most entirely. 'Twas upon her account that all this Stir and his parting from his Father was occasion'd.

Chr. I know't.

Clit. He has just now sent his Footboy into the City to her, and I made our *Syrus* go along with him.

Chr. What says the young Man to the World ?

Clit. What, Sir, why, that he's the greatest Wretch in it.

Chr. He the greatest ! No Man less. Does he want for any thing that the World calls good ? His Father's well, his Country happy, he has a store of friends, Relations of good Quality, and a plentiful Estate ; and these always prove good or bad, according as the
Man

Man is; they are Blessings to those that know how to use 'em, but Plagues to them that don't.

Clit. But, Sir, his Father was always a cross old Gentleman, and I'm afraid of nothing so much, as that his Passion should make him use his Son worse than he deserves.

Cbr. What, he crosses! — I'll say no more, tho' 'tis convenient he should stand in some Awe of his Father. [*Aside.*]

Clit. What's that you say to yourself, Sir?

Cbr. I say, that however the Case stood, he ought to have staid at Home. If his Father was a little more harsh than agreed with his debauch'd Inclinations, he should have taken it patiently; for whom should he bear withal, if he can't with his Father? Which is most proper, think ye, the Father to live after the Son's Humour, or the Son according to his Father's? As for the Young Man's pretending he's hardly dealt by, 'tis no such Matter. For the Severities of Parents, (I mean such as are not excessively severe) are very much the same; namely, they won't suffer their Sons always to be at the Bawdy-house, nor always at the Tavern; and will allow 'em but a little spending Money; and yet all this is for their Children's good. For when one's Mind is quite drench'd into Debaucheries, all that he does will have a notable Smack on't. And, Son, take this for a Rule, *Never to buy Wit, when you can have it at another Man's Cost.*

Cbr. I fancy so.

Cbr. I'll go in, and see how Supper goes forward. You know how late it is, therefore don't be out of the Way. [*Exit Chremes.*]

Clitipho alone. What unconscionable Creatures these same Fathers are! to expect their Children should turn Philosophers in their Hanging-sleeves, without so much as touching upo' the Levities of Youth. They measure us by their own depraved Appetites as they are at present, and not as they were

H for.

formerly, — Well ! if ever Heaven send me a Son o' my own, he shall have an extream loving Father o' me : For he sha'nt be afraid to make me his very Confessor, and I'll be sure to give him Absolution : I'll not do as mine, who silyly insinuates his Morals by a Side-wind. It vexes me, — when he begins to be mellow, he'll then tell of all his old Pranks, but now he reads me a Lecture about buying of Wit, at other Mens Cost ; a crafty Gentleman i'faith ! little does he think that he has preach'd to the Wind : My Mistress's Words stick more in my Stomach by half than all his Preachments ; *Give me this fine thing, And buy me that* : And I'faith, I can't answer a word, There's none so damnably put to't as I. — Altho' this Mr. Clinie has enough lying upon his own Hands, yet his Mistress is well and modishly brought up, and acquainted with the Tricks of the Town ; but mine's an imperious, Craving, stately Dame, damnably expensive, and as proud as the Devil. When she asks me for any thing, I return her aNod ; but to tell her I han't for her, is a mortal Sin.

I did but lately these damn'd Tricks espy,
Yet all lies hush'd and kept from Daddy's Eyes.

Exit.

The End of the First Act.



ACT II.

Enter Clinie as from Chremes's, and Clitipho behind him at a Distance.

Clin. to himself.] **H**AD there been any good News for me about my Mistress, I'm sure they'd ha' been here before now ; but I'm horribly afraid somebody has been tampering with her in my absence. There are a thousand circumstances running in my Brain that rack my Mind : Opportunity, Place a wicked Mother that governs her, and that wou'd pawn her Soul for Half-a-piece.

Clin.

Clit. Mr. *Clinie*. ———

Clin. What a Wretch am I !

Clit. Have a care, Sir, that none of your Father's Family drop out and see you here.

Clin. I'll look to that. ——— But I'm afraid there's some Mischief towards me, for my Mind misgives me strangely.

Clit. D'ye use to judge of things before ye know what they are ?

Clin. Why, if there hadn't been some unluckiness i'th' Wind, we shou'd have seen 'em before this time.

Clit. They'll be here in a Minute, Sir.

Clin. But when will that Minute come ?

Clit. You don't consider that 'tis a great way off; and when Women, ye know, fall once to powd'ring and combing, they're an Age a rigging out.

Clin. Ah, *Clitipho*, I'm very uneasy.

Clit. Bear up, Man, ——— yonder comes *Dromo* and *Syrus* both together.

Enter Syrus and Dromo at another part of the Stage, talking together.

Syr. to Drom.] — Say'st thou so my Lad ? Ha !

Dro. Just as I tell ye.

Syr. But hold. ——— [*Looking about him.*] Whilst we go twattling on, we've lost the Women.

Clit. D'ye hear that, *Clinie* ? Your Mistress will be here presently.

Clin. Yes, I do hear at last, and now am come to some Life and Sense again, *Clitipho*.

Dro. to Syrus.] Faith I don't wonder they lag behind, having drawn so great a Train at their Heels.

Clin. overbearing Dromo.] Confusion ! How came she by such a Train ?

Clit. D'ye ask me, Sir ?

Syr. to Dromo.] Troth we did not do well to leave 'em so, for they've things of considerable value about 'em. ———

Clin. All's past recovery.

Syr. — As Jewels and fine Cloaths. ——— Besides,

'tis somewhat duskish, and they know not a step o' th' way — In sober Sadness we've done like a couple of Fools. — Prithee *Dromo*, do you go back and meet 'em. — Make haste; What d'ye stay for? [*Exit Dro.*]

Clin. O cursed Misfortune! how basely have my Hopes deceiv'd me! [*Aside.*]

Clit. What's the Matter? What makes ye so concern'd now?

Clin. So concern'd say ye? — Don't ye hear what a Train of Servants, what Jewels and fine Cloaths she brings with her? When I left her but one Girl to wait upon her, where shou'd she have all this, think ye?

Clit. Pho! now I know your Distemper.

Syr. to himself.] Bless me! What a damnable Crew is coming! — I'm sure our House will scarce hold 'em all. — What a plaguy deal will they eat and drink, and how wofully our old Master will be put to't — But hold, here are the Sparks I wanted.

Clin. Oh Heavens! What's become of true Faith? Whilst for your sake, *Antiphila*, I fled my native Country like a rambling Madam, you have feathered your Nest finely at home, and left me in the midst of all my Troubles. You, I say, that are the Cause of my foulest Disgrace, and of my being so regardless of my Father. Now I'm asham'd and troubled to the Soul, that he who read me so good Lectures upon the Tricks of those Creatures, lost all his Advice, and was not able to make me leave her. But now it must be done: When it might have been much to my Advantage, then I woud'n't — Not a Creature more miserable than me.

Syr. aside.] Faith Mr. *Clinie* has misunderstood every Syllable we were talking of. — [*To Clinie.* Hark ye, Sir; you think worse of your Mistress than she deserves: for as far as we can gather from Circumstances, she's still the same Woman; and her Heart as true to you as ever.

Clin. How's that? prithee tell me. For I'd desire nothing i'th' World sooner than to find my Jealousies falsely grounded.

Syr.

Syr. In the first Place, that you may be sure to know all: The old Woman that went for your Mistress's Mother was nothing related to her; and she's gone to her long home. This by chance I heard *Antiphila* tell the other as I was coming a-long.

Clit. Prithee, what other was that? [*Hastily.*]

Syr. Good Sir, have Patience, and let me finish my first Story, and then I'll come to yours.

Clit. Dispatch it quickly then.

Syr. To begin; when we were got to the House. *Dromo* knocks at the Door; out comes an old Woman: as soon as she had opened it, *Dromo* whips in, and I after him; the old Woman claps to the Door, and falls hard to work again. And now was the time or never, Sir, to learn how your Mistress had spent her Time in your Absence, since we dropp'd upon her un-awares; And this gave an Opportunity of making a Guess at their common Practices; which give the best light into People's Humours. We found her in Mourning for the old Woman that's dead, I suppose. She had no rich or gaudy Attire on, but dress'd like those homely Dames that have no Gallants to see, nor yet dawb'd over with nasty Paint, but her Hair loosely dishevelled, and carelessly thrown about his Shoulders. Forbear! [*Clinie going to speak.*]

Clit. Prithee, honest Boy, don't feed me like a Fool.

Syr. Well Sir, the old Woman she spun; besides her, there was a Girl weaving too with patch'd Cloaths, ill dress'd and very nasty.

Clit. If this be true, Mr. *Clinie*, as I fancy 'tis, thou'rt the happiest Man alive. Didn't you see that fluttish and nasty he said she was? That's a certain Sign, *Mam*, the Mistress is honest, when the Confidant goes in Rags; For 'tis always the way to see the Chamber-maid first, before they make court to the Mistress.

Clit. Prithee, dear Rogue, on with your Story, but have a care of currying Favour by your Flams,

What said she when you first mention'd me ?

Syr. When I told her you were landed and desir'd her Company forthwith, she immediately threw aside her Work and could'n't speak for crying ; which you may be sure, was all for your sake.

Clin. As I hope for Mercy, I'm so transported, I scarce know where I am ; I was in such a Fright but just now.

Clit. I knew, Sir, there was nothing amiss — Now 'tis my turn, *Syrus* : Let's know who that other was.

Syr. We have brought Madam *Bacchis*, your Mistress, Sir.

Clit. How ? — *Bacchis* d'ye say ? Why, ye cursed Dog, whither d'ye bring her ? [In a Passion.

Syr. Whither do I bring her ? Why, to our House, Sir

Clit. What to my Father's, Sirrah ? [Hastily.

Syr. Yes, to your Father's.

Clit. To see the Impudence of this Rascal !

Syr. Hark ye, Sir, *Faint Heart never won fair Lady*.

Clit. Look to't, Sirrah, shall you pretend to advance your own Reputation upo' my cost : If you step but the least awry, I'm gone to all Intents and Purposes. — And what will ye do then ?

Syr. But, Sir. —

Clit. But, what ?

Syr. I'll tell ye, if you'll give me leave.

Clin. Prithce give him leave.

Clit. Well then.

Syr. The Case is thus — As if —

Clit. Pox, he's going to tell a Story nine Hours long.

Clin. I think so too. — Therefore, *Syrus*, leave fooling, and come to the Point.

Syr. In troth, Sir, I can hold no longer, you're grown so troublesome, that there's no dealing with you. — [to *Clitipho*.

Clin. to *Clitipho*.] Faith you should give him the hearing tho', therefore pray be silent a little.

Syr.

Syr. You'd have a Mistress, Sir; you'd enjoy her, and be able to present her too, but you wou'dn't run any Hazard for her. Really you're wondrous wise, if it be Wisdom to aim at that which can never be. You must either take the Hazard with the Prize, or lose the Prize and run no Hazard. Now, Sir, take which side you love best: Tho' I'm very certain the Plot I've laid is both well contriv'd and safe: First you'll have the Liberty of your Mistress's Company under your Father's Nose, without the least Danger; and then by the self-same Means I shall find a Trick to nibble the old Man o'th' Money you promis'd her; for which you've so often deafen'd my Ears with your Duns. And what a duce wou'd you have more?

Clit. Provided it be as you say.

Syr. Hang your *Provideds*, can't you run the Hazard on't?

Clit. Well come on then, your Plot, how is't laid?

Syr. Your Mistress shall go for this Gentleman's.

Clit. Very fine! — But prithee, what shall we do with his own then? Shall she be clapp'd upon his Back too, as tho' one wasn't enough to crack his Credit.

Syr. We'll have her to your Mother's.

Clit. What to do there?

Syr. Faith, Sir, 'twill take up *nine Hours* indeed to give ye the *Why's* and *Wherefore's*. 'Tis enough, that I ha' Reason for't.

Cbr. Meer stuff! I can see nothing as yet to remove my Suspicions.

Syr. Hold Sir. — If you're afraid of this Plot I've another in my Head, which I'm sure you'll both own to be safe enough.

Clit. Prithee invent me such a one as that.

Syr. That I will in an instant. — I'll give 'em the Meeting, and pray 'em to face about, and march home again. — [Scornfully.]

Clit. Hah! What's that you say?

Syr. I'll rid you of your Fears with a Vengeance: That you may be sure to sleep sound in a whole Skin.

Is going off.

H 4

Clit.

Clit. to Clinie.] What had I best do now ?

Clin. What you, Sir, why e'en make good use of—

Clit. Hark ye, *Syrus*, tell me truly what I should do.

Syr. Away, away, you'll wish you had, when 'tis too late.

Clin. Here's a fair Opportunity offer'd; make good use on't while you may ; you aren't sure of having the like again.

Clit. Why, *Syrus*, I say.

Syr. Bawl till your Heart ake, I'll on for all that.

Clit. to Clinie.] In good Earnest you're i'th' right on't.—— But hark ye, *Syrus*, *Syrus*, I say ; soho, *Syrus*.—— [Aloud.

Clit. No, *Syrus* ; I throw myself, my Love, my Reputation too into your Hands. I'll leave all to your Determination, but see you discharge your Trust well.

Syr. That's Counsel worth laughing at, i'faith : As though my Game wasn't at Stake as well as yours. If an unlucky Cast comes up, and spoils all our Designs, you'll come off with a Reprimand, or so : But poor *Pilgarlick* must meet with a dry Beating. Upo' this Score, I must mind my Business very closely. But you must beg this Gentleman to gallant your Mistress the while.

Clin. He may be sure of my Assistance : And as the Case stands I am oblig'd to it.

Clit. Oh, Sir, I'm engag'd to ye.

Clin. You must take care *Bacchis* ben't out in her Part.

Syr. Oh, she has her Lesson to a Tittle.

Clit. For my Part, I wonder how you could wheedle her to come so soon ; for she sometimes would scorn the best of ye.

Syr. I took her in the very critical Minute, which is the most nicking Advantage : For who should I find there, but a sneaking Captain paying his Devoirs for one single Night's Lodging ; she manag'd this poor Devil rightly with such Artifice, as to enflame his greedy Appetite by keeping him at Bay, and at the

the same Time do a signal Piece of Service to you.
— But hark ye, Sir, have a care of making any false Step: You know how plaguy sharp-sighted your Father is in these Intrigues. And I can tell how hard it is for you to keep yourself within Compass. You must have a mighty care of all double-meaning Expressions, of casting a Sheep's-Eye over your Left Shoulder; of sighing, spitting, humming and jeering. —

Clit. Faith I'll act it rarely. —

Syr. See that you do then.

Clit. — You yourself shall admire me for't.

Syr. But see how quickly the Ladies come after us.

Clit. Where are they? Why d'ye hold me Boy?

[to *Syrus* holding him.

Syr. You've nothing to do with her now.

Clit. Right, not before my Father. — But till then. —

Syr. No, nor till then neither.

Clit. Come let me go.

Syr. [still holding him.] Not a Step, I say.

Clit. Prithee, for one Minute.

Syr. That I forbid too.

Clit. A civil Respect at least.

Syr. Get you gone, if you've any Guts in your Brains.

Clit. Well, I'm going, but what must *Clinie* do?

Syr. Stay here.

Clit. He has a fine 'Time on't!

Syr. Troop off, I say.

[*Clitipho* walks on a little on one side.

Enter at a distance Bacchis, Antiphila, Dromo,
Waiting-Maids, &c.

Bac. In troth, dear *Phillie*, I can't but commend ye, and think ye very happy, in being so careful as to make your good Behaviour wholly answerable to your Beauty. As I'm a Sinner, I don't admire that all the Sparks of the Town shou'd die for ye, since your Discourse discovers the Sweetness of your Disposition; For my part, when I come to consider the Life and Conversation of such as you, who are not common

to every Coxcomb, I don't wonder to find ye so modest and virtuous, and ourselves so very little like ye. For you 'tis the best way to be honest, but our Gallants won't suffer us to be so: Our Beauty makes 'em adore us for a while. but when that's decay'd, the Sparks are mad for a new Face: So that if we didn't provide for ourselves in due time, we might e'en pine away the rest of our Days in a Desert. For you, Madam, that take up with a Person whose Age and Nature is correspondent with your own, he wholly keeps himself to you, and by mutual Consent your Loves are made firm, and nothing can ever separate your Hearts.

Ant. I'm little acquainted with others; myself I know well enough, who always take Care that my dear *Clinie's* Happiness shou'd be the Foundation of my own.

Clin. overbearing.] Ah, my dear *Antiphila*, 'tis for thy sake alone that I'm come home again; for whilst I was from thee, all Hardships I was put to were nothing to the being depriv'd of thy sweet Company.

Syr. to Clitipho peeping from his Covert.] I believe him, Sir.

Clit. I can scarce contain myself, old Boy! Is't not a plaguy thing to be debarr'd of one's Humour, ha'?

Syr. to Clitipho.] As far as I can perceive, your Father will make you smart for't, if you ben't gone.

Bac. What young gentleman's that which ogles us so?

Ant. seeing Clinie.] Oh, — lend me your Hand, I beseech ye.

Bac. For Heaven's sake, what ail ye, my Dear?

Ant. I'm going. — [*Faints away.*]

Bac. Help. — Alas, poor Soul! — [*Antiphila recovers a little.*] How came this Fit upon ye, my *Phillis*!

Ant. in a soft Tone.] Do I see my *Clinie*, or do I dream?

Bac. Who's that you see?

Clin. My Life, my Soul; Heavens bless thee. —

[[*Embracing.*
Ant.

Ant. And thee also, my long-wish'd-for dear *Clinie*.

Clin. How is't, my Dear?

Ant. Well, since I have got you again, my Dear
Clin. embracing.] And have I got you again, my Dear, within these Arms? You, that I have so passionately long'd for.

Syr. Come, come, turn in: The old Man and his Supper stays for ye. *[Exeunt omnes]*

The End of the Second Act.



ACT III.

Chremes alone.

'TIS just break of Day: And why shou'dn't I knock at my Neighbour's Door now, and give him the first News of his Son's Return, tho' the young Man I fancy will hardly thank me for't? But when I see the poor Gentleman take on so extremely for his Son's leaving him, how can I find in my Heart to keep from him this unexpected Comfort, since his Son will be never the worst for't neither? This must not be, for I will assist the old Man to the utmost of my Power. And as I perceive his Son and mine help one another, all they can, and go hand in hand together in all their Concerns, so it is but reasonable that we their Father's shou'd do one another all the good Offices we are able.

Enter Menedeme on the one side of the Stage with a Rake, &c. upon his Shoulders.

Men. to himself.] Either I'm born under the Fatality of an unlucky Planet, or that old Saying's worth nothing, that *Time cures all things*; for this Absence of my Son afflicts me every day more and more; and the

the longer he's away, the more I desire to see him again, and the more I miss him.

Chr. to himself.] Oh, yonder's the Gentleman himself coming from Home ; I'll to him, and discourse. — — — Morrow to ye, Neighbour ; I'm come to ye with such News, that I believe you'll be heartily desirous to know what it is.

Men. Why, Sir, have ye heard any thing of my Son then ?

Chr. He's safe and sound, Sir.

Men. Where is he, I beseech ye ?

Chr. At my House, Sir.

Men. What, my Son !

Chr. Yes, your Son.

Men. Is he come then ?

Chr. Yes, indeed.

Men. My Boy *Clinie* come Home ?

[Throws down his Rake, &c.]

Chr. Even so.

Men. Let's be going then. — — I beseech ye, Sir, bring me to the sight of him.

Chr. But he wou'dn't for the World have ye know he's come back : Heavoids your Presence upon the Account of what he has done, and is now afraid you shou'd be more severe than ever.

Men. And didn't you tell him, how I was quite another Man ?

Chr. Not I, Sir.

Men. Why didn't ye ?

Chr. Because if he finds you so soft, and give way so easily, 'twill be the worse for him and you too.

Men. It can't be help'd ; for I've been too severe a Father already.

Chr. Ah, Sir, you are always upon the Extreams, either too profuse, or too sparing ; you run into the same Inconveniences by one as well as the other. Formerly you forc'd your Son out of Doors rather than suffer him to keep a Mistress, who then was contented with a little, and wou'd have been glad to have snapp'd at any thing ; but when she was forc'd

forc'd, by his leaving her, to grow common, and now can't be kept without a Mint of Money, now you give him full Liberty. For, to let you know how she is accoutred for the Ruin of Mankind; she carries at her Heels no less than ten or a dozen Waiting-maids, with a great Luggage of golden Trappings: Were a Prince her Gallant, he'd be put to't to maintain her. Don't ye think to do't?

Men. Is she at your House too?

Chr. She at my House say ye? --- Yes, to my Cost, I've made but one Treat for her and her Retinue; and i'faith, if I make another, I must be forc'd to run my Country. To omit other Charges, what a curst deal of Wine has she consumed me by her tasting and sipping only, crying, *Good old Father, this same Wine is too rough; pray, Sir, let's have some that is more smooth.* I pierc'd every Cask and Pipe in my Cellar, and all my Servants were as busy as so many Bees; And this was but one Night's Work, what will become of you, then, when they'll prey upon ye every Day? As I'm a living Soul, Sir, I heartily pity your Condition.

Men. E'en let him do as he lists. Let him take it, spend it, make Ducks and Drakes of it, I'm resolv'd to bear it, so I can but have him at Home with me.

Chr. If you be so much set upon't, I believe 'twill be much the better Way to conceal your Design, whate'er you allow him.

Men. What wou'd ye have me do?

Chr. Any thing rather than that you intended: Can't yon convey his Money by a second Hand, and let your own Servant bubble ye, or so? And the truth on't is, I have an Inkling that they are about some such thing already, and that they are contriving how to do't most cleverly: My Man *Syrus*, he whispers with yours, and the young Men they lay their Heads together too: And 'tis better to lose a Pound this Way than a Penny t'other. 'Tisn't so much

much the Money, Neighbour, that is to be minded, as the Manner how to give it him with the least Danger: For if he once finds which way the Stream runs, and that you had rather part with your Life and Money too, than lose him: Fie! What a vast Gap do you lay open to his Debaucheries? So that your Life will be a burden to ye; *For too much Liberty corrupts an Angel*: Whatsoever Crotchet comes in his Crown, he'll be for't without considering whether his Demands be reasonable or no: You'll never endure to see your Estate go to wreck, and your Son spoiled into the Bargain. If you refuse him a Farthing, he'll fall to the old Dog-trick, which he finds will work most upon ye, and threaten *to be gone* forsooth.

Men. All seems true and probable enough.

Chr. Troth, Sir, I cou'dn't sleep one wink this Night for racking my Head to restore you your Son.

Men. Your Hand, Sir, — I hope, Sir, you'll go on as you've begun.

Chr. I'm ready to serve ye.

Men. D'ye know what I mean, Sir?

Chr. Let's hear't.

Men. That you'd hasten 'em in the Design, you perceive they have, of getting the Money from me: For I long to give my Boy what he wants, and as much to have a Sight of him.

Chr. I'll do my best, Sir, I must take my *Syrus* in Hand, and give him his Lesson, — But hold, somebody's coming out of my House. — You had best get out of the way, for fear they perceive we are plotting together. A little Business at present calls me hence, for my Neighbours, *Simus* and *Crito*, have some difference about some Lands, and made me their Referree: I'll go tell 'em they must not look for me, to Day, as I promised them: I'll be here again in a Minute.

Men. Pray, Sir, do.

Exit Chremes.

Menedeme alone.] Bless me! what an odd Composition

Position Men are of! that they should see further and judge better of other People's Affairs than their own; It may be, because in our own Concerns we are too much possessed by our Passions of Joy or Grief. This same *Chremes* now, how much wiser he seems to be for me, than I am for myself? [Going off.

Enter Chremes.

Chr. to Menedeme at his going off.] I have got clear of them both, that I may serve you with more Leisure.

Exit Menedeme with his Rake, &c. upon his shoulders.

Enter Syrus at a distance.

Syr. to himself.] Well, Friend *Syrus*, take this way or that way, Money must be had by hook or by crook; and our old Fox must be trapped too.

Chr. partly bearing.] I wasn't mistaken I perceive, when I said they were about some such design. *Clinie's* Man is a poor dull Tool, but mine's a sharper; he must do the Business. [Aside.

Syr. Who's Tongue's that? ——— Zookers all's spoiled? Did he hear me trow, or no? [Aside.

Chr. Syrus!

Syr. What, is it you, Sir?

Chr. What's your Business here?

Syr. No great matter. ——— You're brave Man, Sir, to be stirring so early this Morning, after such a rattle last Night.

Chr. Why there was no hard drinking.

Syr. No hard drinking, say ye? Marry, I think, you're heart of Oak.

Chr. No more of that.

Syr. This same Wench of Clinie's is a good sort of a Wench, and pleasant enough.

Chr. Ay, so I found.

Syr. And, in troth, has a very good Face too.

Chr. So, so.

Syr. Tho' not comparable to the Women in your days; but really as the World goes now, the Woman
is

is very well : And I don't wonder *Clinie* is so desperately smitten : But he has a Father, a covetous miserable, griping old Hunk, our next Neighbour ? Do ye know him, Sir ? ——— Because he's afraid he shou'd be starved himself, he has turned his poor Son out a grazing ; Don't you know what I say to be true ?

Chr. Ay, Why not ——— There's a Rascal deserves the Strapado.

Syr. What Rascal, Sir ? [Fearfully.

Chr. The dull Rogue *Clinie's* Man. ———

Syr. Faith, *Syrus*, I was plaguily afraid of thy Corps. [Aside.

Chr. ——— That suffer'd all this.

Syr. What cou'd he do ?

Chr. What cou'd he do ? Why, he might have found out some Device, or invented any Slight to have help'd the young Gentleman to Money for his Mistress : And so ha' sav'd the stingy old Fellow from all this Vexation whether he would or no.

Syr. You're pleas'd to rally, Sir.

Chr. 'Twas no more than his Duty, *Syrus*.

Syr. Pray, Sir, do you approve of those that put Tricks upo' their own Matters ?

Chr. Yes, if there be just Occasion for't.

Syr. Very well, i'faith. [Aside.

Chr. Sometimes a little Tricking saves a great deal of Trouble : As in this Case, 'twould ha' kept his only Son from rambling.

Syr. Faith, I can't tell, whether he's in Jest or in Earnest : However he encourages me to that which I had a plaguy Mind to before. [Aside.

Chr. And now, *Syrus*, why does the Fellow idle away his Time so, till his Master be forc'd to march off a second Time, for not being able to defray his Mistress's Charges ? Won't he raise one Battery against the old Man's Pocket ?

Syr. The Fellow's a Fool, God bless him.

Chr. You shou'd give him one Push for the young Gentleman's sake. *Syr.*

Syr. Sir, I'd do't with all my Heart, if you'd say but the Word; for I'm a compleat Master of that Art.--

Chr. So much the better.

Syr. — I don't use to fail, Sir.

Chr. Why do't then.

Syr. But pray, Sir, take care to remember this, if it shou'd chance one Day to be your Son's Case, for you know we are all subject to Failings.

Chr. I hope I shall have no occasion for that.

Syr. Troth, so do I; nor do I mention this, because I suspect any such thing: But I say again, if it shou'd chance to happen so, that you mightn't. — You see he's but young; and e'dad, Sir, if that Time once come, I should manage ye most nobly.

Chr. We'll talk of that when the Time comes. Do you mind your present Cue. [Exit Chremes.

Syrus alone.] Well, I never heard Master talk better than mine upon this Occasion. I cou'd never ha' hop'd to have had such a large Toleration for Roguery. — But who comes out of our House there?

Re-enter Chremes with Clitipho.

Ch. to Clitipho *entring.*] What Impudence is this, I pray? Is this your Trade *Clitipho*? Do these Things become you? Hah!

Clit. What did I do, Sir?

Chr. Didn't I see ye just now with your Hand in the Courtesan's Bosom?

Syr. *listening.* All's out, I'm quite broke. [Aside.

Clit. Who I, Sir?

Chr. These very Eyes say it: Come don't stand in a Lye. You deal basely by the Gentleman that you cou'dn't keep your Hands to yourself; for 'tis a great Affront to entertain a Friend, and then play an under-hand Game with his Mistress. How strangely uncivil you were last Night at Supper too?

Syr. You're i'th' the Right on't, Sir. [To Chremes.

Chr. And how troublesome too? That, as I'm a living Soul, I was miserably afraid it shou'd ha' cost you a Duel. I know the Humour of these Lovers

is to represent Things extreamly, which no Body dreams of.

Clit. But, Sir, he has a mighty Confidence in me and knows I won't serve him an unhandſome Trick.

Chr. What then? But you might ha' left 'em together a little while however: Lovers have a thouſand things to ſay and do, which your Preſence is a curb to; I know this by myſelf; for I have never a Friend i'th' Word, *Clitipho*, that I dare truſt all my private Actions with: I'm afraid of my Superior, and aſham'd of my Equal, leſt the one ſhould take me for a Fool, and the other for a Debauchee. — Suppose it to be his Caſe: For 'tis our Duty to know when and where to be complaiſant to a Friend.

Syr. D'ye mind what he ſays? [*Aſide to Chr.*

Clit. Ay, to my Sorrow. [*Aſide.*

Syr. Didn't I tell you of this before? But you've play'd the part of a very ſtaid and reſerved Gentleman! [*Aſide, jeeringly to Clitipho.*

Clit. Prithee hold your Tongue.

Syr. Your i'th' right, Sir.

Chr. I ſwear *Syrus*, I'm aſham'd of him.

Syr. So I believe, Sir; and good Reaſon too, for it grieves me alſo very much.

Clit. What ne'er adone? [*Angrily.*

Syr. Faith Sir, I ſpeak as I think.

Clit. to Chremes.] Muſt'n't I come nigh 'em then?

Chr. Yes, in a civil way, but not as you do.

Syr. aſide.] Our Plot's juſt ſinking, he'll betray all before we get one Bag of Money. — [*to Chremes.]* Pray, Sir will ye be pleas'd to take a Fool's Counſel for once?

Chr. What's that?

Syr. To order him to withdraw a little.

Clit. Whither, I pray? [*Angrily.*

Syr. Whither? why whither you pleaſe, make room for the Lovers, and take a turn the while.

Clit. I take a turn! to what place?

Syr. Piſh! as if ye wanted a place to walk in; take this way or that way, or which way you will.

Chr. He ſays right, I'll have it ſo.

Clit.

Clit. Confound ye for a Dog! for sending me to the De'il's Arse a Peak.

Syr. Keep your Hands to yourself then another time.

(*Aside to Clitipho.*

[*Exit Clitipho.*

Syr. What say ye, Sir? What d'ye think will become of this Son of yours, if ye don't, with the utmost Authority of a Father, give him due Correction and Instruction?

Cbr. Let me alone for that.

Syr. Ay, Sir, and now's the time you must watch him.

Cbr. I'll warrant ye.

Syr. Aye, so you had best; for he minds every day less and less.

Cbr. But hark ye, *Syrus*, tho'! Ha' ye consider'd the business, I told ye of? Ha' ye found any Plot according to your Mind yet?

Syr. You mean about the bubbling of *Menedeme*, S't Sir! I've just now stumbl'd upon one.

Cbr. Thou'rt a brave Lad: Prithee what is't?

Syr. I'll tell ye, Sir: But as one thing brings out another.

Cbr. What then, Boy?

Syr. This same *Bacchis* is a plaguy Jade.

Cbr. So I thought.

Syr. aside.] Yes, if ye knew all. ——— Do but observe what a Whore's trick she's going to play. Here lives an old Woman of *Corinth*, to whom his Baggage had lent above thirty Pounds. ———

Cbr. Very well!

Syr. This old Woman's dead and gone, and left her young Daughter, whom she keeps in Pawn for the Money.

Cbr. So then.

Syr. Her has this *Bacchis* brought along with the rest; and she's now in your Lady's Apartment.

Cbr. Well, and how then?

Syr. She baits at *Clinie* to lay down the Money, and then she'll give him the Girl for an Acquittance.

But

But she demands the full Sum of thirty Pounds.—

Cbr. Does she so?

Syr. Whoo! D'ye question it?

Cbr. I did.—But what d'ye mean to do next?

Syr. Who I, Sir? ——— I'll away to Mr. *Menedeme's*, tell him that this Girl was spirited away from *Caria*, that she's one of a rich and noble Family, and he'll get the Lord knows what, if he'll ransom her.

Cbr. You've mis'd the Mark.

Syr. Why, Sir?

Cbr. I'll answer ye for *Menedeme*: *I'll have nothing to do with her*: What's your Reply?

Syr. Pray, Sir, speak more to our Mind.

Cbr. There's no occasion for that.

Syr. No occasion, Sir?

Cbr. No, marry isn't there.

Syr. Why, Sir? I don't take your meaning.

Cbr. I'll tell you presently.—Stay, stay, a little. What's the meaning of this bustle at the Door?

Enter at a distance Sostrata, with a Ring on her Finger and the Nurse.

Soft. to the Nurse entring.] If I ben't mightily mistaken, this is the very Ring I suspect my Daughter had about her when expos'd.

Cbr. What means my Woman by this talk, *Syrus*?

Soft. How is't Nurse, is't not the same, think ye?

Nur. Truly, Madam, I said 'twas the same, as soon as e'er I saw't.

Soft. But did ye view it well?

Nur. Oh, very well, Madam.

Soft. Do you go in, and bring me word whether she has bathed herself; the mean time I'll wait here for my Husband.

[Exit Nurse.]

Syr. to Chremes.] She wants you, Sir, you had best step and see what she'd have. I can't guess why she's so i'th' dumps: 'Tisn't for nothing, I'm sure.

————— I fear the worst.

Cbr. Pshaw! What shou'd it be? She's only big with Fool, and wants to be deliver'd.

Soft. Hah, my good old Man!

Cbr.

Chr. And my good old Woman too.

Soft. I was looking for thee my Bird.

Chr. Well now, your Pleasure.

Soft. First I desire ye to believe that I wou'dn't do any thing against your Commands.

Chr. That's very hard to believe, but if you'd ha' me, for once I'll believe't.

Syr. This clearing herself aforehand bodes some plaguy Mischief. [*Aside.*

Soft. Don't you remember, when I once was big with Child, you strictly charg'd me not to bring it up, if it prov'd a Girl.

Chr. I smell out the Business, you have brought it up then. Isn't so?

Syr. If that be true, 'twill make a damn'd hole in my Master's Pocket.

Soft. No such matter; for I gave it to an old Woman of *Corinth*, a good honest Neighbour of ours to expose it.

Chr. Bless us! Was there ever such a Simpleton?

Soft. Oh me! What hurt have I done?

Chr. What hurt quotha'?

Soft. Indeed, dear Husband, if I have offended, 'twas ignorantly.

Chr. I know this well enough, tho' you had ne'er own'd it, that every thing you say or do is ignorantly and foolishly. How many Blunders ha' you committed in this one thing! First, had you regarded my Authority, the Girl shou'd ha' been made away withal, and you shou'dn't ha' come with an idle flamm of her Death, when ye did all ye cou'd to save her. But let that pass, 'twas Fondness, and a Mother's Tenderness; I bear with't. But how rarely you've forecasted the Business! And what were your Intentions? Pray consider on't. 'Tis most manifest you've betray'd your Child to this old Woman, either for a common Prostitute, or to be expos'd to publick Sale. I fancy you thought any thing wou'd serve the turn, so her Life was sav'd. But why shou'd one trouble his
Head

Head with such Fools, who knows nothing of Justice, Honesty or Reason: Be it better or worse for 'em or against 'em, they see nothing but what they list.

Soft. My dear *Cbremes*! I confess I was much to blame, and am convinc'd: And now let me beg ye, as Nature has made you the Wiser of the two, to be the more generous, and let your Goodness protect my Simplicity.

Cbe. Well, I'll forgive ye this Fault; but in sober Sadness, Wife, my good Nature will be the spoling of ye. But now let's hear the occasion of this Story whate'er it be.

Soft. As we Women are always very foolish and superstitious, so when I gave the Child to be expos'd, I took a Ring off my Finger, and sent it with her; that if she died, she might ha' carried away some Token of our Kindness.

Cbr. That's well, so you sav'd the Child's Life, and had your own Humour into the Bargain.

Soft. *[showing a Ring.]* Look ye, this is the very Ring.

Cbr. How came ye by't?

Soft. The young Gentlewoman that *Bacchis* brought with her. —

Syr.

[Aside.]

Cbr. What says she to't?

Syst. — She gave it me to hold, whilst she went to the Bath: At first I took no notice on't; but when I ey'd it more narrowly, I knew it, and came running in all haste to acquaint you.

Cbr. And what can ye suppose or gather from this Gentlewoman?

Soft. I can't tell, without you'll examine her where she had it, if she can inform you about it.

Syr. My Plot's countermin'd: I find there's more s'th' Wind than I cou'd wish for; she's certainly my Master's Daughter, if this be true. *[Aside.]*

Cbr. Is the old Woman alive ye deliver'd the Child to?

Soft. I don't know.

Cbr.

Cbr. How did she say she had dispos'd on it?

Soft. Just as I order'd her.

Cbr. What's her Name, that we may hunt her up?

Soft. Philtere.

Syr. The very same: she's as surely found as I'm lost. [Aside.]

Cbr. Come, Wife, let's retire.

Soft. How things happen beyond my Expectation! I was extreamly afraid you'd prove as severe now as when you gave your first Orders.

Cbr. A Man can't always do as he wou'd, if his Estate won't afford it: Now my Circumstances are such, that I shou'd be glad of a Daughter; formerly 'twas otherwise.

Exeunt omnes.

The End of the Third Act.



ACT IV.

Syrus alone.

IF I am not very much mistaken, I'm in a fair way to be utterly routed; all my Forces are so miserably streightn'd, that I shall never come off safe, unless I find out some way to keep the old Man from perceiving this to be his Son's Mistress: For to hope for one sounce of Money, or to think of topping upon the old Fellow, will be to no purpose; I shall come off nobly, and with flying Colours, if I can compound for a Leg or an Arm. It goes to the Heart of me, to have such a delicate bit snatcht so suddenly out of my very Chaps.——What shall I go about?——Or what shall I invent?——I must draw a new Platform.——Hang it, *Diligence out does the Devil.*——Suppose I go this way to work.——Pox, that won't do.——Suppose that way.——'Twill be all one.——But I believe this will do't.——No.——Yes, best of all——I ha't, I ha't: I believe I shall

shall once more come to the fingering of that damn'd run-a-gate Money.

Enter Clinie at a distance.

Clin. to himself.] From this Time forward nothing can happen to me that can give me any disquiet; such is the Happiness I'm surpriz'd into. I'll so wholly give up myself to my Father's Pleasure now, that I'll be far better than he himself can wish.

Syr. Aside.] I wasn't beside the Mark, I see; the Gentlewoman is really discover'd, by what I hear from the Spark. — [*to Clinie.*] I'm heartily glad, Sir, Things are fallen out so favourable to your Desires.

Clin. Prithee, honest Boy, did you hear on't too?

Syr. Yes, for I was by at the Discovery.

Clin. Did ye ever know any one so fortunate as I?

Syr. No, Sir.

Clin. Let me die if I'm half so glad for my own sake as for hers, whom no Blessing can be too great for.

Syr. I believe so too. Now, *Clinie*, it comes to your Turn to do us a small Kindness: You must remember your Friend, that his Business may be secur'd too, and his Mistress be still conceal'd from our old Gentleman.

Clin. not minding him.] Goes!

Syr. Forbear these Raptures.

Clin. — Shall my dear *Antiphila* be mine then?

Syr. Won't ye let me speak, Sir?

Clin. What wou'dst have me do, old Soul? I'm so transported, prithee bear with me.

Syr. Faith so I will, but fore against my Will.

Clin. still not minding him.] We shall live as happy as the Gods.

Syr. I see my Labour's lost.

Clin. Now speak, I'm ready.

Syr. But by and by you won't.

Clin. Yes, but I will.

Syr. I tell ye, Sir, there's some Care to be taken, that your Friend's Business be secur'd. Now, if you go away and leave *Bacchis* at our House, my old Master

Master will immediately find her to be my Son's Mistress; but if ye take her along with ye, the Intrigue will be as much i'th' dark as ever 'twas.

Clin. Ah, but *Syrus*, nothing makes more against my Wedding than this; for with what Face can I speak on't to my Father; Do you mind what I say?

Syr. Yes.

Clin. What shall I say to him? what Excuse can I pretend?

Syr. What? ——— I wou'dn't have you say one word of untruth; but e'en plainly tell him the whole Business.

Clin. How!

Syr. I'd have you tell him your Passion for *Antipbila*, and that you'd needs marry her; but that this *Baccbis* is *Clitipho's* Mistress.

Clin. You demand of me nothing but what is just, reasonable and easy; I suppose you'd have me beg my Father to keep all from your old Gentleman.

Syr. You mistake me; I'd ha' your Father tell him the whole Story directly, from top to bottom.

Clin. How! Are you mad or drunk? In troth, you'll plainly ruin him: Prithce tell me how he can have *his Business secur'd*, as ye say?

Syr. Oh, I reckon this a Master-piece of my Cunning; in this Plot I triumph in having that mighty Knack and Faculty at juggling as to cheat both of them, by telling the Truth: So that when your old Gentleman shall tell our old Gentleman of his Son's Mistress, he shall laugh at it.

Clin. So you once more destroy all my hopes of Matrimony; for as long as *Chremes* believes her to be my Mistress: he'll never venture his Daughter upon me. Perhaps you don't care whether I sink or swim, so you can but serve *Clitipho's* turn.

Syr. What a Pox! D'ye think I'd have ye act the Cheats for ever? One day serve my turn, till I've finger'd the Money, that's all; not a bit longer do I desire.

Clin. Will one Day serve? But what if his Father shou'd find out all i'th' mean time?

I

Syr.

Syr. Right ! And what if the Sky shou'd fall ?

Clin. I dread what will come on't.

Syr. Dread ! A Fiddle-stick ! As if you weren't able to slip your Neck out o' the Collar when you please ; you may clear all by making a full discovery.

Clin. Well, come on then, let *Bacchis* be brought over then.

Syr. That's very well. — Here she comes.

Enter Bacchis and Phrygia.

Bac. to Phrygia, entering.] I'faith, this Rogue's impudent Pretences have brought me hither to a fair purpose, in hopes of the thirty Guineas he promised me : And if he fools me now, he shall fawn and cringe till his Heart ake for me, to come hither again, and I'll not do't : Or else I'll make an Assignment, and appoint a time which he'll be sure to tell his Master of) and when *Clitipho's* Mind is big with Expectation, I'll baffle 'em, and not come at all ; and then *Syrus's* Back shall soundly smart for't.

Clin. overhearing] She promises very fairly, *Syrus.*

Syr. D'ye think she's in jest, Sir ? she'll as fairly perform it, if I don't look to my Hits.

Bac. to Phrygia] They're in a dead sleep sure ; but I'll rouse them with a Vengeance. — Hark ye, *Phrygia*, did you take notice of *Charine's* House which the Man shew'd us just now.

Pbr. I did, Madam.

Bac. 'Tis the very next House on the Right-hand.

Pbr. I remember it.

Bac. Hie you hither, full speed : For the Captain is just now with *Charine* at *Bacchis's* Feast.

Syr. What the Devil's to do now ? [*Aside.*

Bac. Tell him I'm here sore against my Will, and am kept by Force : But I'll have a trick to get rid of 'em, and come to him strait. [*Phrygia going off.*

Syr. 'Sdeath ! I'm at my last Prayers. [*Aside.*
Stay, Madam, stay, where are you sending her, I beseech ye ? Call her back.

Bac. to Phrygia.] Get you gone, I say.

Syr.

Syr. The Guineas are just ready, Madam?

Bac. Then I'll stay. [Phrygia returns.

Syr. You shall receive them in a Minute.

Bac. As you please for that : D'ye see me in such haste for 'em ?

Syr. Pray, Madam, do you know what you are to do ?

Bac. What ?

Syr. You must just step over to *Meneclème's*, and all your Train must go too.

Bac. Ye impudent Dog, what d'ye mean ? [Angrily.

Syr. To coin Money for your Ladyship's Use ?

Bac. D'ye think me a fit Person to play upon thus ?

Syr. No, I'm in Earnest, Madam.

Bac. Have I any Business with you there ?

Syr. No, Madam, but there I'll pay you the Money ?

Bac. Let's be going then.

Syr. Come this Way, Madam.

Exit Bacchis, led out by Clinie and Phrygia.

Syr. Soho, *Dromo*.

Enter Dromo.

Dro. Who calls ?

Syr. 'Tis I.

Dro. What's the Matter ?

Syr. Bring over all *Bacchis's* Servants to your House quickly.

Dro. Why so, tho' ?

Syr. Don't stand to ask Questions, let 'em carry all their Baggage with 'em too : The old Gentleman will think his Charge is lessen'd as soon as his House is clear o'th' Lumber : Faith, he little thinks he shall pay Sauce for't at the long Run : And you, *Dromo*, if you have any Wit, take not the least Notice of what you know.

Dro. You'll say, I'm a perfect Mute.

Exit Dromo, and presently re-enters with Bacchis's Servants, and their Luggage, crossing the Stage.

After them enter Chremes.

Chr. to himself.] As I'm a Sinner, I can't but Pity my poor Neighbour's Case, to see him under such great Misfortunes, as to be forc'd to maintain this Creature, with all her Family at her Back. I'm satis-

tified he won't feel much for a Week or so, 'cause of his longing Desire to see his Son. But when he once comes to find such a vast Charge to continue daily, and that there will be no End on't, he'll wish his Boy at the furthest *Indies*.— Oh, here is *Syrus* very seasonably.

Syr. Why dont' I board him ?

[*Aside.*

Syr. Ha, Sir!

Cbr. What makes ye so merry ?

Syr. I've wish'd for ye this half Hour.

Cbr. I fancy you've been tampering with the old Gentleman about somewhat.

Syr. You mean that which we discours'd of just now.— *No sooner said, but done.*

Cbr. In good Earnest !

Syr. Yes, Sir, in good Earnest.

Cbr. Faith I can't forbear stroking thee. Come hither ye little Rogue, I'll remember thee for this: E'dad I will.

Syr. Ah, Sir, if you knew how prettily it jump'd into my Brain.

Cbr. Pho ! D'ye pride yourself 'cause of your good Luck ?

Syr. Troth, not I : I only speak the Truth.

Cbr. Let's hear't then.

Syr. *Clinie* has told his Father that *Bacchis* is your Son's Mistress; and that he brought her hither only to cast a Mist before your Eyes.

Cbr. Very well !

Syr. Pray tell me what ye think on't.

Cbr. 'Twas admirable, I swear.

Syr. *aside.*] Ay, if you knew all. — But mark what Plot's behind.— Then *Clinie* tells him he has seen your Daughter, is much taken with her, and has a Mind to marry her.

Cbr. What he that we've just found to be ours ?

Syr. Yes, Sir.— And he'll desire his Father to get your Consent.

Cbr. Why so, *Syrus*, I don't understand any Reason for't.

Syr.

Syr. Pshaw ! you're so dull of Apprehension.

Cbr. Like enough.

Syr. His Father is to give him Money for the Wedding, to — you take me, Sir ?

Cbr. To buy him a Wedding-Suit, I warrant.

Syr. Right, right.

Cbr. But I neither give him my Daughter, nor my Promise.

Syr. No, Sir, why not ?

Cbr. Why not, say ye ? D'ye think I'll marry her to a —

Syr. As you please for that ; I didn't say you shou'd let him have her for good and all ; but only pretend it.

Cbr. I hate such Pretences. — Plot as you please, so as you don't make me one of the Plot. Shall I promise to give my Daughter, when I don't intend to do any such thing ?

Syr. I was in hopes you might.

Cbr. Not a Bit on't.

Syr. In troth it might ha'been done cleverly ; I had ne'er undertook it, hadn't you urg'd me to't.

Cbr. I grant it.

Syr. But however, Sir, my Intentions were good.

Cbr. I'd ha'ye by all means do your best to cheat *Menedeme*, but then I'd ha'ye go another Way to work.

Syr. So I will, Sir, we'll find out one. — But for the Money I told ye your Daughter owes to *Bacchus*, that must be paid down upo'th' Nail. Neither will you (I presume) shift it off by saying, *What is't to me ? Did she lend me the Money ? Was it done by my Orders ? What had she to do to pawn my Daughter without my Consent ?* As for that, the old Saying's true, *You may have much Law o' your Side, and but little Equity.*

Cbr. I'll ha' none of these Shifts.

Syr. Tho' others may do't, yet 'twon't look well in you, for the whole Town counts you a rich Man, and very well to pass i'th' World.

Cb. Well then, I'll go and pay the Money myself.

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Syr. You'd better order your Son to do that.

Chr. Why so?

Syr. Because he now goes under the Name of her Gallant.

Chr. What of all that?

Syr. Why, if he carry't himself, the thing will look as if it had something of Truth in't: And by that means I shall the more dexterously bring about my own Design too. — Oh, yonder's the Man, you'd best step in and fetch the Money.

Chr. So I will.

[*Exit Chremes.*

Enter Clitipho at another Part of the Stage.

Clit. to himself.] There's nothing so easy, but it becomes hard to an unwilling Mind. This very Walk I have taken, tho' but a little one, yet how faint 't has made me. And now, I dread nothing so much as to be sent on another Fool's Errand, and not suffer'd to come nigh my dear *Bacchis* — [*to Syrus.*] Now all the Gods confound thee for a Rogue, and all thy fine Tricks and Inventions! — Thou art always framing some damn'd Villany to plague me withal.

[*Angrily.*

Syr. Keep your Curses to yourself (if you go to that) I'm sure your foolish Ill-nature had like to ha' brought my Neck to a Halter.

[*Huffingly.*

Clit. O my Soul, I wish it had; I'm sure 'twas no more than you deserv'd.

Syr. Than I deserv'd! — How so, pray? I'm glad I know so much of your Mind before ye receiv'd the Money I just got ready for ye.

Clit. What cou'd I have said less t'ye? You went and brought my Mistress hither, and then not suffer me to come nigh her.

Syr. Well, I ha' done, I am cool again. — But can you guess where your Mistress is?

Clit. Why, at our House?

Syr. No but she isn't.

Clit. Where then, pray?

Syr. At Mr. *Clinie's*.

Clit. All's gone.

Syr.

The SELF-TORMENTOR. 145

Syr. Courage, Sir; you yourself shall go to her with the Money promis'd her presently.

Clit. Thou pratest like a Fool. Where shou'd I ha't?

Syr. From your own Daddy.

Clit. You only banter me. [*Smilingly.*]

Syr. You'll soon see that.

Clit. Nay, then I'm made for ever, Syrus? — Dear Rogue, let me buss thee.

Syr. 'S't! there comes your Father. — Have a Care you don't play the Fool, and make a Wonderment at the Matter; observe the Motion; do as you're bid, and ask no Questions.

Enter Chremes with a Bag of Money.

Chr. Where's this Clitipho now?

Syr. Stay here, Sir. — [*Aside to Clitipho.*]

Clit. Here he is, Sir.

Chr. to Syrus.] Ha' you told him his Business?

Syr. Most of it, Sir.

Chr. to Clitipho.] Here take this Money and carry it to her.

Syr. 'Zokers: Why d'ye stand like a Post? Why don't ye take it? [*Aside to Clitipho.*]

Clit. Giv't me if you please. [*Chremes gives him the Money.*]

Syr. Follow me as fast as you can. — To Clitipho. But you, Sir, be pleas'd to stay here a Minute till we come back, for we've no occasion to stay long there.

[*To Chremes.*]

Exeunt Clitipho and Syrus.

Chremes alone.

So my Daughter has got thirty good Pounds of me already, which Account goes for her Board. I suppose the other thirty must follow for fine Cloaths. After this comes a round Sum for a Portion. Well! This same *Custom is the Devil*. Now must I leave all Works to find some honest Fellow to ease me of that Money I've been so long scraping together.

To him enter Menedeme.

Men. to Clinie within.] Dear Child, now do I think

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myself the happiest Father i'th' World, since I find you well reform'd.

Chr. overbearing.] How sweetly he's mistaken!

[Aside.

Men. Chremes! 'Twas you I wanted. — Now, Sir, you may be the making of my Son, myself, and Family; and I beg you'd do't.

Chr. Good Sir, What wou'd you ha' me do?

Men. It seems you have found out a Daughter to day. — My Son *Clinie* desires your Consent to marry her.

Chr. Bless me! What a strange Man are you?

Men. What d'ye mean?

Chr. Ha' ye so soon forgot the Trick we talk'd of just now, which was to be play'd to chouse you of your Money?

Men. I remember it.

Chr. — Why this it is they're now at work upon. —

Men. What is't you say, *Chremes*?

Chr. — I'll warrant ye, this same *Bacchis* at your House is my Son's Mistress too: Is she not?

Men. They say so.

Chr. And you believe it?

Men. Yes, that I do.

Chr. Then they pretend that your Son has a Mind to be married: So that when I've promis'd him my Daughter, you may let him ha' Money to buy Wedding-Cloaths, and the like.

Men. That's the Business then, he wants it for his Mistress.

Chr. No doubt on't.

Men. Alas, unhappy Man! My Joys are nipt i'th' Bud: And yet I'd rather endure any thing than part with him again. — What answer, Sir, shall I carry from ye, that he mayn't perceive I've found it out, or lay it to Heart?

Chr. To Heart say ye? — Pshaw! Menademe you cocker him too much by half.

Men. Let it be so; I'm gone too far to draw back: I beg, Sir, but the continuance of your Favours.

Chr.

Chr. You may tell him we met and treated of the Match.——

Men. Well, and what more?

Chr.—That I'm ready to do any thing: That I like him for a Son-in-Law; and lastly, if you please, you may tell him, I've given my Consent.

Men. Oh that's it I'd have.

Chr. That he may ask ye for the Money the sooner, and you the sooner part with it according to your Wish.

Men. That's what I aim at.

Chr. In troth, by what I can see, you'll quickly be cloy'd with this Son of yours; but as the Case stand, if you've your Wits about ye, you must give it him very cautiously, and little by little.

Men. So I will.

Chr. You had best go in, and see how much he'd have; I shall be at Home, if you want me.

Men. 'Tis that I'd have, for whate'er I do I shall make you acquainted with.

The End of the Fourth Act.



A C T V.

Menedeme alone.

FOR my Part, I must own myself to be somewhat silly, and slow of Apprehensions; but my Neighbour here, this same Assistant, Counsellor, and sage Director o'mine, out-does me a Bar and a half. The honourable Titles of *Fool*, *Blockhead*, *Clodpate*, *Ajs*, and *Dolt*, may well enough be apply'd to me, but they won't come up to him, for his Folly is beyond Expression.

Enter Chremes at another Part of the Stage.

Chr. to Sostrata within.] Prithee Wife don't tire out the Gods with being so unmannerly overthankful for having found out your Daughter, unless you

measure them by yourself, and fancy they can't understand a thing without hearing it a hundred times over.—[*to himself.*] But i'th' mean time, what a Duce makes *Clitipho* and *Syrus* stay so long at *Menedeme's*.

Men. Who are those that stay so long, *Chremes*?

Cbr. Hah, Mr. *Menedeme*! Are you got hither again?—Well, Sir, did ye tell your Son what I said?

Men. Every Syllable, Sir.

Cbr. And what says he to't?

Men. He was much transported, as if he had a Mind to be married.

Cbr. Ha——ha,——he.——

Men. What d'ye laugh at?

Cbr. My Man *Syrus's* Trick came just into my Mind.

Men. Indeed.

Cbr. This cunning Rogue has a Knack of setting other People's Faces as well as his own.

Men. You mean, my Son only counterfeits his Joy.

Cbr. Yes, Sir.

Men. This very Business came in my Head too.

Cbr. Ha, he's a pickl'd Rogue. [*Laughs.*]

Men. You'd say so too if you knew all. [*Jeeringly.*]

Cbr. Say ye so?

Men. Pray, Sir, give me the Hearing.

Cbr. But hold,—first I desire to know how much you've thrown away upon 'em; for as soon as you told your Son I had promis'd him my Daughter, immediately *Dromo*, I warrant ye, clapt in a Word, that the Bride wanted *Wedding-cloaths*, *Jewels*, *Attendance*, and the like, that you might give 'em Money for 'em.

[*Laughs again.*]

Men. Not a Word.

Cbr. How! not a Word!

[*In amaze.*]

Men. No indeed.

Cbr. Nor your Son neither?

Men. Not a Tittle, Sir, but was only very urgent to have the Match struck up to Day.

Cbr. You amaze me.—— But what did my Man, did he say nothing too?

Men.

Men. Nothing at all.

Chr. How so, I beseech ye?

Men. Nay, I can't tell. — But I admire that you shou'd see other things so well, and not this. — Pshaw! 'Tis only *Syrus* has set your Son's Face too so admirably well, that no Man could suspect in the least this *Bacchis* to be my Boy's Mistress. [Jeeringly.]

Chr. How's that!

Men. I'll not say a Word of their kissing and clipping, for I reckon that nothing.

Chr. What more cou'd be done to carry on the Counterfeit?

Men. Pish!

Chr. What is't I beseech ye?

Men. Well, observe then. — I've a little withdrawing Room at the back part of my House, where a Bed was brought in and made up.

Chr. What followed?

Men. What? — Why thither went *Clitipho*.

Chr. All alone? *Men.* Yes, alone.

Chr. My Mind misgives me strangely. [Aside.]

Men. Immediately after him went *Bacchis*.

Chr. All alone too! *Men.* Ay, alone too.

Chr. I'm ruin'd.

Men. As soon as they were in, they made fast the Door.

Chr. How ——— was your Son a looker on all the while?

Men. Why not? He and I saw it together.

Chr. Ah, *Menedeme*, she's certainly my Son's Whore then, I am absolutely undone.

Men. How so?

Chr. I ha' scarce wherewithal to keep House for ten Days.

Men. What! Are ye concern'd that he shou'd help his Friend a little?

Chr. No, but for fear he shou'd keep his the Friend.

Men. Yes, if he shou'd indeed.

Chr. D'ye question that? — D'ye know any one of such a base and poor Spirit, as to suffer his own Mistress before his Face to be—— *Men.*

Men. Ha,—ha,—he, Why not ? That I might the easier be impos'd upon. [*Jeeringly.*]

Cbr. D'ye jeer me, Sir ? — Now what Reason have I to curse my own Stupidity ? How many signs ha' they given me to discover the Cheat hadn't I been a downright Stock ? what things have I been an Eye-witness too ? Fool that I am ! — But as I'm a living Soul they shan't go off Scot-free : For immediately I'll ——— [*In a Passion.*]

Men. interrupting.] Ha' ye no Government ? Ha' ye no regard to yourself ? Methinks my Example might be of use t'ye.

Cbr. My Anger quite distracts me, *Menedeme.*

Men. That you shoud' say such a Word now, Isn't that a great failing in you to advise others, and be so wise abroad, and yet can't help yourself at home ?

Cbr. What Course shall I take ?

Men. The same which you said I was so defective in ——— Make him sensible that you are his Father, and that he may venture to trust all his Secrets, Wants, and Desires with you alone, lest he seeks his Redress elsewhere, and cry, *Good b'w'ye Father.*

Cbr. Ay, let him be jogging to *Jericho* for me, rather than here by his Debaucheries bring his poor Father to a Crust. For, *Menedeme*, if I go on thus to supply all his Extravagancies, I shall quickly come to your Hedging and Ditching.

Men. What a great many troubles will ye pull down upo' your Head, if you don't look about ye ! You'll shew yourself a rigid Father, and pardon him at last, when he won't give ye one good word for your pains.

Cbr. Ah, Sir ! You can't conceive how much it goes to the Heart of me.

Men. What you please for that. — But what say ye to my Proposal ? Will you marry your Daughter to my Son ? or ha' ye another in your Eye, that you like better ?

Cbr. No ; I like him for a Son-in-law, and I like the Alliance too,

Men.

Men. What Money shall I tell him you'll give with her? — What no answer? —

Chr. pausing. Money say ye? [*Shakes his Head.*

Men. Yes, Sir.

Chr. Ah, Sir!

[*sighing.*

Men. Come *Chremes*, don't trouble yourself, tho' it be but a little: Portion shall break no Squares.

Chr. I design'd her, indeed, no more than three Hundred Pounds, being all my Estate wou'd bear: But if you tender the Welfare of me, my Estate, and Son, you may tell him I've promis'd to give all I'm worth for a Portion.

Men. What Project are ye framing now?

Chr. You may pretend to wonder at it, and ask him too, why I did it.

Men. And so I may, for I can't conceive, why you shou'd do it.

Chr. No? — Why, to curb and cool his Courage, now solely bent to Luxury and Debauchery, and bring him to that Pass, that he shan't know where to turn himself.

Men. What d'ye mean?

Chr. Pray, Sir, let me ha' my Humour in this thing.

Men. Well! — But wou'd you have me do so indeed?

Chr. Yes.

Men. Then I will, Sir.

Chr. Well, Sir, let your Son get ready, and send for his Bride. As for mine, I'll rattle him to some Tune, as Fathers shou'd do their Children. — But for that Dog *Syrus* —

Men. What will ye do to him?

Whilst Chremes speaks the next, Exit Menedeme.

Chr. What? If I live, I'll so lace his Jacket, and curry his Hide for him, that he shall remember it as long as he has an Hour to breathe. — Damn'd Rogue, to think to make a Laughing-stock and Make-game o'me; I'll be hang'd if the Rascal dar'd ha' serv'd a poor friendless Widow so, as he serv'd me.

[*Walks about in a Huff.*

Re-

Re-enter Menedeme, with Clitipho and Syrus following after.

Clit. to Menedeme entering.] I beseech ye, Mr. *Menedeme*, is't come to that then, that my Father shou'd so suddenly cast off all natural Affection ; For what Offence ? what grievous Crime have I miserable Fellow committed ? I do but what all young Persons commonly do.

Men. to Clitipho.] I'm sensible this is most hard and severe to you that bear the Burden of it ; but I myself resent it no less than you, tho' I know not why, and can give no reason for't, but only my extraordinary Kindness for ye.

Clit. Didn't you say my Father was hard by ?

Men. Yes, there he walks. [*Exit Menedeme.*]

Chr. What d'ye blame me for. *Clitipho* ? What I ha' done was to cure thee, and thy Rashness too: When I saw you of that sluggish Nature, and to be all for the present Enjoyment, without considering the future. I then took a Method to secure you from Want, and my Estate from Ruin. And seeing I cou'd not make ye my Heir (as by Nature I ought) I had recourse to your nearest Relations, making over and trusting all to their Hands. There you'll ever find Sanctuary for your Miscarriages, meet with Diet, Cloaths, and a House to hide your Head in.

Clit. Woe's me !

Chr. This is better, than by making you my Heir, to let *Bacchis* run away with all.

Syr. I'm undone ! What a Storm has my Rogueship rais'd before I was aware. [*Aside.*]

Clit. Would to God I were dead.

Chr. Pray learn first what 'tis to live ; when you've try'd that, and don't like it, then die if you will.

Syr. Good Sir, will you hear me one word ?

Chr. Speak then.

Syr. But may I freely, Sir ?

Chr. Speak, I say.

Syr. What Injustice and Madness is it, that he shou'd be punish'd for my Offence ? — *Chr.*

Chr. 'Tis done ; don't you meddle or make, No Body impeaches you, *Syrus* ; therefore you needn't look out for a Sanctuary, or one to plead for ye.

Syr. Pray, Sir, what's your Design ?

Chr. I'm neither angry with you nor him ; nor ought you to be so with me for what I ha' done.

[*Exit Chreines hastily.*]

Syr. He's flung away.— Pox ! wou'd I had ask'd him. —

Clit. What, *Syrus* ?

Syr. — Where I shou'd have had my Belly-timber, since he has turn'd us out of Doors : ——— You it seems may mump it at your Sister's.

Clit. Am I reduc'd to this then, that I must starve for want of Bread ?

Syr. However, whilst there's Life there's Hopes. —

Clit. Of what ?

Syr. — Of a good coming Stomach.

Clit. Are you so gamesome in Time of Adversity, and not give me one Push at this dead Lift ?

Syr. Yes, Sir, I'm ready for't, and was hammering on't all the Time your Father was schooling of ye. — And as far as I can perceive, —

Clit. Prithee what ?

Syr. *pausing.*] You shall ha't presently.

Clit. Pray what is't ?

Syr. The Case is thus ! For my part, I don't believe you are any of their Son.

Clit. How's that, *Syrus* ? Ar't mad. [*Hastily.*]

Syr. I'll tell ye my Reasons, judge of them as you please. — Whilst they had none but you, and you alone were all their Joy, they then cocker'd you up, and gave ye any thing. But now they have found a Daughter, they have found an Occasion to send you packing.

Clit. That seems very probable.

Syr. D'ye think he'd ha' been so damn'd mad for a Peccadillo else ?

Clit. I can't think he wou'd.

Syr.

Syr. There's another Business to be well consider'd: All Mothers you know are Pleaders for their Sons Faults, and constantly take their Parts against their Fathers: But here we see no such Matter.

Clit. Very true, faith; therefore, good Boy, tell me what to do.

Syr. E'en put it to 'em to resolve ye that Scruple, and don't mince the Matter: If it be false, you'll work upon their Affections; if true, you'll know your own Parents.

Clit. Your Counsel's good, I'll follow it.

[Exit Clitipho.

Syrus alone.

E'gad this was a lucky Hit: for the less Hope the Spark has, he'll much the sooner make his Peace with his Father, and at his own Terms too.— Perhaps the Toy may take him i'th' Crown to tie himself to a Wife; but no God-a-mercy to Goodman *Jobber-knowls* here. [*Strikes himself on the Head*] What Noise is that? — Oh, 'tis the old Man coming again.— I must e'en scamper for't.— Considering what has been done, I wonder he didn't order me to be truss'd up with a Whip-stitch before now.— I'll betake me to Mr. *Menedeme's*, and get him to beg me off. I'll never trust this old Fellow.

[Exit Syrus.

Enter Chremes and Sostrata.

Soft. In troth, my dear Husband, if you be'n't very cautious, you'll make the Boy do himself some Mischief. And I can't but admire how such a Whim came into your Head.

Cbr. You'll be a Woman still! Can't I do any thing but you must thwart me presently, Mrs. *Impertinence*? — Put the Case I shou'd ask ye what's amiss in't, or upon what Account 'twas done, you can't answer me. Therefore why do ye so confidently oppose me, ye old Fool?

Soft. Can't I answer ye?

Cbr. Yes, yes, you can, I'd rather grant that, than tell the Story a hundred Times over. *Soft.*

Soft. What an unreasonable thing 'tis to make me stand like *Mum-chance* at such a time as this?

Cbr. I don't make ye, speak your Heart out, I'll do as I please for all that.

Soft. Will ye so?

Cbr. Yes, by Coeksnowns will I.

Soft. You don't consider the ill Consequence of it: He'll think himself a Foundling.

Cbr. A Foundling say ye?

Soft. Indeed, dear Husband, he will.

Cbr. And you may so too.

Soft. Oh, I beseech ye, let them say so that hate me most: Shall I say he's none of my Son, that is my Son?

Cbr. What, are ye afraid you can't make it out he's your Son whene'er you please?

Soft. What, because he's so like my new found Daughter?

Cbr. No; but because he's so like you in Humours, which is a more convincing Argument by half. That way you'll easily prove him your own: For he resembles ye extreemly: There's ne'er an ill Quality in him, but you have the same: Besides, there's not another Woman upon God's Earth, that cou'd ha' had such a Son.—But here comes the Youth.—How gravely he looks when you view him thoroughly, you'll know what he is.

Enter Clitipho.

Clit. to Soft. Soft. If ever there was a time, Mother, you took Delight or Pleasure in calling me Son, I'd entreat you to bring it to Remembrance, and take Pity upon a Wretch, who craves and desires to know who are his Parents.

Soft. For Heaven's sake, dear Child, ne'er so much as think you had your Being from any but us.

Clit. I can't help it.

[Sighing.]

Soft. Weeping.] Ah me! How cou'd ye find in your Heart to ask me such a Question? As I hope for your Prosperity when we are dead and gone, you are mine and his; and look to't (if you've any Kind-

ness

ness for your Mother] that I never hear such a word from you again.

Chr. And, Jackanapes, if you have any Reverence for your Frther, let me see any more of these Tricks, and you had better eat your Nails.

Clit. What Tricks, Sir?

Chr. If you must needs know, I'll tell ye. The Tricks of an impertinent, idle, cheating, drinking, whoring, consuming Debauchee. — Believe what I say, and don't doubt but that I am your Father.

Soft. Does this come from a Father's Mouth?

Chr. No! Tho' you had sprung out o' fertile Brain as *Pallas* they say did from mighty *Jove's*, I'd not endure myself to be disgrac'd by your lewd Tricks.

Soft. The Gods forbid that.

Chr. I know not what the Gods will do, but I'll do my Endeavour to prevent the worst. — [to *Clitipho*.] You look about for Parents, which you didn't want, but not at all for what is most wanting, as how to obey your Parents, and to preserve what they by Industry have got. How cou'd ye ha' the Impudence to cheat your Father, and bring before his Face your ——— I am ashamed to name the filthy Word before your Mother, tho' you were not so to do the baser Act.

Clit. Alas! How mad am I with myself! How ashamed of myself! I can't so much as see which way to begin to pacify him.

Enter Menedeme.

Men. to himself entring.] In troth *Chremes* handles the poor young Gentleman too severely, and too roughly: Therefore I'm come to make up the Breach again. — Oh, best of all; there they are.

Chr. Oh, Mr. *Menedeme*, Why isn't my Daughters sent for to your House? And the Writing drawn about the Portion we agreed upon?

Soft. For God's sake Husband, never do that.

Clit. kneeling.] Dear Father! I beseech ye to pardon me.

Men.

Men. Pray do, Mr. *Chremes*; let his Repentance win upon ye so far.

Chr. Shall I in my right Senses part with my whole Estate to a Baggage? — I'll be twice advis'd first.

Men. That we'll take care to prevent.

Clit. [still kneeling.] Sir, if you tender my Life, forgive me.

Soft. Come, come sweet Husband, do.

Men. Prithee Mr. *Chremes* don't be so obstinate.

Chr. What means all this? — Well, I perceive I must not do what I design'd.

Men. Now you do like a worthy Gentleman.

Chr. But upo' this Condition, that he shall do as I shall think most proper for him.

Clit. I'll do any thing, Sir, pray command me.

Chr. I'd ha' ye marry.

Clit. But, Sir, —

Chr. I'll take no Excuses.

Men. I'll engage for him, he shall do't.

Chr. But he himself says no such matter.

Clit. My Case is desperate. [Aside.]

Soft. What d'ye boggle for, *Clitipho*?

Chr. Nay, let him e'en take his own Way.

Men. He shall do as you'd have him.

Soft. Marriage is a Bugbear to Fools, but they that ha' try'd it find it a Blessing.

Clitipho to Chremes.] Well, I'll obey your Pleasure, Sir.

Soft. to Clitipho.] In good Faith, my Boy, I've a fine Girl in my Eye for thee, which you can't choose but be pleas'd with; 'tis our Neighbour *Phanocrates's* Daughter.

Clit. Pho! That Carrot-pated, Wall-ey'd, Pimple-fac'd, Hook-nos'd Creature? It goes against me, Sir.

Chr. Look ye now, how nice he's grown! — You may guess what his Mind has been most upon.

Soft. to Clitipho.] I'll tell ye of another then.

Clit. No need of that: Since I must marry, I've just one in my own Eye, which I like very well.

So ft

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Soft. That's my good Boy!

Clit. *Archonides's* Daughter.

Soft. That's as well as I could wish.

Clit. *to Chremes.*] Now, Sir, I've one Favour
to beg.

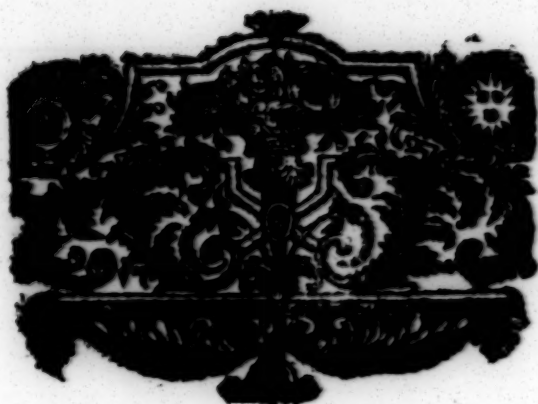
Cbr. What's that?

Clit. To pardon *Syrus* all he has done for my
fake.

Cbr. Well, I will.

[*Turns to the Spectators.*

The End of the Self-Tormentor.



THE

THE
BROTHERS:

A
COMEDY,

Acted at the Funeral Games
of L. *Æmilius Paulus*.

WHEN

Q. *Fabius Maximus*,
and
P. *Cornelius the African*, } were Cui-
rule Edils.

By the Company of { L. *Attilius* of *Preneſte*,
and
Minutius *Protimus*.

Flaccus, made free by *Claudius*, com-
pos'd the Muſick, which was per-
form'd on *Tyrian* Flutes.

It was taken from the Greek of
Menander, and Acted

Under the Conſulſhip of { L. *Anicius*
and
M. *Cornelius*,

A. U. C. 591. Before CHRIST 165.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Micio, { *A rich Citizen of Athens, a mild, sweet-natur'd old Gentleman, and a Bachelor, extream loving and kind to his Nephew, Eschine and Ctesipho; the first of which he adopts for his own.*

Demea, { *His Brother, Father to Eschine, and Ctesipho, a Country Gentleman, and a violent angry, fretful, busie, meddling Fellow; strict and severe to his Son, and a great Pretender to Education.*

Eschine, { *Demea's eldest Son, adopted by Micio, in love with Pamphila, a wild loose Spark of the Town, generous and free-hearted, who, by reason of Micio's Indulgence, often runs into open Extravagancies.*

Ctesipho, { *His Brother, as naturally vicious as the other, but for want of Encouragement, is very fearful and secret, concealing all from his Father, whom he lives with in the Country.*

Hegio, { *Sostrata's Kinsman; a downright, true-hearted, honest Athenian.*

Syrus, { *Eschine's Servant, a subtle, insinuating, sly, ingenious Fellow, bold and saucy, almost always bantring, imposing, and putting upon Demea.*

Dromo, *Another of Eschine's Servants.*

Geta, { *A very honest, true, and faithful Servant of Sostrata's.*

W O M E N.

Sannio, *A foolish Woman-Merchant, alias a Bawd.*

Sostrata, *A decay'd old Gentlewoman of Athens.*

Pamphila, *Her Daughter, debauch'd by Eschine.*

Canthara, *Nurse to Pamphila.*

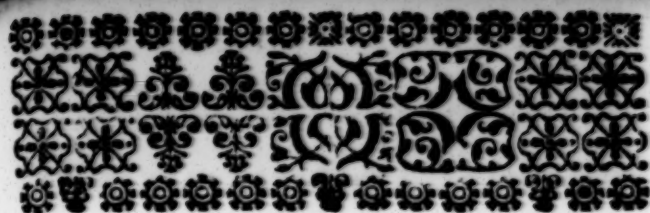
M U T E S.

Parmeno, Storax, and other Servants of Micio's, the Musick-Girl, Rabble, Attendants, &c.

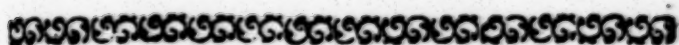
S C E N E, A T H E N S.

The T I M E, about eight or nine Hours.

THE



THE
BROTHERS.



ACT I.

SCENE, *the Street before Micio's Door.*

TIME, *early in the Morning.*



Micio *speaks within.*] *Storax, I say!* —————

Enter Micio alone.

Mic. *entering.*



O! No News, I see, of *Eschine* since last Night's Entertainment, nor of any of the Servants that went to bring him home. — Well, 'tis true as they say, If a Man be but of the Way, or out stays his Time a little, he's less concern'd at the Scolding and Suspensions of a jealous Wife, than a fond Parent is for a Child upon the like Occasion: For she, if you don't come in at your Hour, takes it for granted that you have pick'd up a Girl, or a Girl you; or else, that you're at the Tavern,

vern, or some other place of Diverſion, or ſo; however, that you fare-well, whatever becomes of the poor Soul at home. But for me now, what a world of Thoughts, and what a rabble of Whinſies have I i' my Head, for this Boy's lying out laſt Night, leſt he ſhould be ſtarv'd with Cold, tumbld into a Cellar, or ha' broke a Leg or an Arm.—Lord! that a Man ſhould ſet his Heart upon any thing, and make it dearer to him than himſelf! And upon the whole Matter, this Boy is none of my Son neither, but my Brother's who is of a quite different Humour from me. For my part I always choſe the quiet Life of the Town, to live at eaſe, and (what the Wits count a Happineſs) have never been troubled with a Wife: But my Brother o' t'other hand has always liv'd in the Country, pinching and taking a World of Pains, committed Matrimony, and was the Father of two Sons; the eldeſt I have adopt-ed, brought up, eſteem'd and lov'd as my own; I pleaſe myſelf in him, the only Creature I dote upon; then I do all I can to make him do e'en what he will himſelf, and don't think it fit upon every turn to make uſe of my Authority. In ſhort I ha' brought him to this, that he'll conceal none of the Levities of his Youth, which others ſo induſtriouſly hide from their Fathers; for, he that won't ſtick to falſify to his own Father, or will put upon him, will be ſure to make bolder with other People. 'Twas always my Opinion, that 'tis much better to keep Children in order by Shame and Generoſity of Inclination, than by Fear. My Brother and I can't agree in this Point, and my way of Breeding won't go down with him; ever and anon he comes open'd mouth to me, — *Why Micio, What d'ye mean? Will ye be the Ruin of our Child? why does he whore? Why does he drink? Why d'ye maintain him in all this? You let him go too fine; You are extreamly filly in't.* He's extreamly ſevere, I ſay beyond all Right and Reason; and truly, in my Mind, that Man is very much out that believes Government purely by Force ſhould have

have more authority, and a better foundation, than when it is accompanied with tenderness and respect. This is my Logic, and I argue thus: He that's compell'd by Threats to do his Duty, will be wary no longer than you have an eye over him, but when he sees he shan't be found out, he'll e'en follow his own Inclinations. But he that's govern'd by Love obeys most chearfully, strives to make his due Returns, and is the same whether you are present or absent. 'Tis a Father's part to use his Child so, as his own choice, rather than outward constraint, should put him upon doing well. Here lies the difference between a Father and a Master; and he that does otherwise, let him own, that he understands not at all how to govern Children. [*seeing Demea at a distance.*] But isn't that the Gentleman I am discoursing of? — 'Tis he for certain. — He knits his Brows, but I know not why. I believe he's upon the Railing-pin, as he uses to be.

Enter Demea.

Mic. Brother! You are welcome to Town.

Dem. Oh! Well met! You're the Man I want.

Mic. What makes you so off the Hooks?

Dem. Is that a Question for me, when we have got such a hopeful Youth as *Eschime*?

Mic. I said it would be so. [*Aside.*] What has he done now, pray?

Dem. What has he done? He's a sham'd of nothing, afraid of no-body, and looks upon himself to be a lawless Man. I have nothing to say to old Stories, but what a prank has he just now play'd?

Mic. What's that, I pray?

Dem. Why, he has gone and broke open a Man's Door, broke into his House, beat the Master and all his Family most barbarously, left 'em for dead, and carry'd off a Wench he had a fancy for by force of Arms. Every body cry'd shame on't: What a world of people told me on't, as I came along! Nay, the whole Town rings on't. To say no more, if he

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would

wou'd but take Example. does he not see how closely his Brother minds his Business, lives sparingly and soberly in the Country? He wou'dn't do such a thing for the world. But, Brother, in blaming *Eschine*, I blame you too, 'tis you have been the spoiling of him.

Mic. There's nothing more unreasonable than a Man unacquainted with the World, that thinks nothing well done, but what he does himself.

Dem. Why that, pray?

Mic. 'Cause you take things much otherwise than ye ought. Believe me, Brother, 'tis no such mighty business for a young Fellow to wench and drink a little: No, nor yet to break a Door: If you and I were less extravagant, 'twasn't for want of will, but money: And you count that your Virtue which is only owing to Necessity; which is not fairly done; for had we had wherewithal, we shou'd ha'been as wild as others. And had you but common Sense, you wou'd give that fine Son of yours the same liberty, whilst he's young, rather than he shou'd, when your Bones are laid, (which he has often pray'd for) take the same wild Courses at an Age when they will less become him.

Dem. 'Sbud! You're enough to distract one! Then, belike there's no harm in a young Man to live at this mad rate!

Mic. Patience, good Brother! Prithee don't deafen my Ears with old Stories. You gave me your Son, and by adoption he's mine; if he be extravagant, I shall bear the blame on't, and pay for't over-and-above. He treats, he drinks, he dresses! 'Tis all at my Charge. He keeps a Miss too! I'll supply his Pocket as long as I'm able, and when that fails perhaps they'll turn him out. Has he broke any doors? They shall be made good. Torn any Cloaths? They shall be mended too. I thank my Stars, I've wherewithal to do it, and as yet am not uneasy under it. In short! either leave off complaining, or choose who you will be judg'd by, and I'll make it appear, that you're more to blame than I.

Dem.

Dem. Mercy upon me! Learn to be a Father by them that are so indeed.

Mic. You are his Father by Nature, but I have the Care of him.

Dem. Ay, special Care! [scornfully.]

Mic. Nay, if you're at that Sport. I'll be gone. Offers to go.

Dem. Will ye so? —

Mic. What shou'd I stay for, to hear the same thing a thousand times over?

Dem. 'Tis only from my concern for him.

Mic. And I'm concern'd for him too; bnt, good Brother, let's each concern ourselves as we ought; you for one, and I for t'other: For you to take care of both, looks as if you revok'd that grant which made him mine.

Dem. Ay! Brother. [Shakes his Head.]

Mic. I'll have it thus.

Dem. Will ye so? — Well, if that be your Resolution, let him squander all, damn all, himself and all, 'tis all one to me. If ever I speak a Syllable more. —

[In a Passion.]

Mic. Now you begin to be angry again.

Dem. Don't you think there's Reason for't. Do I desire to ha' your rare Son from ye? It grieves me, I must confess, for he's my own Flesh and Blood still. If I oppose, I shall — But I ha' done. You'd ha' me take eare of one, and so I will. Heavens be prais'd, he proves after my own Heart. Your Profligate will feel the smart on't at last. — Well! But I won't be too hard upon him. [Exit Demea.]

Micio alone.

I believe part of what he said is true, but not all: And truly, I'm a little mov'd at it, though I wou'dn't shew myself concern'd before him; for he's such a strange Man, that to pacify him you must cross and out-hector him, though then he can scarce contain himself. But should I chafe him, and blow the Coal, I shou'd e'en be the Madman for Com-

pany. Yet, I must confess, my *Eschine* has been a kind of a naughty Boy in this Business. What Courtisan has not he visited? Or, what pretty Face has he not presented some Toy or other to? In fine, not long ago (sick I thought of these Creatures) he told me he wou'd take up and marry. I was in hopes the heats of his Youth had been abated, and was heartily glad on't: When on a sudden a new Fire broke out. But I'll know it, whate'er the Matter is, and go see where I can meet with my Gentleman at the Change. [Exit Micio.]

The End of the First Act.



ACT II.

Enter Eschine with a Sword drawn, leading in the Musick-Girl, and attended by Parmeno, and Storax; after comes Sannio, running with the Rabble at his Heels.

San. as out of Breath. **H**Elp—good Neighbours, — I beseech ye! Help—a—miserable, innocent — helpless Creature.

Esch. to the Girl.] Stand your Ground my pretty Rogue, and don't be afraid. Why dost thou look behind thee? There's no Danger at all: And while I'm by, let him touch thee if he dare.

San. I'll have her again in spite of the World.

Esch. Tho' he's a very Rascal, yet he shan't provoke me to give him another beating to day.

San. Hark ye, Sir, that ye mightn't pretend to be ignorant of my Profession, I tell ye I'm a Woman Merchant.

Esch. A Cock Bawd you mean.

San. And one of the greatest Repute in Town. And don't you fancy now that you shall get off by saying

saying, 'Twas against my Will that you were abus'd:
By the Lord Harry, I value it not a Straw. Assure
yourself I'll trounce you to some Tune; your fine
Words shall never make amends for the Blows you
gave me. I know these will be your Tricks and
Excuses: *I'm extreamly sorry for't, I'll take my Oath*
you did not deserve this Usage. When the truth on't
is, I've been us'd worse than a Dog.

Esch. to Parmeno.] Run quickly before, Sirrah,
and open the Door.

San. You had as good stay where you are.

[*Parmeno opens the Door.*]

Esch. to the Girl] Step in quickly with him, my
dear Rogue.

San. *stepping between*] But I forbid that, tho'.

Esch. Come hither *Parmeno* — You are too far, —
Stand close to that Son of a Whore. — So that's
well. Take Care to keep your Eye full upon mine,
that when I tip the wink you may be ready to give
him a slip in the Face.

San. I'd fain see that.

*Eschine gives the Girl
to Parmeno, which
Sannio seeing, runs,
and catches hold of her*

Esch. Have a care *Parmeno*. [*Parmeno strikes him.*]

Esch. to Sannio.] Dog! Let go your hold.

San. Oh monstrous!

Esch. You shall have the second Part o'th' same
Tune, if you han't a Care. [*Parmeno strikes him.*]

San. Murder! Murder!

Esch. to Parmeno] Hold, you go beyond your
Commission. But better too much than too little —
You may march off now, you've got your black and
blue Livery, Mr. *Sannio*!

[*Exit Parmeno with the Girl.*]

San. What do you mean, Sir? Do you reign
Lord and Master here?

Esch. If I did, I'd reward your Bawdship accord-
ing to your Deserts.

San. Pray what authority have you over me?

Ejcb. None, perhaps.

San. How! D'ye know who I am, Sir?

Ejcb. Nor yet desire it.

San. Did I meddle with any thing of yours, pray?

Ejcb. If you had, Sirrah, it shou'd have been a dear meddling.

San. Then how comes it to be more lawful for you to take my Goods, which I honestly bought and paid for? Answer me that, pray.

Ejcb. You hadn't best stand bawling at this rate before the Door; if ye plague us any more, I'll have ye dragg'd in, and whipp'd as long as ye can stand.

San. Bless me! Free-born, and whipp'd!

Ejcb. That's your Doom.

San. Oh the wickedness of the Man! Is this the general Freedom they talk of, with a Pox?

Ejcb. Worthy Mr. *Pimp*! If your mad Fit's over, hear me a word if your Honour's so dispos'd.

San. Was't I that was mad, or you?

Ejcb. Let that pass, now come to the point.

San. What point? Whither shall I come?

Ejcb. Will ye give me leave to speak about your business?

San. With all my Heart, provided it be just.

Ejcb. Heigh-toss! 'The *Bawd's* turn'd Puritan, and wou'd teach me Justice.

San. Tho' I am a Bawd, the common bane of Youth, a forlorn Wretch, a publick Nufance, yet I never did you any wrong, Sir.

Ejcb. That's kept for an after-clap.

San. Pray, Mr. *Ejcbine* return to your first proposal.

Ejcb. The Girl cost ye about fifty Guineas, may it never thrive with ye! The money shall be paid ye again.

San. What if I wont part with her, who a plague shall force me? Will you?

Ejcb. No.

San. I was afraid you wou'd.

Ejcb. Truly, Friend *Sannio*, between you and I,
she's

she's not to be sold at all: For she's a Gentlewoman, and so I'll prove her to be. Now, Blockhead, choose whether you'll take the Money, or try it out at Law.

— Chew upon this 'till I come back, worthy Mr. Pinchwell. [Exit Eschine:]

Sannio *alone*] Heavens! Now I don't wonder to see a Man's Brains turn'd by Oppression. This Son of Thunder has ravish'd me out of my Cattle, beat me to Mummy, took a Girl from me *et c.* & Armis, and given poor Sizzy five hundred Bullinadoes. After this sweet usage he'd have me surrender up my Right and Title to her without Interest. Fith he shall have her indeed, since he deserves her so well, and requires nothing but what's *just*. — [Studies] Well, I wish it might be so, so he pays me down the Ready — But my Mind misgives me damnably, that whenever I do but set the Price, he'll presently bring Witnesses to swear 'twas a direct Bargain between us. Then for my Money, I may go whistle for't: He'll say, *Come again an Hour hence, to-morrow*. That I can bear too, so I may be sure on't at last, tho' it be some damage to me. — 'Twill be so, as sure as a Gun. Since, Friend Sanny, thou hast taken up such a nasty Trade, thou must be content to bear and pocket up the Affronts of such hectoring Gallants. But since no-body's here to pay me, I reckon my Chickens before they are hatcht.

Enter Syrus at a little distance.

Syr. *to Eschine within*.] Hush! Not a word more, I'll go to him myself, and make him skip at the Money, and say, *He's rarely well dealt by*. — [Goes to Sannio.] What's the News with you, Mr. Sannio? I hear my Master and you have had a kind of a Scuffle.

San. *shrugging*.] A Scuffle do'ye call't; Never the like surely. We were both sufficiently tir'd: He with beating me, and I with being beaten.

Syr. You may think yourself for't.

San. How cou'd I help it?

Syr. You shou'd ha' born with the young Gentleman's Humour a little.

San. What cou'd I do more? I'm sure I bore all the Blows upon my Face he was pleas'd to give me.

Syr. Well, d'ye know what I'm going to say? To baulk an Ace sometimes is the best Play.

San. Hey-ho!

Syr. You are so timorous, like a senseless Sot: Now if you had parted with a little of your Right, and humour'd the Gentleman, you ha' got the Devil and all at the long run.

San. I don't love to buy a Pig in a Bag.

Syr. Ah, thou'lt never be worth any thing. Out upon ye, as if you hadn't a Spring to catch Woodcocks.

San. I believe that might be the best way, but I had never the Grace to follow it, nor to refuse the Ready when I cou'd get it.

Syr. Go to I know your generous Spirit: As tho' you regarded half a hundred Guineas, so you cou'd serve my Master by't: Besides, they say you are making a Voyage to *Cyprus*.

San. Oh!

Syr. And have bought up several *Commodities* to transport thither; the Vessel's hir'd. I know your Mind's a little wavering about this Money, when you come back I hope to see an end to the Business.

San. I've no Voyage to make. — Faith, I'm undone; 'tis upon this they've built their Plot. [*Aside.*

Syr. The Fellow's upon the Fret, I've put a Flea in his Ear. [*Aside.*]

San. to himself. O horrid! see how he has nick't me in the critical Minute! When I've just laid in a Stock of Females, and other Wares, to carry to *Cyprus*: If I leave my Fair, 'twill half break me, and if I leave this Business at six and sevens, the Time will be over when I come back; there will be no Remedy, and I shall have a plaguy cold Welcome: *Are you come now, they'll say, to persecute? Why did ye let it run so long? where ha' ye been all this while?* so that I had better lose ev'ry Cross on't, than tarry so long before I sue for't.

Syr.

Syr. clapping him on the Shoulders.] Well, halt been casting up all the Gains of this Voyage?

San. Is this like a Gentleman? Is this Mr. *Eschine's* Conscience, to take a Girl away by main Force?

Syr. aside.] He sinks amain. — I've one thing more to propose, see if you like it. Come, compound for half, rather than run the hazard of saving or losing all; we'll make a hard shift but we'll scrape up about five and twenty Guineas somewhere or other.

San. Oh miserable! Now poor I am in danger of losing part o'th' very principal. Is he past all shame? He has beat all my Teeth down my Throat, and my Had into an entire Jelly; then he'd tick me o'th' Money into the Bargain. — I have no Voyage to make.

Syr. That's as you please. — Ha' ye any further Commands? — I'm going.

San. Ay, pray good Mr. *Syrus*, however things ha' been, rather than sue and quarrel, let him pay me my own, at least what she cost me. I know, ye little Rogue, you never had occasion, as yet, to make use of me as a Friend; but if you shou'd, you'll say I'm no forgetful or ungrateful Person.

Syr. I'll do my best. — Oh, yonder comes *Ctespho* i'faith, as brisk as a Body-louse, for his misfires.

San. Well, will ye do as I desir'd ye?

Syr. Have a little Patience.

Enter Ctespho.

Sannio walks out.

Ctes. to himself.] When a Man stands in need of a Good turn, he's glad to receive it from any Hands; but it does him a double pleasure when it comes from one he has reason to expect it from. Oh Brother, Brother! how do I adore thee now! This I'm sure of, that the very best words I can give thee are short of thy Deserts: And I am happy in this particular beyond all Mortals, that I've the most accomplish'd Brother in Nature.

Syr. Oh, Mr. *Ctespho*!

Ctes. Dear Rogue *Syrus*, where's my Brother?

Syr. Look ye, he's at home waiting for you.

Ctes. Oh brave!

Syr. What's the Matter, Sir?

Ctes. The Matter, old Boy? I shou'd ha' been cold in my Grave but for his Means. — Ah, he's an honest Soul; he neglected his own Interest to serve me. He has taken upon himself all the Curses, Scandals, Love-Matters, and Miscarriages that belong to me; And what cou'd he do more? But who comes there? What makes the Door go?

Syr. Stay, stay, here he comes himself.

Enter Eschine.

Esch. Where's the Scoundrel Son of a Whore?

San. Does he want me? Has he got any Money? I'm broke; the De'il a Penny do I see.

Esch. Hah! This is lucky, 'twas you I was wishing for. — Well, how is't? *Alè's well*, off with that sowre Look.

Ctes. Now I ha' reason, having such a Brother as you, O *Eschine*! My true Brother indeed! I dare not praise ye any more before your Face, lest you shou'd think it proceeded rather from Flattery than Gratitude.

Esch. Leave your fooling, as tho' we were mere Strangers to one another: But this troubles me, that we cou'dn't know o'th' Business sooner; for the Matter was come to that pass, that all the World cou'd scarce ha' helpt you, tho' they had desir'd it.

Ctes. Modesty hinder'd me.

Esch. Pshaw! 'twas Folly not Modesty. What! to be for running your Country for so small a Matter? Fie upon't: Heavens forbid that.

Ctes. 'Twasn't well I own.

Esch. to *Syrus*.] What has *Sannio* concluded on?

Syr. He's grown very tame.

Esch. I'll to the Piazza and discharge him. — But do you, Brother, step in to your Mistress.

San. Good Mr. *Syrus*, Push on the Business.

[*Aside to him.*

Syr.

Syr. Let's be quick, Sir, for the Man's in haste for Cyprus.

San. I'm in no such haste, — I've nothing to do but to wait for the Money.

Syr. You shall have it Man, never fear't.

San. What all!

Syr. Yes all Say no more about it, but follow us.

San. So I will. *Exeunt Eschine and Sannio.*

Ctes. to Syrus going off. Hark ye, Syrus.

Ctes. Prithee see that paltry Rascal dispatch'd as soon as possible, lest upon farther provocation the Business comes to my Father's Ears, then I shall be ruin'd to all intents and purposes.

Syr. That shan't be: Take heart, Sir. Do you toy away half an hour or so with your Mistress the mean time within; order the Butler to lay the Cloth, and all things to be got ready; as soon as the Business is over, I'll march home with plenty of Provisions.

Ctes. Prithee do; and since things have fallen out so luckily, let's e'en make a Day on't.

Exeunt severally.

The End of the Second Act.



ACT III.

Sostrata and Canthara.

Soft. **P**RIThee, my good Nurse, how is she like to do?

Can. How! Troth I hope she'll have a good time on't. Her Pains, my good Mistress, are just beginning: You are as fearful now, as if v' had ne'er been at a Labour, nor cry'd out yourself.

Soft. Alas-a-day! I've no-body at home, and we are all alone. Our Man Geta's out o'th' way too; and there's never a Soul to send for the Midwife, or to call *Eschine*.

Cau:

Can. Without doubt, *Eschine* will be here anon: Never a Day goes over his Head, but we have his Company.

Sog. He's the only Comfort I have in my Affliction:

Can. As the Case stands, Mistress, the Business cou'dn't fall into better Hands, since she had the mischance by such a Gentleman, of such Parentage, so generous, and so nobly descended.

Soft. You're much in the Right: Heavens keep ours for ever.

Enter Geta as out of Breath at a great distance.

Get. himself.] We are now brought to that pass, that if all the World laid their Heads together, to find out a remedy for this mischief that has happen'd to myself, my Mistress, and her Daughter, they cou'd do us no good. — Oh miserable! Such a Flood of Difficulties o'erwhelm us, that 'tis impossible to keep above Water. Ravishment, Poverty, Oppression, Desertation, Infamy. — Is the Age so debauched?—Abominable Villains! Cursed Wretches? The Devil of a Man. —

Soft, Bless me! What makes our *Geta* in such a Fright, and in such haste?

Get. to himself. — Whom nothing cou'd restrain or move, neither Promises, Oaths, nor Pity, nor yet the approaching Travail of her he had so shamefully abus'd.

Soft, I can't well understand what the Fellow says.

Can. Pray Mistress let's go a little nigher him.

Get. to himself.] Ah poor *Geta*! I'm scarce *Compos mentis*, my Passion has inflam'd me: I'd desire nothing more than to meet the whole Family of 'em, that I might disgorge my Rage upon 'em, now my Blood's up: I'd be contented to suffer any thing, so I might have a swinging Revenge upon 'em: First, I'd tread out the stinking Snuff his Father, that gave Being to the vile Rascal; then for that Dog *Syrus*, that put him upon't, — how I'd tear him piecemeal! I'd give him such a toss, dash his Scull against
the

the Stones, and strew the Streets with his Brains. That Boy *Ejcbine* too, I'd tear out his Eyes, and after that break his Neck. — The rest I'd down with 'em, drive 'em, drag 'em, pound 'em, and trample 'em under my Feet. But what makes me loiter when I shou'd be telling this damn'd News to my Mistress? [Going off.]

Soft. Let's call him back. — What *Geta*?

Get. Pish, prithee don't trouble me, whosoever you are.

Soft. 'Tis your Mistress calls.

Get. Ay, where is she? — [turning about.] I was hunting for you, Mistress, 'twas you I look'd for. — You've met me as luckily as cou'd be.

Soft. What's the matter? Why dost pant so?

Get. Oh!

Soft. Why in such haste, my poor Boy? Come take Breath.

Get. We are absolutely —

Soft. What absolutely?

Get. — Undone, — past all recovery. —

Soft. For Heaven's sake what's the matter?

[In a Fright.]

Get. Just now. —

Soft. What just now, *Geta*?

Get. This Mr: *Ejcbine*.

Soft. What of him?

Get. Has quite — thrown off our Family.

Soft. Alas! undone indeed? but how so?

Get. He's run after another Face.

Soft. Wretch that I am!

Get. He didn't do things in the dark, but forc'd her from a Bawd in the Eyes of the World.

Soft. Are you sure of this?

Get. Most sure; these very Eyes saw it.

Soft. weeping.] Oh unfortunate *Sofstrata*! What canst thou trust to, or whom canst thou trust? Our dear *Ejcbine* do this! the very Soul of us all, in whom we plac'd our Hopes and Happiness! How oft

oft he swore he wou'dn't live a day without his *Pamphila*, and said, he'd put the Infant on his Father's Knees, and in that sort beg his leave to marry her.

Get. Pray, Mistress, forbear weeping, but rather consider what's fit to be done; whether we shou'd put up with the Affront, or tell it to a Friend.

Can. Hold, hold Man; Hast lost thy Senses; D'ye think this a Business fit to be blaz'd abroad?

Get. Nay, I'm for hushing of it against the world. First, the Case is plain, he has left us for good and all. Now if we make it publick, ten to one but he'll disown it, then your Reputation, and your Daughter's Honour will be call'd in question. But put the Case he confesseth all, 'twou'dn't be prudence to give him your Daughter, whilst he keeps another: Therefore, take the thing which way you please, Concealment is my Opinion.

ant. Ah, by no means: I'll not agree to't.

Get. What will ye do then?

Soft. Divulge it.

Get. How! Have a special care, Mistress, what you do.

Soft. The Case can never be worse than 'tis: For first, she has no portion; then she's robb'd of that which might ha' went instead of one; so that she can't be put off for a Maid. I have one shift left, if he deny't, the Ring he lost is Proof enough. In fine, since my own Conscience tells me, that this Mishap can't be charg'd either to my Covetousness, or to any base Ends that I or my Daughter had in't, we'll even venture a Try at Law.

Get. D'ye think so? Pray, think on't again.

Soft. Do you, *Geta*, make all the haile you can to her Cousin *Hegeos*, and tell him the whole Story; for he was a choice Friend of my poor Husband's, and had always a great kindness for our Family.

Get. Ay faith, there's no body else looks upon us.

Soft. Good *Canthara*, do you run, and call the Midwife, that she may be i'th' way, if need be.

[*Exeunt severally.*

Enter

Enter Demea alone.

Dem. Undone, undone! They say my Boy *Cleopho* made one with his Brother at the Rape; That he shou'd be able to debauch a Lad of his Sobriety is the only thing that cou'd add to my misfortunes. Where shall I search for him? I'm afraid they've carried him to some Bawdy-house or other. The Rake-hell his Brother has drawn him in, I'm confident. — But yonder comes *Syrus*, I'll learn of him where he is. But i'faith he's one of their Gang, and if he perceive I want it, the Rogue will never tell me any thing; therefore he shan't know my design.

Enter Syrus at another part of the Stage, very merry.

Syr. to himself.] We've been telling the whole Exploit to the old Gentleman, and how 'twas carried on: I never saw the old Man so tickled in my whole Life.

Dem. over-hearing.] Bless me! What a Coxcomb's my Brother?

Syr. to himself.] He commended his Son, and thank'd my Worship for advising of him.

Dem. I can't hold any longer.

[Aside.

Syr. to himself.] He told out the Money forthwith, and gave us a Broad-piece overplus to be merry withal, and e'dad, 'twas employ'd even as I'd have it.

Dem. Hah! If you'd have any thing done as it shou'd be, commend me to this Gentleman. *[Aside.*

Syr. starting.] Hi, Mr. *Demea*, I didn't see ye, How does your Worship?

Dem. How? — I can't but wonder at your fine way of living.

Syr. Faith, Sir, 'tis pretty silly, and to speak the truth, somewhat oddish. *[Turning to Micio's House]*

You *Dromo*, gut and scale the rest o'th' Fish, but the great Conger Eel, let him ply in the Water a little; when I come back, we'll bone him, and not before.

Dem. Are the escin'a'ous Villanies to be allow'd off?

Syr. to Demea] I trow, Sir, I don't like 'em at all, and do often cry out, *[to him within.]* *Stephanio*, see that the Salt-fish be well water'd.

Dem.

Dem. Oh Heavens ! Does he do this on purpose, or does he think 'twill be for his Credit to ruin his Son ? What a sad Creature am I ? Methinks I have the day before my Eyes when this Boy will be forc'd for want of Bread to run his Country, and list himself a Soldier.

Syr. Oh, Sir ! There's Wisdom now ! to see things at a Distance, and not only what's just before ye.

Dem. Well, have ye got the fiddling Wench at your House ?

Syr. She's there within.

Dem. The Devil ! surely she's not to dwell there ?

Syr. I believe they're mad enough to ha't so.

Dem. Is't possible ?

Syr. Ah, the foppish fondness and pernicious Easiness of a Father !

Dem. In good Truth, I'm asham'd, and heartily griev'd for my Brother.

Syr. There's too much ; ay, a great deal too much difference, Sir, between you two (tho' I shou'dn't say so much before your Face) you, Sir, as much as there's o'ye, are wisdom all over : But he's a meer Gimcrack. Wou'd you ha' suffered your Son to ha' done thus ?

Dem. Suffer'd him ? 'Zooks ! I shou'd ha' smelt him out six whole Months before he had been concern'd in such a Business.

Syr. Ah, Sir, you need not tell me what a wary Man you are.

Dem. Heavens grant he may continue as he is.

Syr. Children prove as their Fathers make 'em.

Dem. But hark ye, Syrus, Prithce didn't see him to day ?

Syr. Mr. Ctesipho, Sir ! I'll send the old Fool packing into the Country. [*Aside*] He's gone into the Country, and hard at work by this time. [*To Demetrius.*]

Dem. Are you sure he's there ?

Syr. Sure ? Why I saw him out o' Town myself.

Dem.

Dem. That's well: I was afraid he had loiter'd hereabout still.

Syr. And was in a plaguy Huff too.

Dem. At what, prithee?

Syr. He fell out with his Brother 'ith' open Market about the Musick-wench.

Dem. Say you so?

Syr. I'faith he spoke his Mind freely; for when we were paying the Money, in drops he unawares upon the Back on's, and sets up an outcry, *Arn't ye asham'd, Brother Eschine, to commit such Villanies? That you shou'd dishonour our Family at this vile rate!*

Dem. E'dad he makes me weep for Joy.

[Wipes his Eyes.

Syr. *You don't only weaken your Estate, but your Reputation too.*

Dem. Heaven's bless him! I hope he will never degenerate.

Syr. Who questions it?

Dem. O Syrus, he poor Boy had his Head full of these Morals.

Syr. And well he may, when he has such a Father at home to fill it.

Dem. I do my best, and leave no Stone unturn'd, but exercise him in all that's good. Above all I charge him, *Look into Men's Actions as into a Glass, and take example by'em. Practise this, say I.—*

Syr. Very well, indeed.

Dem. *Shun that.*

Syr. Shrew'd.

Dem. *This is commendable.*

Syr. There you hit it again.

Dem. *That won't be allow'd at all.*

Syr. Most admirable.

Dem. *And moreover. —*

Syr. *interrupting.]* Your Pardon, Sir, I amn't at leisure for your *Moreover's*: I've got an excellent Dish of Fish to my Tooth, and I must take special care that they ben't spoil'd: For that is as scandalous a business

business among us, Sir, as the neglect of your Duty is among them. And according to my abilities I give my fellow-servants Instructions after the self-same manner. *This is too salt (say I :) That's too much, this isn't done cleanly enough; that's well done, pray remember to do so another time.* I instruct 'em diligently, as well as my Palate will serve me. Last of all too, I bid 'em *look into their Dishes, as into a Glass, and there learn their Duty.* I confess, these are mere Toys; But what signifies that? We must suit our Morals to the persons we deal with.— Please to command me, Sir?

Dem. Yes, to get a little more Wit among ye.

Syr. D'ye design for the Country, Sir?

Dem. Ay, to rights.

Syr. Ay, what should you do here, Sir, where all your good Morals are but thrown away.

[*Exit Syrus.*]

Demea alone.

Ay, truly, I'll to my Country-Farm, since he that brought me hither is gone back again. That Boy's all my Care, he's my true Son; since my Brother will have his own way, let him look to that Rakehell.— But who comes yonder at a distance? Mr. *Hegio*, one of our own Ward? ——— If my Eyes don't fail me, 'tis he indeed. Ah, we've been Cronies from our Cradles. By *Jove*, such honest Citizens are very scarce now-a-days: A Man o'th' right old Stamp for Virtue and Fidelity, and wou'd not do the Government any harm for the world. How glad am I to see the remains of the old Stock! Ah, Life is pleasant to me now. I'll wait for him here, and bid him Good-morrow, and have a little Discourse with him.

Enter Hegio and Geta at a distance.

Heg. Ye Powers! a dishonourable Action! What is it you say, *Geta*? Hah!

Get. Just as I told ye.

Heg. That ever the Family shou'd be guilty of such

such an ungentleel thing. Oh, *Eschine*! You didn't learn this of your Father, I'm sure.

Dem. overhearing] Yes; he has heard of this Singing Wench too, and it nearly touches him tho' a Stranger: But his sweet Father takes no notice on't. Oh dismal! Wou'd he was but by a little, that, he might hear all these Complaints.

Heg. If they won't give Satisfaction, they mustn't think to carry it off thus.

Get. We all rely upon you, Sir, we ha' none else to stand by us: You are our Guardian and Father too. The old Gentleman upon his Death-bed bequeath'd us all to your Care, and if you forsake us, we're utterly undone.

Heg. No more of that: I'll not forsake ye, nor can I do it with a safe Conscience.

Dem. I'll to him— honest *Hegio*, I'm heartily glad to see ye.

Heg. Oh! Mr. *Demea*, I'm your humble Servant, you are the Man I wanted.

Dem. How so, Sir?

Heg. Why your eldest Son *Eschine*, whom your Brother has adopt'd, has done neither like an honest Man, nor a Gentleman.

Dem. What has he done?

Heg. You knew one *Simulus*, a Friend and Contemporary of ours.

Dem. Yes, very well.

Heg. Why, he has debauch'd his Daughter.

Dem. Oh!

Heg. Hold, Sir, the worst is to come yet.

Dem. What more Mischief still?

Heg. Yes, truly; for that was in some measure excusable. He had Opportunity, Heat, Wine, and Youth to prompt him to't; 'twas but a human Frailty. But when he was sensible of his Fault, he comes forthwith to her Mother, weeping, praying, intreating, promising and swearing he'd take her home and marry her! Upon this all was pardon'd, hush'd

hush'd and rely'd upon. The young Woman prov'd with Child upon this, has gone her forty Weeks, but this sweet Youth is got to a Ballad-singer, in the Devil's Name, keeps her at his Father's, and has left the other to shift for herself.

Dem. Is all this true are you sure?

Heg. The Mother is ready to prove it, the young Woman and the Business speaks itself; Besides here's *Geta*, as Servants are now, none of the worst, a painful Fellow, who maintains 'em all, and keeps the whole Family himself; take him, bind him, force the Truth out of him.

Get. Yes, verily, Sir, rack me to death, if all ben't true: Besides, Mr. *Eschine* himself won't deny it, pray, Sir, bring us Face to Face.

Dem. I'm horribly asham'd, and can't imagine what to do, or what to answer, to make him.

Pamphila within.] Oh me! I'm torn in pieces—Help ye Powers above, and ease me for Heaven's sake.

Heg. to Geta.] Hah! Prithee was that she that cry'd out?

Get. Without doubt, Sir.

Heg. Ah, Mr. *Demea*, she calls upon your Honour now, and begs ye to do that freely which the Law would else oblige ye to. I beg Heaven to inspire ye to do as you ought; but if you are otherwise minded Mr. *Demea*, I'll maintain her, and her dead Father's Cause to the last Penny in my Purse. He was my Kinsman, we were bred up Children together, we were together at Wars abroad, and Peace at home, and together we underwent the straits of Poverty: Therefore I'll about it, do my utmost, and bring it to a Tryal, and rather lose my Life than desert these poor Women—What answer will ye return?

Dem. I'll go talk with my Brother, Sir; what Advice he gives, that I'll follow.

Heg. But Mr. *Demea*, do but consider with yourself, that the more you live at ease, the more powerful, the more rich, the more happy, and the more noble

noble you are, so much the more honest and just ought to be, if you'd be thought Men of Honour.

Dem. Away! No more, you shall have all Right and Justice done you.

Heg. Spoken like a worthy Gentleman. —

Geta, bring me to your Mistress.

[*Exeunt Hegio and Geta*

Demea alone.

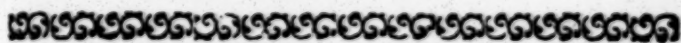
This was no more than I foretold. I wish to my Soul this was the last mad Prank; but this allowance of so much Liberty will end at last in some sad Story or other — Well, I'll go hunt for my Brother, and discharge this News in his very Face.

[*Exit Demea.*

At the same time re-enters Hegio.

Heg. to Sostrata within.] Chear up good Coz, and comfort your Child's poor Heart as much as you can, I'll go discourse Mr. *Micio*, if he be at the Piazza, and let him know how the Case stands; if he designs to do us right, well and good; if not, let him declare it plainly, that I may know how to take my Measures accordingly.

The End of the Third Act.



ACT IV.

Ctesipho and Syrus.

Ctes. entering. MY Father's gone into the Country
say ye?

Syr. Above an Hour ago.

Ctes. Prithce tell me true.

Syr. He's at his Grainge, slaving himself most horribly by this time I'll warrant ye.

Ctes. Faith, if it might not endanger his Health, I could wish heartily he might be so miserably tir'd, as to be laid up these three days.

Syr. So say I: And a longer time too, if possible.

Ctes.

Ctes. Ay, ay : for I'd very fain, now I've begun the Day merrily, make an end of it merrily too. The only Quarrel I have with our Country-house is, that 'tis too nigh the Town : Were it farther off, before he could get thither and back again, 'twould be Night first. But now when he finds no *Ctesipho* at Home, I'm sure he'll be upo' th' Spur back again in an Instant. Then to Catechizing he goes: *Pray where ha' you been, Sir ? What can't a Man have a Glimpse of ye in a whole Day's Time ?* What Excuse shall I have?

Syr. Han't ye got one ready ?

Ctes. The Devil a one have I.

Syr. So much the worse : Why if you had but one of your Domesticks, a Friend, or a Guest, that were better than no-body yet.

Ctes. I have, what then ?

Syr. Pretend you had hasty Business to dispatch.

Ctes. What when I had none ? 'Twon't do.

Syr. 'Twill tho'.

Ctes. Ay for the Day : But if I lie out all Night, what Excuse then *Syrus* ?

Syr. 'Tis pity it is not more the Fashion to serve a Friend in the Night as well as Day. — But however, set your Heart at rest ; I know your Father's Humour to a Hair. When he rages like a Lyon, I can presently make him as quiet as a Lamb.

Ctes. As how, I prithee ?

Syr. Oh, he's mightily tickled when any Body commends you : I make ye a very Saint before him, and reckon up all your virtuous Qualities.

Ctes. Mine ?

Syr. Ay yours : Then of a sudden the good man cries like a little Child, for Joy. — Look to yourself there.

Enter Demea at a Distance.

Ctes. *Starts.* What d'ye mean ?

Syr. Talk o'th' Devil and his Horns appear.

Ctes. Is't my Father ?

Syr. The very same.

Ctes.

Ctes. Prithee, Syrus, what shall we do now?

Syr. Run in quickly, I'll set my wits to work.

Ctes. If he ask for me, say you han't seen me, d'ye hear?

Syr. Can ye hold your Tongue? *Exit Ctesipho.*

Dem. *to himself.* I'm the unluckiest Creature that ever was born. In the first place, my Brother is not to be found above Ground: Then as I was looking for him, who should I see but a Workman just come from my Country-House, and says my Boy isn't there neither. Nor can I tell for my Life what Courle to steer.

Ctes. *appearing at the Window.*] Syrus!

Syr. What say ye?

Ctes. Does he enquire for me?

Syr. Yes, Faith.

Ctes. I'm undone.

Syr. Come, don't be discourag'd.

Dem. *to himself.*] How great is this my Misfortune! I can't sufficiently understand it, unless I was predestinated to be miserable. Is there any Mischief happens to our Family, to be sure I'm the first that am sensible on't, the first that knows it, the first that reports it, and the only Man that feels the weight when it falls.

Syr. Faith I can't but laugh at him, to hear him say, that he's the first that knows every thing, when he's the only Man that know's nothing. [*Aside.*]

Dem. *to himself.*] I'll e'en go again to see if my Brother be come back.

Ctes. Prithee, good Syrus, take Care he don't break in upon us unawares.

Syr. Peace I say, I'll take Care about it.

Ctes. Faith, Sir, but I shan't trust my Concerns in your Hands to Day; For I'll secure my Girl and myself in some by-Closet or other; E'dad that will be the surest way by half. [*Ctesipho retires.*]

Syr. Away! I'll clear the Cost of him in a trice.

Syr. *Moves towards Demea shugging his Shoulders, and jnivelling.*

Dem.

Dem. Oh! there's the Hell-hound, *Syrus*.

Syr. to himself.] If this Trade last long, there'll be no enduring the House. I'd fain know of their Worship how many Masters I am to have? what a damnable is this?

Dem. What a yelping this Cur makes? What does he ail? — What say you honest Man? Is my Brother at home? Ha!

Syr. Pox o' your honest Men, I'm a dead Man.

Dem. What's the Matter?

Syr. The Matter with a plague? Your sober-stay'd Son *Ctesipho* has almost beaten poor me and the Musick-Girl to Death.

Dem. What's that you say? Ha!

Syr. See how he has slit my Lip up to my Nose.

Dem. How comes this to pass?

Syr. He says I was the occasion o' the buying of her.

Dem. Didn't you just now tell me, he was gone into the Country, and you brought him part o' th' way.

Syr. True, Sir, but after that he came raving like a Madman, sparing never a Mother's Son of us. He might ha' been a sham'd to fall upon the Bones of a poor old Man, who t'other Day dandled him in my Arms, when he was no higher than this.

[Shows how high.]

Dem. Ha—ha—he—God-a-mercy *Ctesipho*: Old *Demea* right. Well! thou'rt a Man every Inch of thee.

Syr. D'ye commend him? but i'faith he had best keep his flippant Fingers to himself another time, if he understands himself.

Dem. 'Tis bravely done!

Syr. Very bravely indeed! To Cock-crow oversilly Woman, and a poor Servant, that daren't hold up a Finger against him — Yes, 'twas wonderful brave i'faith.

Dem. He cou'dn't ha' done better. He's o' my Opinion in thinking you to be the Ring-leader of this Roguery. — But is my Brother within?

Syr. No, he's abroad.

Dem.

Dem. I'm thinking where a-duce I may look for him.

Syr. I know where he's gone, but shan't tell till to Morrow,

Dem. What's that you say, Sirrah? hah!

Syr. Just so, Sir.

Dem. I'll crack your Scull presently, ye Dog.

[*Holds up his Cane.*]

Syr. bantering.] I know not the Man's Name where he is; but the Place I do.

Dem. Then tell me the Place, Sirrah.

Syr. still bantering.] Do you know the great Portico, that overlooks the Butcher-row as you go down there?

Dem. Well, what then?

Syr. still bantering.] Go strait along this Street, up there, [*pointing with his Fingers.*] When you are got there, you'll find on this Hand a Descent, make a civil step down there. After that you'll see a little Chappel on that Hand, and hard by that a little narrow Lane.

Dem. Whereabouts is that?

Syr. There, were the great wild Fig-tree stands, d'ye know it, Sir?

Dem. I do.

Syr. Keep directly through that.

Dem. But that narrow Lane is no Thorow-fare.

Syr. Ud's my Life 'tis true: I see I'm a silly Block-head, I was out. You must come back again to the great Portico: E'dad here's a nigher way, and easier to hit on. D'ye know my Lord Gratine's great House?

Dem. Yes.

Syr. When you are past that, turn to the Left-hand down the same Street, and when you're come to the Temple turn to the right-hand; before you come to the City Gates hard by the Horse-pond, there's a certain Mill, right-overagainst that is a Joyner's Shop, and there you'll find the Gentleman.

Dem. What Business has he there?

Syr. To speak for little Oaken-legg'd Tables to set in the Sun. —

I.

Dem.

Dem. For your Worships to drink about.—Fine work i'faith. But, why, why, amn't I gone to him?

Syrus alone

[*Exit Demes.*

Go thy ways for a Fool: I'll work thee off thy Stumps, as thou deservest, thou old doting Churl—But Mr. *Ejchine* stays a bloody while, Dinner will be quite spoiled: As for *Ctesipho* he's wholly taken up with his Mistress; but I'll take care of my own sweet Corps, and will pick out all the good Bits I can find, take off my Cups at my leisure, and so make the day as long as I can.

[*Exit Syrus.*

Enter Micio and Hegio.

Mic. entring.]—Indeed, Mr. *Hegio*, I can see nothing i'th' whole Business that deserves such mighty Commendations. I discharge but my Duty, and give satisfaction for the Faults of my own House: Perhaps you took me to be one of those Men that think they receive an Injury when they do't themselves, and so call Whore first: Now, 'cause I didn't serve you so, d'ye think yourself oblig'd to me for't?

Heg. Far be it from me! I never imagin'd ye to be any otherwise than I really find ye; but let me engage ye so far as to step over with me to the Girl's Mother; and tell her the very same you told me, that their Jealousy was false grounded, and that he took away the Musick-Girl for his Brother.

Mic. If you think it convenient and necessary, let's be going.

Heg. You do well, Sir! For you'll lighten the poor Creature's Heart that's ready to sink with Grief and Vexation, and keep up the Character of a worthy Gentleman. But, Sir, if you don't think it so proper, I'll tell her what you say myself.

Mic. No, no, I'll go with ye.

Heg. You oblige me, Sir: For howsoever it comes about, all that are a little down in the world are very suspicious, take every thing at the worst hand, and fancy themselves slighted, 'cause of their Misfortunes. Therefore 'twill give great Satisfaction to clear Mr. *Ejchine* yourself.

Mic.

Mic. You say nothing but what's true and reasonable.

Heg. Be pleas'd, Sir, to come this way.

Mic. I will.

Exeunt Hegio and Micio at the same time.

Enter Eschine alone.] I'm quite distracted ! That I should be so surpriz'd with this unlucky Misfortune, that I know not what to do or undertake ! Fear unfeebles my Limbs, Amazement shakes my Soul, and my Heart's uncapable of Advice. Alas ! how shall I wind myself out of these Incumbrances, since their Jealousies are seemingly well grounded. *Mrs. Saffrata* believes I bought the Musick-Girl for myself : Old *Cantbara* gave me to understand as much. For my chance I saw her as she was going for the Midwife, I presently made up to her, and ask'd her, how my dear *Pamphila* did, whether she was near her time ; and whether she was then going for the Midwife ? She presently let fly upon me. [*In another Tone.*] Away, away, Mr. Eschine ; you've besool'd us long enough, you've enjol'd us sufficiently with your fine Promise. Alack-a-day (said I) prithee what dost mean ? You may go now (continued she) and take up with the Girl you are so enamour'd with, I immediately perceiv'd their Jealousy : But yet I kept my Tongue between my Teeth, that I might not blab out any of my Brother's Secrets to that tatling Gypsie, to have it blaz'd about the Town in an Instant. ——— But what shall I do now ? Shall I go and say she's my Brother's ? A thing that ought not to be reveal'd for the World. ——— Well ! Let that pass, perhaps they won't discover it. Then I am afraid they won't take things as they are, there are so many Probabilities against me. 'Twas I myself that took her away, I myself that paid the Money for her, and 'twas I that furnish'd her with Lodgings. I must own the Fault of all this lies at my Door, for not telling my Father how Cases stood between me and my Mistress ; and not begging his Consent to take her home and marry her. We've been in a dead sleep till now, but now *Eschine* rouze thyself

up. First of all I'll go to 'em and clear myself —
 I'll up to the door strait. [*Goes and steps short*] Oh
 my Heart! how sadly it pants whensoever I knock
 at the Door. [*Goes and Knocks*] Soho! 'Tis your
 Friend *Eschine*; some Body open the door quickly.
 — But, ha! I can't imagine who comes out there?
 I'll keep a one side.

Enter Micio.

Mic. to Sofstrata within] Do as I order'd ye, Mrs.
Sofstrata, I'll find out *Eschine* to acquaint him how
 Matters are carry'd on. — — But where's he that
 knock'd at the Door?

Esch. 'Sdeath! My Father's Voice! I'm at a
 curst Nonplus. [*Aside.*]

Mic. Eschine.

Esch. What Business has he here? [*Aside.*]

Mic. Was't you that knock'd at the Door? —
 He's mute: Suppose I should banter with him a little,
 I believe 'twouldn't be amiss, since he'd never trust
 me with this Secret. — [*Aside.*]

Mic. What can't ye speak? *To Eschine.*

Esch. I didn't knock as I know of.

Mic. Indeed! Nay, I wonder'd what Business
 shou'd bring you hither. He blushes; that's Sign
 good enough. [*Aside.*]

Esch. Good Sir, (if I may be so bold) what Bu-
 siness had you at that House?

Mic. None o' my own. A Friend o' mine brought
 me from the Change to be his Spokesman in a Con-
 cern of his.

Esch. What was the Concern, Sir?

Mic. I'll tell ye: In this House dwells an ordi-
 nary Woman or two; which I suppose you don't
 know, nay, I'm sure you don't; for they han't liv'd
 long in these parts.

Esch. Well, Sir, what then?

Mic. Here's an old Woman and her Daughter —

Esch. So, Sir.

Mic.

Mic — The Daughter has hurried her Father :
Now this Friend o' mine is the nearest Relation and
by Law is forc'd to marry her himself.

Esch. Undone!

[*Aside.*

Mic *partly hearing.*] What's the Matter?

Esch. Nothing, very well : — Proceed, Sir.

Mic You must know he's just now come to take
her away with him : For he dwells at *Miletus*.

Esch. How ! to take the Girl away with him ?

[*Concernedly.*

Mic. Yes.

Esch. What, as far as *Miletus*, pray Sir ?

Mic. Ay.

Esch. *aside.*] It stabs me to the Heart. —

And the Women, Sir, what they say to't ?

Mic. What should they, think ye ; Ev'n just no-
thing : Only the Mother pretends her Daughter has
a Child by another Man (I can't tell who, for she
nam'd him not) that he was the first Comer, there-
fore the Kinsman must go without her.

Esch. So, Sir : And wasn't that a sufficient demurrer.

Mic. No indeed.

Esch. Why so, I beseech thee ? Will he take her
away in good Earnest ?

Mic. Ay, why shou'dn't he ?

Esch. Indeed, Sir, this was extream severe and
cruel (if I might take the Liberty) I might say, un-
gentleely done.

Mic. How so ?

Esch. How so ! What d'ye think will become of
the poor young Man her first Lover, (who, for ought
you know, loves her more desperately) when he
shall see her ravish'd before his Face, and hurried
away from his Sight for ever ? Oh, 'twas a very
dishonourable thing of you, Sir.

Mic. Why d'ye talk at this Rate ? Whose Promise
had he, or whose Consent ? When and how were
they married ? Pray who's the Man ? What made
him encroach upon another Man's Right ?

Esch. Was it fit for a Girl of her age to sit cross-leg'd at home waiting for a Kinsman's coming the Lord knows when? Indeed, dear Father, you ought in Justice to have alledg'd that, and ha' defended it.

Mic. Very good! Shou'd I ha' pleaded against my own Client? — But prithee Boy, what's all this to us? Or what ha' we to do with them? — Come, let's be going. — How now, Boy! Why in Tears tho'?

[*Eschine weeps.*]

Esch. Hear me one Word, I beseech ye.

Mic. Poor Boy I've heard and know all: For, loving thee, I cou'dn't but be concern'd in whate'er thou dost.

Esch. Dear Sir! I'd fain deserve your Love as long as you live. This Fault grieves me to the Soul, and I'm quite asham'd to look ye in the Face.

Mic. I believe it sincerely; for I well know thy generous Temper; but I'm afraid you don't mind your own Concerns. What kind of Government is't that you think you live in? Thou hast debauch'd a girl, whom by Law thou ought'st not to ha' touch'd, that's a great fault; and tho' very great, 'tis but a common Failing; others ha' done it often, and Men of Repute too. But when that was done tell me? Did you take the least Care about it? Or, Did you forecast in such a Case what should ha' been done, or how it shou'd have been done? And if thou hadst been asham'd to tell it me, cou'dn't I have known on't by others? This you were in doubt of for Ten Months together: so you have betrayed yourself, the poor young Woman, and your own Children too, as much as you were able. What! d'ye think that the Gods shou'd do your Work for ye, and you sleep the while? Must she be brought to your Bed-side, as if she were not worth the fetching? I wou'dn't ha' thee so miserably careless in other things for the World. — Come, don't be cast down however, thou shalt marry her.

Esch. How!

Mic. Don't be cast down, I say.

Esch.

Esch. Pray, Sir, are ye in earnest?

Mic. In earnest, why not?

Esch. That I can't tell, unless 'tis 'cause the more passionately I desire to have it so, the more I'm afraid it won't be so.

Mic. Get thee home and say thy Prayers, and then send for your Wife: Go, get thee gone.

Esch. What! send for her presently?

Mic. Yes, presently.

Esch. What! presently.

Mic. Presently, as soon as possible.

Esch. Let me never see a good Day, Sir, if I didn't love ye better than my very Eyes.

Mic. Than your Mistress too?

Esch. Full as well.

Mic. That's much indeed.

Esch. But what's become of the *Miletian Spark*?

Mic. He's vanish'd, shipt off, and cast away by this time.—But why don't you go, I say to your Prayers?

Esch. It would be better for you to do that, Sir; I'm sure your Prayers will be heard sooner than mine, since you are the better o'th' two.

Mic. I'll in, and take care of what's wanting: Do as I bid thee, if thou knowest what's best for thyself.

[Exit Micio.]

Esch. alone. What Happiness is this! Wou'd any one think he's my Father, or I his Son? If he had been a Friend or a Brother, cou'd he have been more kind or obliging? Ought I not to love him, to wear him next my Heart? His wonderful Complaisance has oblig'd me to be so cautious, as imprudently to do nothing that may displease him; wherefore I'll now be always upon my Guard. — But why don't I go in, that I may not defer my Marriage?

[Exit Eschine.]

Enter Demea alone, out of Breath.

I'm quite founder'd with trotting up and down — A Plague confound thee, *Syrus*, for thy damn'd Directions. — I've hobbl'd over the whole Town,

been at the Gate, at the Horsepond, and where not? The Devil a Joyner's Shop could I find, or any Soul that so much as saw my Brother. But now I'm resolv'd I won't stir a step out of his house till he comes back.

[*Going off, and then enters Mic.*

Mic. entring.] I'll go and tell 'em, for our parts, we are ready.

Dem. Oh, here he comes. — I've been looking for you these two Hours.

Mic. What's the Business now?

Dem. I've fresh News to tell ye, horrid Villanies of that fine Son of yours.

Mic. Look ye now.

Dem. New Villanies, damnable Villanies.

Mic. Prithee no more.

Dem. Ah, you don't know what a fine Blade he is.

Mic. But I do.

Dem. Poor Simpleton! I warrant thou dreamest I'm about the Singing-Wench: No, the Rascal has debauch'd a Citizen's Daughter.

Mic. That I know too.

Dem. Bless me! D'ye know it and suffer it too?

Mic. Ay, why shou'dn't I?

Dem. What! Methinks you shou'd bellow and run mad at it.

Mic. No; but I cou'd wish it otherwise.

Dem. He has got a Bastard too.

Mic. Heavens bless it, say I.

Dem. And the Woman's not worth a Groat.

Mic. So they say.

Dem. And shall he be married to a Beggar?

Mic. Yet verily.

Dem. Well, and what's to be done next pray?

Mic. Why ev'n what shou'd be done next, have the young Woman brought home.

Dem. Monstrous! And will you suffer't?

Mic. How can I avoid it?

Dem. Avoid it! Why, if you were not really concern'd at it, 'twould become you to seem so however.

Mic.

Mic. I've given Consent already, the Business is concluded on, the Wedding's as good as over, every thing is secure, and I think this becomes me better.

Dem. This Adventure pleases you wonderfully!

Mic. No, if I knew how to help it. Since I can't, I must bear it patiently. Man's Life is like a Game at Tables, if you miss the Cast you've most need of, you must correct that by Skill which fell out by Chance.

Dem. Your Servant, Mr. *Corrector*! Your Skill as you call it has fool'd away Fifty Guineas upon a Ballad-singer, who in three or four Days time must be pack'd off; if not for a Piece of Money, at any rate.

Mic. There's no Body to buy her, nor do I design to sell her.

Dem. What a Duce will ye do with her then?

Mic. Why, keep her at home.

Dem. Mercy upon my Soul! A Whore and a Wife under the same Roof?

Mic. Why not, prithee?

Dem. And you are sure you aren't mad?

Mic. Yes, indeed.

Dem. Let me die, if e'er I see the like Folly, i'faith I believe thou thyself hast a Mind to have a merry strain with her now and then.

Mic. Why shou'dst t'?

Dem. And the Bride, won't she be for learning the same Tune too?

Mic. No doubt on't.

Dem. And thou pretty Child, wilt hobble out the Hay amongst 'em too?

Mic. Like enough.

Dem. Like enough with a Pox?

Mic. And rather than fail, Brother, thou shalt make o'th' Company.

Dem. 'Sdeath; Are you past all shame?

Mic. Prithee, Brother, throw off this sullen Humour of thine, and like a civil Person be free and merry at your Son's Wedding. — I'll just step

and speak a word at that House, and then I'll come back again.

[Exit to Sostrata's.

Dem. *alone.*] Here's a sweet Life! Here are fine Morals! Here's mad work with a witness! — Let me see, a wife not worth a Groat, a Ballad-singer under the same Roof, every thing running to ruin i'th' House; a profligate young Rogue, and a doating old Sot in the Bargain: Why Providence itself, if it shou'd go about it, wou'd never be able to save this Family.

Enter Syrus at a distance almost drunk.

Syr. *to himself.*] Faith and troth, my little Rogue Sy, thou hast junketted thy pretty self deliciously, and play'd thy part very sumptuously. Go thy ways for a wag. — [Strokes himself.] Since I have stuff'd my sweet Corps with the Dainties within, 'tis my Honour's Pleasure to take a turn i'th' fresh Air without.

[Walks and struts.

Dem. Ther e goes a rare Model of their Education.

Syr. Oh here's our old *Stingo* i'faith. — How is't, old Gentleman? why so alamort?

Dem. Oh damn'd Rascal!

Syr. How now old *Wisdom*, are you come to vent more Morals here?

[Belches.

Dem. Wou'd I were thy Master. —

Syr. E'gad you'd be the richest Man under the Sun, and your Estate wou'd be improv'd to a Miracle.

Dem. I'd make thee an Example to all Rogues.

Syr. Why so? What have I done?

Dem. Done Rascal! In the heat of a disturbance, and in the midst of a horrid Crime, scarce yet settled, you've got drunk ye Swine, as if all were well and over.

Syr. Faith, wou'd I had kept my Post. [Aside.

Enter Dromo.

Dro. D'ye hear, Syrus? Mr. *Cetfisho* wou'd pray ye to come to him.

Syr. Away with a Pox. [Softly.] [Exit Dromo.

Dem. What's that they said of *Cetfisho*?

Syr. Nothing, Sir.

Dem.

Dem. How, ye Goal-bird! Is *Ctesipho* nested there?

Syr. No, Sir; no.

Dem. How came the Boy to name him then?

Syr. That's another of the Name, a young Smell-feast; d'ye know him?

Dem. I will know presently. [Going off.]

Syr. *holding him*] What d'ye mean, Sir; Whither are ye going?

Dem. Do, let me go.

Syr. I say don't go.

Dem. Hands off ye Hell-hound; or by Heavens I'll brain ye. [He holds up his Cane, and Syrus lets go.]

[Exit in a Fury.]

Syrus alone.

The Devil go with him: I'll be sworn he'll be no welcome Reveller to any of them, especially to poor *Ctesipho* — "Zookers! where shall I bestow myself? — The time this plaguy Story is blowing over, I'll e'en sink into some By-corner, and there sleep out this Dose of *Tipple*, I thing that will be best.

[Exit staggering.]

The End of the Fourth Act.



ACT V.

Enter Micio as from Sostrata's.

Mic. to Sostrata *within*. **E**Very thing's ready with us, as I said before: And the Wedding shall be when you please. — [Coming forward.] But who's that makes our Doors fly so?

Enter Demea from Micio's, raving and in a Passion.

Dem. to himself.] Hell and Furies! what shall I do? — What will become of me? Heavens, Earth, Sea! Whither am I to direct my Exclamations or Complaints?

Micio

Mac. Here's a Man for ye ! He has smelt out the intrigue, and that makes him bellow so. — 'Tis so, I must expect a sharp Brush : But the Boys must be help'd. [*Aside.*]

Dem. Oh, here comes the common Bane and Ruin of our Children.

Mic. Pray, Brother, moderate your Passion, and be a little cool

Dem. Well, I am moderate ; I am cool. — I'll not give ye an ill Word. Let's reason the Case calmly. — — — — — Wasn't it a plain Bargain between us (and that of your own proposing too) that you shou'd ha' rothing to do with my Son, nor I with yours ? Answer me directly now.

Mic. True ; I don't deny it.

Dem. What makes him a guzzling at your House then ? Why d'ye entertain my Child ? Why did ye procure him a Wench, Brother ? Is there not the same Reason for you to deal as fairly by me, as I do by you ? Since I neither meddle nor make with your Son, methinks you shou'dn't with mine.

Mic. There's no Reason for that : None at all. The old Proverb says, *Among Friends, all things are common.*

Dem. Very pretty i'faith ; Are you come to talk at that Rate at last ?

Mic. Good Brother, hear me a word, if it ben't too great trouble to ye. First of all, if your Son's Charges are such a woful Burden to ye, pray consider a little with yourself, that formerly you maintain'd both of 'em according as your Estate would bear it, and thought it then sufficient for both, looking upon me as likely enough to marry : Why, e'en follow that old Course still, hoard, scrape, pinch, do all you can to raise their Fortures, and take the Credit of it your self. But then let the poor Rogues make Use of my Purse freely, since that comes to 'em over and above.

————— 'Twon't diminish one Farrow of your Land, and what they have from me you may look upon as clear Gains. Now, Brother, if you do but

im.

impartially weigh all this, you'd ease me, yourself, and the poor Boys of a World of Trouble.

Dem. I don't talk of their Money, 'tis their Morals.

Mic. Hold, I understand ye: That's it I was going upon. Many Observations may be made, Brother, upon two Persons doing the same thing; by which a Man may conclude, it may be the ruin of the one, and no great hurt to t'other: Not that there's any difference in the thing, but in the Persons that did it. Truly, by what I observe of the Boys, I'm confident they'll prove to our Hearts desire; I find they have Wit, Discretion, and Modesty enough upon occasion, and love one another entirely, so that 'tis easy to perceive their generous Nature and Spirit; you may reclaim 'em when you please: But perhaps you are afraid they aren't Husbands good enough; ah, Brother, Age has always this ill Property with it, As it makes us wiser, so it makes us more worldly; and that will sufficiently incite 'em to be good Husbands.

Dem. Have a Care, Brother, these your fine Reasonings and gentle Nature don't ruin us all.

Mic. Peace, ne'er fear that. Lay aside this Discourse, and be rul'd by me to day — Come, smoothe up your Countenance.

Dem. more pleasantly.] Well, since things require it, I must do so; but to morrow I'll into the Country, with my Son by break of Day, —

Mic. At Midnight if you please, so you be but merry to Day.

Dem. — And take that Singing-wench along with me too.

Mic. Best of all; by that means you'll keep your Son from rambling: Only take care she don't give ye the slip.

Dem. I'll warrant ye. — And then between the Oven and the Mill, I'll so besmear her with Cinders, Smoak, and Meal. — Besides, in the heat of the Day I'll send her to rake up Stubble, till she be Sun-burnt and as black as a Coal.

Mic.

Mic. That's excellent : Now methinks you have some Prudence in ye. And whilst she's in this cussed pickle, make your Son lie with her, *volens volens*.

Dem. D'ye rally ? Well, you are a happy Man to bear all things so well ; for my part, I must ——

Mic. interrupting.] What always in the same strain ?

Dem. I ha' done, I ha' done.

Mic. Pray walk in then, and since the Day's design'd for Mirth, let's as merrily spend it. [*Exit Mic.*

Demea alone.] Ne'er did Man cast up the Business of his Life so exactly, but still Experience, Years, and Custom, will bring in new particulars that he was not aware of, and shew his Ignorance of what he thought he knew, and after trial make him reject his former Opinions. This is plainly my case at present ; for since my Glass is almost out, I renounce this rigid Life I have always led. But why so ? Because Experience shews me there's nothing like gentleness and good nature : And this Truth appears plainly to all that know me and my Brother. He always spent his time in Ease and Pleasure ; always courteous, complaisant, speaking ill of no Man, but carress'd all, liv'd as he pleas'd, spent as he thought fit, the World bleis him, and love him too : But I that rustick, rigid, morose, pinching, brutish, griping Fellow, must needs marry ; and how have I smarted for't ! I had Children too, those were new Troubles : And truly, in raising up their Fortunes, I've worn out my Life and best days ; and now I'm just marching off the Stage, the Fruit of all my Labour is to be hated like a Toad. But my Brother enjoys all the Pleasures of a Father without the drudgery ; they love him, and flye me like the Plague. Him they trust with their Secrets, dote upon him, live with him, but me they slight : They both pray for his Life, but long for my Death : Those I have brought up with the greatest Labour, he has gain'd with a little Cost ; so I take all the Pains, and he reaps all the Pleasure, — Well, well, for once we'll try what can be done, whether we can speak obligingly, and act the Gentle-

Gentleman too, since my Brother urges me to't. I'd willingly have my Children love and respect me too; if Gifts and Compliments will do the Feat, I'll not be behind with the best of 'em: But my Estate must go to wrack: What care I for that, since I've one foot in the Grave already.

To him enter Syrus.

Syr. D'ye hear, Sir, my Master desires you wou'dn't be out of the way.

Dem. Who cal's there? — Honest Syrus, I'm glad to see thee: How is't? How goes the World?

Syr. Very well, Sir. *[Yawning.]*

Dem. *afide.*] Excellent! This is the first time I e'er us'd these Expressions, *Honest Syrus, How is't? How goes the World?* They came out plaguily against the grain. — *[To Syrus.]* Thou hast shown thyself an admirable Servant, and I will do thee a good turn with all my Soul, i'faith I will.

Syr. I'm very much oblig'd to you, Sir.

Dem. I'fack Boy 'tis true; and thou shalt find it so e'er long.

Enter Geta at another part of the Stage.

Get. *to Sostrata within.*] I'll go find 'em, Madam, and hasten 'em to carry over my young Mistress — *[Coming from the Door.]* Oh here's Mr. Demoa. — Your humble Servant, Sir.

Dem. Prithee Lad, what may I call thy Name?

Get. Geta, Sir.

Dem. Honest Geta, why, I look upon thee at present to be worth thy weight in Gold? I'd never desire to be better satisfy'd in a Servant than that he should be trusty to his Master, as I have found thee to be, Geta. For that reason, when it lies in my way, I'll do thee a good turn with all my Soul, I'fack I will. — I'm acting Sir Courtley, and I do't rarely methinks.

[Afide.]

Get. That's more your Goodness than my Deserts.

Dem. I shall do it by degrees: First of all I'll make these Scoundrels my own.

[Afide.]

Esch. *to himself.*] These Delays kill me. That they shou'd

shou'd trifle away the time with their formal Ceremonies and long Preparations for the Wedding.

Dem. *Eschine*, Boy, How wagg's the World?

Esch. Hah! Are you here, my dear Father?

Dem. Ah, i'faith Boy, I am thy Father both by inclination, and by Nature too, and tender thee more than my Eyes.—But why dostn't thou send for thy sweet Lady?

Esch. I desire nothing more; I only stay for the City-waits and Singing-men.

Dem. Ho, wilt thou take an old Fellow's Counsel for once?

Esch. Let's hear't pray, Sir.

Dem. Hang your Songsters, your Hubbabs, Flambeau and Scrapers, and order the great stone well i'th' Garden to pull'd down immediately, and convey her home that way: Run both Houses into one, and bring over the Mother and her whole Family to yours.

Esch. With all my Heart. The pleasantest Father i'th' World.

Dem. *aside.*] Hey brave: I'm call'd pleasant now: My Brother's House will be a Thorow-fare to all Comers, the whole Town will be there presently: His Purse must pay for't, and to some Tune too. But what's that to me? whilst by my Complaisance I oblige all, [*A'oud to Eschine.*] Go bid *Babyls* tell out half a hundred Guineas quick. — But *Syrus*, why don't you do as your are bid?

Syr. What, Sir?

Dem. Break down the Wall.—And do you *Geta* go, and bring 'em hither.

Get. Ay, God bless your Worship for being so kind to our poor Family. [*Exeunt Geta and Syrus.*]

Dem. 'Tis no less than you deserve. — What say'st thou Boy, ha!

Esch. I'm o' your Opinion, Sir.

Dem. 'Tis forty times better than bringing a Lying-in-Woman along the Streets.

Esch. Indeed, Sir, I know nothing like it.

Dem.

Dem. This is my Way. — But here comes my Brother.

Mic. to Syrus within.] My Brother order it, say ye ! Where is he ? Ha Brother was't you order'd this ?

Dem. Yes, that I do; and in this and all things else I'm ready to do what may conduce to the uniting, serving, helping, and joyning both Families together.

Ejcb. Pray, Sir, let it be so. [*To Micio.*

Mic. Well, I've nothing to say against it.

Dem. Troth 'tis no more than we are oblig'd to. For first, she's your Son's Wife's Mother. —

Mic. What then ?

Dem. A very virtuous and modest Woman. —

Mic. So they say indeed.

Dem. Pretty well in Years. — *Mic.* She is so.

Dem. And past Child-bearing, a lonesome Woman and no Body regards her.

Mic. What a-duce would he be at ? [*Aside.*

Dem. — Therefore you ought to marry her, and you *Ejcbine*, to do what you can to bring it about.

Mic. Who I marry ? *Dem.* Yes, you.

Mic. I prithee ? *Dem.* Yes, you I say.

Mic. Po, you do but fool surely.

Dem. to Eschine] If thou hast any Life and Soul in thee, make him do't. *Ejcb.* Dear Father —

Mic. interrupting.] What ? And dost thou Block-head mind what he says ?

Dem. 'Tis in vain to refuse, it can't be avoided.

Mic. Po, You dote surely.

Ejcb. Good Sir, let me obtain that Favour.

Mic. Art out of thy Wits, let me alone. [*Angrily.*

Dem. Come, come, hearken to what your Son says for once.

Mic. Han't ye play'd the Fool enough yet ? Shall I marry at threescore and Five ? And to an old Woman that's ready to drop into her Grave ? This is your wise Counsel, is't ?

Ejcb. Pray, Sir, do ; I've promis'd it.

Mic. You promise with a Mischief ! Promise for thyself, Chit.

Dem.

Dem. Fie, fie ! What if he had begg'd a greater thing at your Hands ?

Mic. As there were any thing greater than this.

Dem. Pray grant this Request.

Esch. Good, Sir, ben't so hard to be entreated.

Dem. Po, promise him for once.

Mic. Will ye never leave baiting me ?

Esch. Not till I have prevail'd, Sir.

Mic. Troth, this is downright forcing a Man.

Dem. Come *Micio*, be good natur'd and do't.

Mic. Tho' this be the most damn'd foolish ridiculous whim, and the most averse to my Nature that can be, yet since you are so extreemly hot upon't, I'll humour ye for once.

Esch. This is excellent, I'm oblig'd to ye beyond Measure.

Dem. aside.] Well, what's next ? — What shall I say next ? This is as I'd have it — What more to be done ? — [*to Micio.*] Ho ! there's *Hegio* our poor Kinsman, and mightest Relation ; in troth, we ought in Conscience to do something for him.

Mic. What, pray ?

Dem. There's a small piece in the Suburbs, which you farm out, pray let's give him that to live on.

Mic. A small one say ye ?

Dem. Were it a great one, you might give it to him : He has been as good a Father to *Pamphila* ; is a very honest Man, our Kinsman, and you can't bestow it better : Besides, Brother, there a certain Proverb (none of my own, I assure ye) which you so well and wisely made use of : *That Age has always that ill Property of making us more wordly as well as more wise.* We should do well to keep clear of this Scandal. 'Tis a true Proverb, Brother, and ought to be regarded.

Mic. What's all this ? — Well, let it be so, if he must needs have it so.

Dem. Now you are my true Brother, both in Body and Soul.

Mic. I'm glad on't.

Dem.

Dem. I've stabb'd him with his own Weapons
i'fack. [*Aside laughing.*

Enter Syrus with a Pick-ax upon his Shoulders.

Syr. to Demea.] The Job is done as he order'd, Sir.

Dem. Thou art an honest Lad.—And o' my Conscience I think *Syrus* deserves his Freedom.

Mic. He his Freedom? For what Exploit?

Dem. O for a thousand.

Syr. O dear, Mr. *Demea*, you are a rare Gentleman, e'dad you are. You know I've look'd to the young Gentlemen from their very Cradles: I taught 'em, advis'd 'em, and instructed 'em all I cou'd possible.

Dem. Nothing more evident: Nay, more than that, he catered for 'em, pimp'd for 'em, and took care of a Debauchee i'th' morning for 'em. These are no ordinary Accomplishments, I can assure ye.

Syr. Your Worship's very merry.

Dem. Besides, he was Adjutant-General in buying this Musick-Girl; 'twas he that manag'd the whole intrigue, and 'tis nothing but Justice to reward him, that it may be an Encouragement to others: In short, *Eschine* desires it too.

Mic. to Eschine.] Do you desire it too?

Eschb. Yes, if you please, Sir.

Mic. Since 'tis so, come hither, *Syrus*: Thou'rt free.

Syrus kneels down, Micio lays his Hand on his Head, after that gives him a cuff o'th' Ear.

Syr. rising up.] Generously done. A thousand thanks to ye all, and to you, Mr. *Demea*.

Dem. I'm well satisfied. *Eschb.* And I too.

Syr. I don't question it, Sir: But I wish heartily my Joy were more compleat, that I might see my poor Spouse *Phrygia* to be made free too.

Dem. Troth she's a mighty good Woman.

Syr. And the first that gave Teat to your Grandson to Day.

Dem. Faith, in good earnest, if she were the first, she deserved her Freedom against the World.

Mic. What! For that Service only?

Dem.

Dem. Yes, for that : In fine, I'll pay for her Freedom.

Syr. God's Blessing light upon your Worship, and grant all your Wishes.

Mic. *Syrus*, thou hast made a good Day's work on't.

Dem. Besides, Brother, 'twould be a deed of Charity to lend him a little Money beforehand to begin the World withal : I'll engage he'll soon pay it again.

Mic. Not a Soufe.

Ejcb. He's a very honest Fellow, Sir.

Syr. Upo' my Word I'll pay you again : Do but trust me.

Ejcb. Pray do, Sir.

Mic. I'll consider on't first.

Dem. He shall pay ye.

Syr. to Demea] 'Ed. d you're the best Man alive.

Ejcb. And the pleasanter i'th' the World.

Mic. What's the Meaning of this, Brother ? How comes this change of Humour all of a sudden ? What a Fit's here of Squandring and Profusion !

Dem. I'll tell ye. — That you may know, Brother, these Sons of yours don't reckon you a sweet natur'd and pleasant Man, 'cause you live as you should, or do what is just and reasonable, but you fawn, coker, and give 'em what they'll spend. Now, Son *Ejcbine*, if you are dissatisfied at my Course of Life, 'cause I wou'dn't follow your Humour in all things right or wrong, I'll not trouble my Head any further, squander, buy Misses, and do what you will. But if ye wou'd ha' me inform ye, and set ye right, and upon Occasion serve ye too, in some things which by reason of your Youth you underitand but little, are over-fond of, and don't much consider of, see here, I'm ready to do't for you.

Ejcb. Dear, Sir, we commit ourselves wholly to your disposal ; for you know what's fitting to be done far better than we — But what will ye do in my Brother's business ? *Dem.* Well : Let him take the Musick-Girl ; and so bid adieu to wenching.

Ejcb. That's very reasonable. [*to the Spectators.*

Gentlemen, Your Favour. [*Exeunt omnes.*

The End of the Brothers.

THE

THE

TRICKS of *Phormio*:

A

COMEDY,

Acted at the Roman Sports.

WHEN

L. Posthumius Albinus,
and
L. Cornelius Merula, } were *Cu-*
rule *Edils.*

By the Company of { *L. Ambivius Turpio,*
and
L. Attilius of Preneste.

Flaccus, made free by *Claudius*, compos'd the Musick, which was perform'd on Unequal Flutes.

It was taken from the Greek of *Apollodorus*, call'd *Epidicazomenos*, and Acted four times.

Under the Consulship of { *C. Fannius,*
and
M. Valerius.

A. U. C. 592. Ante Christ. 159.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

- Demipho, { *A rich old Citizen of Athens, covetous, mistrustful and peevish.*
- Chremes, { *Demipho's Brother, another Citizen of Athens, an old uxorious Wife-ridden Gentleman, who in his Youth, lov'd a Girl in a Corner.*
- Antipho, { *Demipho's Son, a good-natur'd, modest, well-bred young Gent. very fond of Phanie his Wife.*
- Phedrie, { *Chremes's Son, an amorous genteel Spark of the Town, passionately in love with a Musick-Girl.*
- Phormio, { *The Parasite, a bold, cheating, intriguing, subtle Fellow, and one of singular Impudence.*
- Geta, { *Servants to Antipho, an ingenious, designing, plotting Fellow, true to the Interest of Antipho and his Cousin Phedrie.*
- Davus, { *A Servant, an Intimate of Geta's.*
- Dorio, { *A covetous, ill-natur'd, peevish Band, Owner of Phedrie's Musick Girl.*
- Hegio, { *Three foolish Advocates, Friends to Demipho.*
- Gratine, {
- Crito, {

W O M E N.

- Naufistrata, { *Chremes's Wife, a baughty, imperious Woman, always awing her Husband.*
- Sophrone, { *Nurse to Phanie, a harmless old Woman.*

M U T E S.

- Dorcio, { *A Servant of Demipho's.*
- Phanie, { *Married secretly to Antipho.*
- { *Servants. Attendants, &c.*

SCENE, A T H E N S.

The TIME, about six or seven Hours.

T H E



T H E

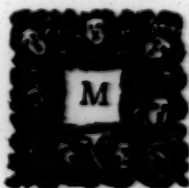
Tricks of *Phormio*.

A C T I.

SCENE, *the Street before Demipho's Door.*

T I M E, *the Forenoon.*

Davus alone, with a Bag of Money in his Hand.



Y very good Friend and Countryman *Geta* came to me Yesterday, about the Arrears of a small parcel of Money he had left in my Hands formerly ; he begg'd to get it up, so I have, and am just carrying it to him. His young Master has pick'd up a Wife I hear : And this looks as if 'twere a Present for Mrs. Bride. What a confounded Custom 'tis for those who have but a very little, to be always feeding them that have Abundance ! All that this poor Fellow now has (by starving himself, he, bit by bit, with much ado scrap'd together out of his pitiful Allowance) must go at one swoop, People never considering the Pains
it

it cost him the getting. And then poor *Geta* must be squeez'd over again, to give her Ladyship Joy of her Bantling; and after that, again upon the Anniversary of the Brat's Nativity, when 'tis dedicated forsooth. The Child is the pretended Cause of all the Present, but 'tis the Mother runs away with all.

—— But isn't that *Geta* there?

Enter Geta.

Get. to them within.] If a red hair'd Fellow shou'd enquire for me.——

Dav. He's here, spare your Breath.

Get. turning about.] Ho, *Davus*! I was just coming to give ye the Meeting.

Dav. Here, hold your Hand. [*Gives him the Bag.* 'Tis all good, and just what I ow'd ye.

Get. Thou art an honest Fellow, and 'twas kindly done not to forget me.

Dav. Kind indeed, as the World goes now, I'll assure ye, for 'tis come to that pass, that a Man must pray, and be thankful, to get his own again. But why so concern'd?

Get. Who I?——If you did but know the dread and danger I'm in.

Dav. As how I pray?

Get. You shall know upon promise of Secrefie.

Dav. Away Simpleton: What! trust me with thy Money, and afraid to trust me with a Secret! I shou'dn't get a Pin o' my Sleeve by falsifying with thee now.

Get. Prithee hear me then.

Dav. Yes, with both Ears.

Get. You know Mr. *Cbremas*, our old Master's elder Brother, don't ye?

Dav. Very well.

Get. And his Son *Pbedrie* too?

Dav. As well as I know thee.

Get. It so fell out that the old Gentleman took a Journey both together, *Cbremes* to *Lemno*, and our good Man to *Cilicia*, where an old Crony of his had whee-

wheedled him over, Letter upon Letter, promising him whole Mountains of Gold, with the Devil and all.

Dem. What, to him that had enough, and to spare already?

Get. Ne'er admire Man, 'tis his humour.

Dav. Pox of ill Luck! What Pity 'tis I wasn't Grand Seignior!

Get. When the old Gentlemen set out, they made me Tutor to their Sons.

Dav. Ah, *Geta*, that was a hard Task for thee.

Get. Troth so I found it by woful Experience: I remember my unlucky Genius bore very hard upon me that Day. At first I began to be strict with them: But what need many Words? My faithfulness to my old Masters cost me many a fore drubbing.

Dav. I thought as much: For what a Madness is it to strive against the Stream?

Get. Upo' that I let go the Reigns, and contented myself to drive as they'd ha' me.

Dav. You knew how to make your own Markets.

Get. As for our Youngster, he was very regular for a While: But Mr. *Phedrie* immediately pick'd up his Musick-Girl, and fell up to the Ears in Love. She was kept it seems by a damnable griping Cock-bawd. — The old Gentleman had taken care to keep the young Mens Pocket's at Low-water: So that our amorous Spark cou'd do nothing but look Babies in his Mistress's Eyes, follow her upo' th'Scent, and perhaps lead her to the Musick-School and back again. I and my young Master having little else to do, must needs bear the Spark Company. Right against the School was a Barber's Shop, there did we commonly stay her coming out. One Day, while we were dancing Attendance, in comes a young Fellow snivelling at such a rate, as made us all wonder, and ask'd him, *What he ask'd? Why* (said he) *never till now I did take Poverty for such a sad grievous Burden: Hard by I've just been seeing a poor Girl, crying and taking on most heavily for the Death of her*

M

Mother

*Mother, by whose dead Body she was then sitting. She had neither Friends, Acquaintance nor Relation, besides one poor old Woman, to stand by her, or look after the Funeral. It griev'd me to the very Soul, for she was an extraordinary Beauty. In short, we were all set agog at the Story. Mr. Antipho presently cry'd, Shall we go and see her? Ay, ay, says another, Let's go, prithee honest Man bring us to the Place. Away we go, come to her, see her: A pretty Rogue i'faith she was: And what's more, she had nothing of Ornament to set off her Beauty: Her Hair all about her Ears, her Feet bare, all out of order, her Cheeks blubber'd, and dress'd in such a pickie, that if she hadn't been lovely to a Miracle, these Circumstances would have made her very disagreeable. The Spark that was enamour'd with the Musick-Girl, only said, *She's well enough; but ours,*——*

Dav. interrupting] Was smitten, I warrant.

Get. Can ye guess how deeply?— But now pray observe what came on't. The very next Day he goes right to the old Woman, and very fairly begs her leave for a Night's Lodging; which she as fairly denied him, telling him, *That his Pretensions were unreasonable, that the Girl was a Citizen's Daughter, well bred, and of a good Family: That if he wou'd take her for better for worse, he had the Law to beat him out in't; but if not, she had no more to say to him.* This put my Gentleman to a sad Nonplus. Marry her he would with all his Heart, but was afraid of the old Gentleman abroad.

Dav. Wou'dn't his Father have allow'd on't, think ye, when he came back?

Get. What? To have married a Girl who had neither Fortune nor Honour? Not whilst his Eyes were open.

Dav. Well, and what came on't at last?

Get. What?— Why, a certain wheedling Rascal, *Phormio* by Name, an audacious Fellow, would the Devil had him for me.

Dav. What of him?

Get.

Get. He put this damn'd Project into the young Man's Head I'm just about to tell ye. — You know 'tis the Law here, that all Orphan Girls must be married to the next of Kin, and the same Law binds the next of Kin to marry them. *Now* (says he) *I'll say you are the Girl's Kinsman, and commence a Suit against ye, pretending to be a Friend of her Father's, and bring it to a Tryal; as for who was her Father, who her Mother, and how you came to be her Kinsman, let me alone for giving all to the best Advantage too. When you disprove none of all this, I shall cast ye. When your Father comes home, he'll be for trouncing o' me. But what care I? the Girl will be our own.*

Dav. A very pretty piece of Roguery, in troth!

Get. *Antipho* was persuaded, the Business done, the Cause try'd, we cast, and he married.

Dav. What's that you tell me?

Get. 'Tis ev'n as I say.

Dav. Ah, poor *Geta*, what will become of thee then?

Get. Faith I can't tell; only thus much I know, fall back, fall edge, we must bear it.

Dav. Now I like ye. Spoken like a Philosopher.

Get. I've no Hopes but in this inventing Noddle of my own.

Dav. I commend thee.

Get. Should I go now and set some petty Friend to plead for me thus! *Good Sir, pardon him this once, but if ever he does the like again, I'll not open my Mouth for him. 'Twere well if he didn't add, But when I am gone, hang him Dog.*

Dav. But now for the Musick-Wench's Gentleman Usher, how comes he off;

Get. Poor enough, *Jove* knows.

Dav. I warrant he has but little of the Ready Money to bestow on her.

Get. Not a Souse: Only fine Words and gay Promises.

Dav. Is his Father come home or no?



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Get. Not yet.

Dav. When d'ye look for your old Gentleman?

Get. I can't tell positively, but I hear there's a Letter from him at the Custom-house, that came up by the Packet-boat :

Dav. D'ye want any thing else with me, *Geta*?

Get. Nothing but good bu'y t'ye. [*Exit Davus.*

Geta alone,

To them within.] Soho Sirrah !——What's there no body at home ? [*Enter a Foot Boy.*] Here take this, and carry it to *Dorcio*. [*Gives him the Money.*

Exeunt severally.

The End of the First Act.



A C T II.

Antipho and Phedrie.

Ant. en-tring. **B**UT, *Phedrie*, is it come to that pass now, that I shou'd be afraid of my own Father, when I think of his Return ? And a Father that loves me so ! If I had not been a rash Blockhead, I might have expected his coming home as became me.

Phe. What d'ye mean by all this ?

Ant. A pretty question ! When you yourself were my chiefest Confidant in this mad Prank. Well, I cou'd wish *Phormio's* Tongue had been out before he had given me such Counsel, and pers'd my willing Mind on to what has been the Foundation of all my Miseries. If I hadn't enjoy'd her at all, it might ha made me melancholy for three or four Days or so ; but then I shou'dn't have had this perpetual vexation upon me. —

Phe. I give ye the hearing.

Ant. — Whilst I'm hourly in Expectations o' my Father's sudden Return, who will pluck me from her Embraces.

Phe.

Phi. Others are griev'd for want of Enjoyment, but you for being glutted with it. The God of Love has been too liberal to ye, Cousin: For my part, your's is a Life I'd as soon wish for, and desire, as any whate'er. I should thank the Gods, did they bless me with so long a Banquet of Love as you've been blest withal, and would be content to die the next Moment. Pray consider with yourself what trouble I endure by the being debarr'd from the thing I love, and what comfort you might take in your plentiful Enjoyment. I'll say nothing of your having got a civil well bred Woman without any charge, and of your being married to your own liking, to a Person of an unspotted Reputation. 'Tis manifest you're happy, and only want a Mind that can tell when things are well. Had you to do with a Bawd as I have, you'd feel how 'tis then. But 'tis the Humour of us never to be contented.

Ant. But 'tis you yourself, Cousin, that is the happy Man in my Opinion, who have Power to consult at large, whether you had best keep her, love her still, or leave her: But I've brought myself into such an unhappy strait, that I never know how to quit mine, nor keep her.

Enter Geta at a distance in great haste.

Ant. in a surprize.] But what's the Matter now? Isn't that *Geta* in such haste? ——— 'Tis he for certain. ——— Alas: my poor Heart forebodes that he's the Messenger of some bad News or other.

Get. to himself.] In troth, *Geta*, thou't a dead Man if thou dost not find some cunning shift or other to save thyself, and that quickly too, so many Misfortunes are ready to seize thee, before thou'rt prepared for 'em. I can't neither tell how to escape 'em, nor how to get rid of 'em. Our Foolhardiness can never be concealed any longer. If my Noddle doesn't befriend us at this Pinch, either I or my poor Master must smart for't?

Ant. What makes him in such a Case trow?

Get. to himself.] Then I've but a Minute's Time for Projection. My old Master's upon our Backs.

Ant. What Ill-luck is come to Town now?

Get. to himself.] When he comes to hear on't how is't possible to pacify him? If I speak, he'll be cholerick; say nothing, 'twill fret him; and fore-excusing myself, I had as good talk to the Wind. — Poor *Geta*! alas for thee! — then besides my own trouble, Mr. *Antipho* is a great Vexation to my Spirits; 'tis him I pity, and am so much concern'd for; 'tis he that keeps me here, else I'd ha' made a shift for one well enough, and be reveng'd of the old Man's peevish Temper; I'd ha' finger'd away something, and shew'd him a fair pair of heels for't.

Ant. partly hearing.] What Fingering and Heels is the Fellow talking of?

Get. to himself.] But where shall I find my Master *Antipho*? or where shall I go look him?

Phe. to Ant.] He names you Cousin.

Ant. I expect to hear of some shrewd Misfortune by this Messenger.

Phe. Are you out o' your Wits?

Get to himself.] I'll e'en get me home, ten to one but he's there. [*Going off.*]

Phe. to Ant.] Let's call him back.

Ant. You Sir, stay.

Get. not knowing him.] You take upon you sufficiently, whee'er you are.

Ant. Geta. I say!

Get. turning about.] Od's me! 'Tis the very Man I wanted.

Ant. Prithee what's the News? Dispatch it in a word if you can.

Get. I will so.

Ant. Out with it, quick.

Get. Just now at the Water-side I saw. —

Ant. My Father!

Get. You've hit it.

Ant. Then I'm a dead Man.

Ant. Prithee what shall I do?

Phe. 'Sdeath.
Phe.

Phe. to Geta] How's this?

Get. I tell ye. I saw his Father, your Uncle.

Ant. What Course shall I take to help me out in this sudden Misfortune? Ah! should my unlucky Stars but rend me from my dear *Phanie's* Embraces, Life would be only a Burden to me.

Get. Therefore, Sir, since things are as they are, you ought to be the more upon your Guard; for *Faint Heart ne'er won fair Lady.*

Ant. I'm quite distracted.

Get. But considering your present Circumstances, you've great reason to be otherwise. for if your Father sees ye once down i'th' Mouth, he'll conclude you're guilty of all

Phe. He's i'th right on't.

Ant. I can't change my Nature.

Get. Suppose you were put to a worse Strait.

Ant. Why not being able to do this, I shou'd ne'er be able to do that.

Get. Pshaw! he's good for nothing. Mr. *Phedrie*; condemn'd already; Why should we stand trifling away our Time with him? I'll e'en be jogging.

Ant. And so will I too. [*They are going off.*]

Ant. Prithee Geta! — Suppose I look thus, — [*He tries to look pleasantly*] Is this well?

Get. Not worth a Farthing:

Ant. Do but look on me now: [*Here he makes Grimaces a good while, at last composes his Countenance.*]

Get. No. Ant. What say ye to't now?

Get. Somewhat thereabouts. Ant. Will this?

Get. That will do't, — Keep ye there: Be sure you answer him Word for Word, and let not his huffing and hectoring dash you out of Countenance.

Ant. Well enough.

Get. Say ye were forc'd to't by the Law and the Rules of Court; d'ye mark me — [*He looks to one Corner of the Stage*] But what old Man's yonder, at the farther End o'th' Street.

Ant. peeping.] 'Tis my Father, I amn't able to stand my Ground. *[Going off.]*

Get. What ha' ye a mind to, Sir? Whether so fast? Stay, stay, I say.

Ant. I know my own frailty and fault too well, I give up my *Ebanie* and my Life into your Hands.

[Exit Antipho.]

Phe. Prithee *Geta*, what shall we do now?

Get. Why, you must expect a rattling, but poor *Geta*, (if my Stars don't deceive me) will be trust'd up to Rights. Troth, I think we must e'en follow the same advice we gave to Mr. *Antipho*.

Phe. Hang your *Must*; what you'd ha' me do, command me freely.

Get. Don't ye remember, when we began this Enterprize first, how ye agreed to manage it, *That their Plea was just, fair, sure; in fine, the clearest Case in the World!*

Phe. I do.

Get. Why, this you must make use of: If you can think of a better or a finer, take it.

Phe. I'll do what I can.

Get. Do you give the first Onset, I'll lie in ambush as a Reserve for ye when you begin to give ground.

Phe. Well enough.

Enter Demipho at a distance; Phedrie and Geta move on one side observing him.

Dem. to himself.]—Is't come to that then? My Son *Antipho* marry without my Consent? Sure a Father's Authority ——— But why did I name Authority? Methinks the fear of my Displeasure might ha' created some Respect: What! has he no Shame in him? O impudent Wickedness! And that Hang-dog *Geta* the Tutor too——

Get. aside to Phe.] So, I'm brought in for a snack.

Dem. to himself.] Suppose they pretend, 'Twas done against his Will, the Law forc'd him to't. — Well, I understand, I grant it.

Get. That's enough.

Dem.

Dem. *to himself.*] But to give up his Cause so willingly, and without one word to the contrary : Did the Law force him upon that too ?

Phe. *to Geta.*] That's a hard Chapter.

Get. *to Phe.*] Let me alone to clear that.

Dem. *to himself.*] I'm at a sad Nonplus, Things have happen'd so contrary to my Expectations and Belief: Then my Passion runs away with me, so as I can't bring my Mind to the common Use of Thinking: wherefore in a Calm we should be always sure to provide for a Storm: So he that comes home from a long Journey, ought to think of the Dangers, Losses and Banishment that may befall him; he may find his Son debauch'd, his Wife dead, and his Daughter dangerously ill. There are common Accidents, and shou'd be no News to him if they happen; but if things fall out better than he expected, he may look upon't as clear Gains.

Get. *aside to Phedrie.*] Troth, Sir, you wouldn't think how much wiser I am than this old Fox my Master. I've fore call'd all my Misfortunes: *Fidelicet*, When my Master comes home, I must expect to beat Hemp in *Bridewell* all the Days of my Life, to be whipp'd and shackled, or sent to the Plough-tail. All this will be no News to me, if any thing happens better than I expect, I shall look upon't as clear Gains, in troth — But, why don't you go to him, and sweeten him a little ?

Phedrie *moves towards Demipho.*

Dem. *seeing Phedrie.*] Yonder comes my Cousin Phedrie to meet me.

Phe.] Dear Uncle, your humble Servant.

Dem. I'm glad to see thee, Coz; but where's Antipho ?

Phe. You're welcome home, Sir.

Dem. I thank ye; — but pray answer my Question.

Phe. He's very well, Sir; within call — But your Affairs, Sir, do they succeed to your desire ?

Dem. *sighing.*] I wish they did.

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Pbe. Why, What's amiss, Sir?

Dem. Amiss *Phedrie*? You've made a fine Match among ye in my absence, han't ye?

Pbe. Oh, ho! Is't that you are so angry with him for?

Get. A rare Actor i'faith. [*Aside.*]

Dem. And han't I reason to be so? I wish in my Soul I cou'd but set my Eyes upon him, he shou'd see what 'tis to provoke a good natur'd Father.

Pbe. Indeed, Sir, he has done nothing to deserve your Anger.

Dem. Look ye here! They're all of a piece, hang all on a String; know one, know all. [*Angrily.*]

Pbe. Not so neither, Sir.

Dem. Does one commit Roguery; whip, the other's ready to bear him out in't. Does this do it? then that's ready to plead for him: So they help one another by turns.

Get. The old Man has hit upon both their Humours better than he's aware on. [*Aside.*]

Dem. If it 'twasn't a Bargain between ye, you wou'dn't take his part so much as you do.

Pbe. Sir, if my Cousin *Antipho* had committed a fault to the prejudice either of his Honour or Estate, I'd sooner die than plead for him, but shou'd leave him to suffer the just demerit of his Crimes. But o'th' other hand, if some Cheat, emboldened in his Knaveries, shou'd lay his Snares t'entrap unwary Youth, and shou'd compass his Designs, is the fault ours, or the Judge's? Who oft thro' Envy take from the Rich their Right, and for Pity give it to the Poor.

Get. Weren't I privy to this whole Affair, I shou'd think what he says to be as true as an Oracle. [*Aside.*]

Dem. Can any Judge i'th' World know a Man's Right, when he stands like a Post as he did?

Pbe. He did like a modest Gentleman: For when he came in the open Court, Fear and Modesty so surpriz'd him, that he cou'dn't utter a word of what he had premeditated.

Get.

Get. *aside.*] An Orator i'faith.—But why don't I go and have a touch also with the old *Mumpsimus* — *Goes to Demipho.*] Dear Master, your humble Servant, welcome home with all my Heart.

Dem. Ho! Mr. Governor! the very Prop of our Family! The Trustees o'er my Son in my absence! I'm yours too. [*Jeeringly.*]

Get. I hear, Sir, you're pleas'd to blame us all undeservedly, and me too that deserve least of all; For what would you had me ha' done i'th' Case, when you know, Sir, the Law won't admit a Slave to Plead, or be a Witness.

Dem. Pish! I grant all this; and more than that, I own the Boy was bathful, and you a Slave. But let her be never so much a-kin, there was no Necessity for his having her: The Law only obliges him to give her a Portion, and let her look out for another Husband. Your reason pray, why he rather chose to marry a Baggard Wench?

Get. Nay, 'twasn't Reason, but Money that was wanting.

Dem. He might have borrow'd it any where.

Get. Any where, say ye? Sooner said than done.

Dem. Rather then fail, he should have taken it upon Interest.

Get. Ho, bravely spoken! As tho' any one would have trusted him while you are alive.

Dem. Well! It shall never go thus, it mustn't be. Shall I suffer 'em to live together one Day to an end? No, I wou'dn't do't for the world. — But I'd fain ha' this paltry Rascal brought before me, or else direct me where he lives.

Get. You mean *Phormio*, Sir, don't ye?

Dem. Yes, the Woman's great Spokesman.

Get. I'll fetch him to ye presently.

Dem. But where's *Antipho* now?

Get. Gone out, Sir.

Dem. Good Coz. do so much as seek him out for me, and bring him hither.

Pho.

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Phe. I'm going to rights. [Exit Phedrie.

Get. To his Mistress he means. [Aside.

[Exit Geta another way.

Demipho alone.] I'll just step in and return my Thanks for my safe arrival; from thence I'll to the Piazza, and call some Friends to stand by me in this Business, that I mayn't be unprovided when *Phormio* comes. [Exit.

The End of the Second Act.



A C T III.

Phormio and Geta.

Phor. en-tring. **H**OW? Mr. *Antipho* play at Bopeep for fear of his Father, say ye!

Get. Very true.

Phor. So then poor *Phany's* left in the Lurch?

Get. Ev'n so.

Phor. And the old Man's upo' th' fret?

Get. Yes, indeed.

Phor. to himself.] So then the Burden lies all upon my Shoulders, poor *Phormio*. Thou must take what comes on't, and ev'n brew as thou hast bak'd. —To work then old Boy.

Get. Prithee about it then.

Phor. not minding Geta.] Suppose he should ask me. —

Get. 'Tis you we only trust to.

Phor. studying.] That's right. —What if he should reply?

Get. 'Twas you put us upon't.

Phor. still studying.] —Av, that will do.

Get. pulling him by the Sleeve.] Prithee help us out then.

Phor. turning quick to Geta.] Prithee trail the old Fox hither: I've all my Traps ready laid for him.

Get. What Design are ye upon now?

Phor.

Phor. What would ye have me, but to let *Pbanie* be his wife still, clear Mr. *Antipho* of all, and turn the whole stream o'th' old Man's Rage upon myself?

Get. Spoken like a Courageous Man, and a true Friend; but i'faith, honest *Phormio*, I'm afraid this Lion's Heart of yours will bring that pretty Face to look thro' the Pillory at the last.

Phor. Pihaw! Never fear that! I amn't to learn my Trade now; I know where to take sure footing. How many Men d'ye think I have in my time beat, and left for dead, Townsmen as well as Strangers? The oftener I exercis'd my Hand, the more Skill I had. And pray when did ye ever hear of an Action of Battery clapp'd upon my Back!

Get. How comes that about?

Phor. Pho! your Fowlers never aim at a Hawk or Kite that do Mischief; but 'tis your harmless Birds they are for. In one there's Profit, in the other only Powder and Shot thrown away. Just so they who have any thing to loose are in most danger; 'Tis well known, I've nothing to lose but my Skin. You'll say perhaps, *They might seize on my Person*: They'd be hang'd before they'd maintain such a devouring Glutton as I am. And troth I fancy they are i'th' right on't not to do me such an excellent good turn for a bad one.

Get. Faith, my young Master will ne'er be able to make ye amends for all this kindness.

Phor. 'Tis we Vassals owe more than our Lives are worth for the Favours of our Princes. Isn't it a rare thing to feast it at free cost, and perfume and bath ones self, to have no Trouble upon your Spirit, whilst another bears the Trouble and Charge of all? For you to have all things to your liking, to laugh and take your pleasure, while he frets himself, to be honour'd with the first cup, and set at the upper end of the Table to eat of the puzzling Banquet?

Get. What d'ye mean by the Word *puzzling*.

Phor. When there's such a plenty as would puzzle
ye

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ye which Dish to chuse first, you little Rogue: And considering how delicious and costly all these Blessings are: How can ye call the Founder of 'em less than a God on Earth?

Enter Demipho at a distance, with Hegio, Cratine and Crito.

Get. Our old Gentleman's just upon us: Mind your hits, the first Onset will be the bloodiest of all: If you bear the brunt of that, you may manage him as you please afterwards.

Dem. to his Followers.] Hark ye, my Friends, Was ever a Man treated at such a contemptuous rate as I? — Your Opinion, Gentlemen?

Get. The Man's in Wrath.

Phor. softly.] Hold your Tongue; 'S't! — I'll rouse him, I'll warrant ye, [*Very loud.*] O wonderful! Does *Demipho* deny *Phanie* to be his Kinswoman? Heavens bleis us! — What, deny his own Kindred?

Get. He does, what then?

Dem. I think, yonder's our Antagonist. — Keep close Neighbours.

Phor. aloud.] Doesn't he know who her Father was?

Get. No.

Phor. Nor yet *Stilpho* neither?

Get. No marry doesn't he?

Phor. aloud.] Ay, because she had nothing left her, her Father's disown'd, and she slighted. See what it is to be a covetous old Hunks.

Get. You'd better be hang'd, ye Dog, than call my Master covetous.

[*seeming in a Passion.*]

Dem. overhearing.] Abominable impudence! What is he come to call Whore first?

Phor. aloud.] Now I can't blame the young Gentleman indeed, for not knowing *Stilpho*, 'cause he was an old poor Man, that lived by his Labour, and was for most part i'th' Country, where he hired a small piece of Ground o' my Father: the poor old Man has oft complain'd to me *how basely Demipho his*
Kinsman

Kinsman had slighted him ; but what a Man did he slight thus? Why one of the honestest Men that ever wore a Head.

Get. See that he and you prove as good as ye pretend.

Phor. You be hang'd : if I had not found him to be as I say, I would never have engag'd our Family in such terrible Feuds upon her Account, who is now so ungenteely slighted by your Master.

Get. What, will abuse my Master behind his back? Ye foul mouth'd Varlet.

Phor. 'Tis no more than he deserves.

Get. Say ye so Jail-bird? [*Unbuttons his Collar, and clenches his Fist at him.*

Dem. coming nigher.] *Geta!*

Get. not minding Demipho.] Abominable Thief, Damnable Cheat!

Phor. softly to Geta.] Prithee give him an Answer.

Get. turning about.] Who's that calls? — Oh! Sir, —

Dem. Don't quarrel.

Get. This Varlet has been laying such base things to your Worship's Charge, that none but this Scoundrel would ha' been guilty of.

Dem. Well, say no more on't — [*To Phormio.*] But, hark ye, young Man, by your good leave I'd ask ye one civil Question, if you please to give an Answer to't. Pray, who was this Friend of yours that you were talking of? Tell me plainly, and how near did he say he was related to me?

Phor. You are for pumping as tho' you didn't know him.

Dem. Know him! I deny't, you that affirm it, prove it, and rub out my Memory.

Phor. I warrant you don't know one of your own Flesh and Blood.

Dem. You make me stark mad: Can't ye tell me his Name?

Phor. His Name? with all my Heart. [*Studies.*

Dem. Why don't ye out with't then?

Phor.

Phor. Pox on't 'tis slipt out of my Head. } *Softly*
Dem. What's that you mutter ? } *to Get.*

Phor. *softly to Geta.*] If you remember the Name we mention'd just now, prithee prompt me. — — —
 [*Aloud to Demipho.*] Ha, ha, he. — — — You shall have none of the Name for me ; as if you didn't know it already : You're upon the catch, I find.

Here Phormio laughs and speaks as loud as he can, that Geta may tell him the Name, and Demipho not hear't.

Dem. I scorn your Words.

Get. *softly to Phormio.*] *stilpho, Stilpho.*

Phor. The Name, Ha. -- ha — he. But what care I ? The Name's *stilpho.*

Dem. Who, say ye ?

Phor. I say *stilpho* ; as if you didn't know him.

Dem. I'll take my Corporal Oath I know no such Man, nor was I ever a-kin to any of that Name.

Phor. Is't possible ? arn't you ashamed to say so ? Had he left you a sowing Sum of Money — — —

Dem. The Devil take ye.

Phor. — You'd ha' been the first that shou'd ha' trac'd him, and his Pedigree, from the Conqueror.

Dem. Well, be it so : If I had undertaken it, I must have made it out which way she was my Kinswoman : Therefore, Prithee do you the same : Tell me which way she's related to me.

Get. Faith well urg'd, Sir — [*Aside to Phormio.*] Look to yourself my Friend.

Phor. I made it out, as clear as the Sun, in open Court, where 'twas to be done : If 'twere Forgery, why didn't your Son make it appear to be so ?

Dem. Tell not me of my Son ; he behav'd himself worse than a Changeling.

Phor. But you, Sir, that are so wondrous wise pray go into Court, and procure a second Hearing o'th' same Cause, since you play *Rex* here, and take upon ye the sole Prerogative of having the same Cause try'd twice over.

Dem.

Dem. Though I've been much abus'd in this Business, yet rather than be plagu'd with Law-suits, and your impertinent Tongue, let her go for my Kinswoman. I'll give her a Portion as the Law requires. — Here, take half a Score Piece, and away with her. [*Offers him Money.*]

Phor. Ha—ha—he——: A very pleasant Man i'faith!

Dem. What wou'd the Man have, don't I offer very fair? Can't I claim the Privilege of the Common Law?

Phor. Is it so, sweet Sir? When you've made use of a Citizen's Daughter, does the Law allow ye to give her a Whore's pay, and send her packing? Or doesn't it rather require she should be marry'd to the next of Kin, and keep to one Man, lest want shou'd make her do that which might be a Scandal to her Quality, and you are against that, are ye?

Dem. Ay, ay, to that next of Kin. But what is she a-kin to us? or how, pray?

Phor. Enough, enough: We needn't try it over again.

Dem. I don't design it: but I shall push hard till I've made an end on't.

Phor. You'd as good catch Butterflies.

Dem. I say, I will do t.

Phor. Besides, Sir, 'tis none of your Concern: 'Tis your Son is call, and not you: Your Dancing-days were over long ago.

Dem. Then you may suppose 'tis he that says all this to ye; if not, I'll turn him and his Trull out of Doors.

Get. Now his Back's up. [*Aside.*]

Phor. You'd be twice advis'd first.

Dem. You unlucky Dog, are ye resolv'd to do me all the Mischief you're able?

Phor. He's damnable afraid, tho' he does all he can to conceal it. [*Aside to Geta.*]

Get. to Phormio.] Your design succeeds rarely.

Phor.

Phor. What, Can't ye endure with Patience what can't be cur'd? Come, do like a Gentleman, that there may be a lasting Friendship between us! [*Jeering.*

Dem. Pish! Do I care a Fig for your *Friendship*? Or desire to see, or be acquainted with such a Rascal?

Phor. If you two can agree upon't, you'll have a Comfortress in your old Age: Pray consider what time of Day, 'tis with ye.

Dem. Pox; let her comfort thee; take her and the Devil to boot.

Phor. Good Sir, moderate your Passion. [*Jeering.*

Dem. Mark this then, without any more ado: If you don't make all the haste you can, and take away your Jilt, I'll thrust her out by Head and Shoulders: That's the Word for all, Mr *Knave*.

Phor. If ye offer her the least Afront unworthy her Quality. I'll clap a swinging Action upon your back: That's the word for all, Mr *Alberrman*! — Heark ye, if they want me, you'll find me at home.

[*Aside to Geta.*

Get. softly to Phormio.] Well enough.

Exit Phormio.

Dem. What a world of Care and Vexation has my Son brought me into, by entangling himself, as well as me in this unlucky Match! ——— Then I can't get one Glimpse of him, to know what we can say, or how he stands affected. ——— Run in, *Geta*, and see whether he's gone or no.

Get. I will, Sir.

(*Exit Geta.*

Dem. You see, Gentlemen, how the Case stands: What had I best to do? Your Advice, Mr. Counsellor.

(*To Hegio.*

Hegio. Meaning me Sir? — I think Mr. *Cratine*'s the fittest Man to speak first, if you please.

Dem. Come on then, Mr. *Cratine*.

Cra. Who I, Sir?

Dem. Yes you, Sir?

Cra. I'd willingly advise ye for the best; I am of Opinion, Sir, that what your Son did in your absence, should, in Right and Reason, be null and void *ipso facto*;

falso ; and the Law will allow it.

(*Dixi.*

Dem. Now for you Mr. *Hegio*.

Heg. I believe Mr. *Cratine* spoke as he thought ; but as the saying is, *So many Men, so many Minds* ; every one as they like. In my Opinion, what the Law has once determin'd, shou'dn't be cancelled, and 'twould be a scandal to offer at such a thing.

Dem. Now for your Opinion, Mr. *Crito*.

Crit. I desire time to consider on't ; 'tis a weighty Affair.

Heg. Ha' ye any further occasion for our Advice?

Dem. You've made rare work on't, i'faith.

Exeunt Hegio, Cratine and Crito.

Dem. *looking after 'em.*) So I'm more to seek now than ever.

Enter Geta.

Get. They say, Sir, he isn't come back yet.

Dem. I'll even stay till my Brother comes home ; what Advice he gives in this Case, that I'll follow. I'll enquire at the Water-side when they expect him.
[*Exit Demipho.*

Geta alone.

Get. And I'll go see for Mr. *Antipho*, and let him know how Squares go. But look, yonder, he comes in Pudding time.

Enter Antipho at a distance

Ant. to himself.) In good Troth, *Antipho*, thou and this faint Heart of thine are mightily to be blam'd : What, run away, and leave thy very Life and Soul to the Management of Deputies? Cou'dst think they'd take more Care of thy Business than thy self? Let other Matters ha' gone how they wou'd, the dear Creature at home ought to ha' been look'd after, for fear the poor Soul, that has lodg'd all her Hopes and Fortunes in thy Hands, shou'd for trusting to thy Promises, come to any Mischief.

Get. goes up to him.) Faith, Sir, we were just praying heartily for ye, but the wrong way, because you slunk away and left us so fairly i'th' Lurch.

Ant. 'Twas thee I wanted, *Geta*.

Get.

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Get.—But for all that, we didn't flinch an Ace.

Ant. Prithee tell me in what Posture my Affairs stand, and what I have to trust to : Does my Father know any thing of the main Business ?

Get. Not a bit.

Ant. Is there any Hopes then ?

Get. Indeed I can't tell. ———

Ant. Dear heart !

Get. But Mr. *Phedrie* pleaded like a Counsellor for ye.

Ant. He has been very obliging.

Get. Then for *Phormio*, in this, as in all other things, he has behav'd himself like a Hero.

Ant. What did he do ?

Get. He quite out hector'd your Father, as huffing as he was.

Ant. God amercy *Phormio*, i'faith.

Get. And also did my best.

Ant. *bugging him*] Ah, honest Rogue ! Faith I'm oblig'd to ye all.

Get. The first Encounter was just as I tell ye ; at present Matters go on very smoothly ; your Father, it seems, will let things rest till your Uncle comes home.

Ant. Why till then ?

Get. He says, he'll be advis'd by him in this Business.

Ant. Ah *Geta* ! How I dread his coming home, since I understand 'tis his Sentence alone I must stand or fall by !

Get. Look yonder's your Cousin *Phedrie*.

Ant. Where ?

Get. Look ye ; he's just coming out piping hot from the cold Sweating-house.

Enter Phedrie and Doria, Antipho and Geta
move on one side, and observe 'em.

Phe. Nay, good *Doria*, hear me.

Dor. The Devil I will.

Phe. But one Word.

Dor. Pox ! don't teaze me so.

Phe. Do but hear what I've to say.

Ger.

Dor. I'm sick with hearing the same thing a thousand times over.

Phe. But I have something to offer that you'll be glad to hear of.

Dor. Well, let's hear it then.

Phe. Is't impossible for me to prevail upon ye to stay but three short Days?—[Dorio is going off, and Phedrie holds him] Whither so fast, pray?

Dor. I'd ha' scor'd it up for a Wonder, if you had mad me any new Offer.

Ant. to Geta] Alas, I'm horribly afraid the Bawd is working himself no good.

Get. to Antipho.] And so am I too.

Phe. You won't believe me then.

Dor. That's well guess'd.

Phe. Suppose I pals my Word?

Dor. Meer Stuff!

Phe. You'd say, 'twas one of the best Days-work you e'er made in your Life.

Dor. Idle Stories.

Phe. Do but trust me, and you shan't repent it; you'll find it to be as I say.

Dor. Silly Fancies.

Phe. Good now try me, the Time isn't so long.

Dor. Cuckoo — Cuckoo.

Phe. You are my Relation, you are my Father, you are my Friend, you——

Dor. interrupting] Tattle on, tattle on.

Phe. Are ye of such a barbarous and inflexible nature that neither pity nor entreaty can mollify ye?

Dor. And are you, Sir, so senseless and shameless, as to think your gay Words and fine Flourishes shall chouse me out of what's my own for nothing?

Ant. to Geta.] Troth I'm sorry for him.

Phe. Alas I'm convinc'd he's i'th' right on't. [Aside.

Get. to Antipho] I think they both came up each to his proper Character

Phe. And must this Misfortune needs light upon me in a time when my Cousin Antipho is in the very same

same Trouble himself? [*Ant. and Geta go up to 'em.*

Ant. to Phedrie.] Ha! Cousin, what's the matter?

Phe. turning him.] My Cousin *Antipho's* the happiest Man alive.

Ant. Who, I?

Phe. In having what you love in your own custody; not tormented like me, with such a Villain as this.

Ant. In my Custody, say ye?—Ay, indeed I have as the saying is, *A Wolf by the Ears*: How to part from her I know not, and how to keep her I can't tell.

Dor. My very Case, by the Mackins.

Ant. to Dorio.] Courage Man don't play the Bawd by halves.—[*to Phedrie.*] But prithee what has he done?

Phe. That Rascal!—Why, like a hard-hearted wretch as he is, he has gone and sold my dearest *Pamphilia*.

Get. How! Sold her?

Ant. Sold her, say ye?

Phe. He has so.

Dor. A mighty Business indeed, for a Man to make Money of his own Wares!

Phe. I can't prevail upon him to stay but three Days for me, and break off the Bargain with him, till such time as I shall receive the Money my Friends promis'd to lend me —[*To Dorio.*] If I don't pay it ye then, you shan't stay a Minute longer for me.

Dor. You'll crack my Brain-pan presently.

Ant. He desires but a very little time, *Dorio*; prithee ben't so hard hearted, the Favour shall be requited you double, take my Word for't.

Dor. Meer Shams.

Ant. to Phedrie.] Can you suffer your Mistress to be ravish'd from this pleasant Town? — [to Dorio] And can you ha' the heart to part such fervent lovers?

Dor. That's neither my Fault nor yours.

Get. A Plague on thee for a Rascal. [*Aside.*

Dor. Look ye; many a month have I born with you against the grain; you've brought me nothing but Court-Promises, Crocodile's Tears, and a Beggar's Purse:

Purse: Now, on the other hand, I've gotten a Chapman that will pay me freely, without snivelling; therefore, *Cede Majoribus*, I say.

Ant. In good earnest, as I remember there was a Day set for my Cousin to have her.

Phe. There was so. *Dor.* Do I deny it?

Ant. Is that Day past then?

Dor. No, but another's Day came before it.

Ant. Aren't ye ashamed of your Knavery?

Dor. Not as long as I can get by't.

Get. Sordid Villain!

Phe. *Doris*, is that your Conscience now?

Dor. 'Tis so; if you like me, make use o' me.

Ant. Why shou'd you cheat him thus?

Dor. Rather i'faith, Mr. *Antipho*, 'tis he cheats me? he knew well enough what I was, but I took him for another sort of a Gentleman; so that he has deceived me: I am just for all the World as I us'd to be. But let that pass; thus much I'll do: To morrow Morning the Captain says he'll bring me the Money: Now Mr. *Phedrie*, if you'll bring it first, I'll follow my own Rule, *First come, First serv'd*; and so good bye t'ye.

Phe. What shall I do now?—Where shall poor I now, that am worse than nothing, scrape up such a Sum at so short a warning?—If you cou'd but ha' got him to have stay'd three Days, the Money was promis'd me by that time. [*Walks to and fro dejectedly.*]

Ant. to *Geta*.] What, shall we leave our Friend in in such a miserable case, who but just now, as you told me, pleaded my Cause so handsomly? Shan't we requite his Courtesy in time of need?

Get. 'Tis but right and reason we should, I confess.

Ant. Come on then; you are the Man that can keep his Head above Water.

Get. What wou'd ye ha' me do?

Ant. Procure him the Money.

Get. That I wou'd with all my Heart; but where must I have it?

Ant.

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Ant. My Father's at Home.

Get. That I know, but what then?

Ant. Pho! a Word to the wife is enough.

Get. Is it so, Sir? *Ant.* Yes, indeed.

Get. Very pretty Council, i'faith! You may do't yourself if you please; shan't I come off with flying Colours, if I 'scape with a whole Skin upon your own Account; but I must needs venture my Neck upon his Account too?

Ant. That's true I own.

Phe. What, *Geta*! Am I no-body wi'ye then?

Get. Not so neither:—But it is nothing in your Ellee n, that we've stirr'd up the old Gentleman's Anger against us all, unless we provoke him again beyond all Hopes of Reconcilement!

Phe. Shall my Rival carry away my dearest beyond Sea, and I be the Spectator too? — Ah Cousin, speak with me while you may; take one farewell look before I leave ye.

Ant. Why, Sir, what Crotchet comes in your Head now, Prithee tell me.

Phe. I'll traverse Sea and Land after her, or perish in the Attempt; that I'm resolv'd on.

Get. A good Journey to ye, Sir; but soft and fair goes far.

Ant. Prithee, *Geta*, see if thou canst help him a little.

Get. Help him, pray how!

Ant. Good now try however, for fear he do what may make us both repent, more or less, hereafter.

Get. My Invention's upo' th' Tenter-hooks. —
[*studies*] He's out o' Danger, or I am mistaken; but still I'm afraid my Hide will smart for't.

Ant. Don't be afraid; we'll stand and fall with thee upon all Accounts.

Get. to *Phedrie*] Well, how much Money d'ye want? Tell me.

Phe. Fourscore Guineas or so: That's all.

Get. Fourscore Guineas! Whoop! Whoop! she's a plaguy dear bit, Mr. *Phedrie*. *Phe.*

Phe. No she's an extraordinary Pennyworth.

Get. Come no more; you shall ha' the Money.

Phe. *bugging him.*] Rare Rogue.

Get. Come, let me alone.

Phe. I want it just now.

Get. And you shall ha't *just now*; but I shall want *Phormio* to second me i'th' Design.

Phe. to Geta.] Pray step, and desire him to be at home.

Ant. He's ready, I warrant ye; lay what load you will upon him, he'll bear't: He's the only Man of a thousand that's true to his Friend.

Get. Let's away to him out of hand.

Ant. Can I do you any Kindness in this Matter?

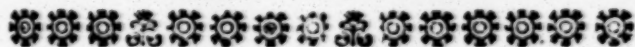
Get. None at all. Pray go and comfort the poor Creature at home, I know she's almost dead with Fear — Why d'ye stay, Sir?

Ant. I know nothing I'd do with a more willing Mind. *Exit Antipho.*

Ant. How will ye go to work in this Business?

Get. I'll tell ye as we go along, therefore pray be moving. *Exeunt Ambo.*

The End of the Third Act.



ACT IV.

Demipho and Chremes.

Dem. en-tring **W**ELL, ha' you dispatch'd the Business you went about to *Lemno*, Brother? Have ye brought your Daughter along with ye?

Chr. No.

Dem. Why didn't ye?

Chr. After her Mother I saw made a longer Stay here than ordinary, and that the Girl's Age wouldn't admit of any farther Delays, she and her own Family took Shipping, and (as I'm inform'd) came hither in search after me.

N

Dem.

Dem. When you heard of this, how came you to tarry so long behind 'em?

Chr. Alas! I was sick the time.

Dem. How came that? Of what Distemper?

Chr. That's a Question! Above Threescore is Distemper sufficient. — But the master of the Ship that brought 'em over told me they're all landed safe.

Dem. But, Brother, ha' ye heard of the shrewd Misfortune that happen'd to my Son in my absence?

Chr. Ay truly; and 'tis that has broke the Neck of all my Designs: For, shou'd I offer my Daughter in Marriage to a Stranger. I must tell the whole Story, *How I came by her, and by whom*; but you, I know, are as true to my interest as I can be my self. A Stranger, that wou'd be my Son-in-Law, wou'd hold his Tongue, as long as we were good Friends together; but if he once disregarded me, he'd know more by half than I'd have him. Then I'm horribly afraid the Business shou'd come to my Wife's Ear, if it does, my only Remedy will be, to take up my Heels and be marching: For, to speak the Truth, I of the whole Family am the only Friend to my self.

Dem. I'm sensible of it, Brother, and 'tis a great Trouble to me, but I'll leave no Stone unturn'd till I've prov'd myself as good as my Word.

[They walk aside.]

Enter Geta, at a distance.

Get. to himself.] I ne'er set my eyes on a craftier Whores-bird than this *Phormio* in all my Life. I came to the Bastard, to tell him that we wanted the Ready, and how we design to angle for't, and I had scarce open'd my Lips, but he knew my Meaning by my gaping. He was tickl'd at the Fancy, clapt me upon the Back for't, ask'd for the old Gentleman, and ~~en~~ his Marrow-bones thank'd the Gods a thousand times, for putting an Opportunity into his Hands of shewing himself as much *Mr. Phedrie's* as he had been *Mr. Antipho's* Friend. I bid him wait for me at the *Piazza*, where I'd bring the old Cully to him. *[See- ing*

ing Demipho.] Look there he is! ——— But who's that looking o'er his left Shoulder? — O the Devil! Mr. *Phedrie's* Father? Pish! What a Brute am I to be afraid of that? Is't 'cause thou hast caught two Woodcocks i'th' Spring, instead of one? — I'm sure 'tis safest to have two Strings to one's Bow. — I'll try to get it of him I first design'd; if he answers my Expectation, well; if not, have at the New-comer.

Enter Antipho at another part of the Stage, observing the rest.

Ant. to himself.] I look every minute for this *Geta's* coming back ——— Hah! yonder's my Uncle with my Father, laying their Heads together. 'Sdeath! how I dread what Designs his coming will put my Father upon.

Get. aside.] I'll go to 'em — [*Goes to that part of the Stage where Demipho and Chremes are.*] What, my Master *Chremes*!

Chr. Honest *Geta*, how is't?

Get. You're heartily welcome home, Sir.

Chr. I thank you.

Get. How goes the World with you, Sir?

Chr. Much at one; upon my Arrival here, I find a great many Alterations, as I used to do.

Get. So; then you've heard of Mr. *Antipho's* Business, I suppose.

Chr. All, all.

Get. to Demipho.] What, did you tell him, Sir? ——— Wasn't it an abominable thing to be so put upon Mr. *Chremes*?

Dem. 'Twas that Point he and I were just discouraging on.

Get. In troth, Sir, I've been hammering upon the same thing. and fancy I've thought of an Expedient?

Dem. hastily.] How *Geta*! what Expedient?

Get. Just as I parted from you, by chance who should I meet with but *Phormio*?

Chr. Who *Phormio*?

Get. Yes; he th r is the young Woman's. ———

Chr. Oh, I know him.

N 2

Get.

Get. The Toy came into my Head to feel his Pulse a little : I took him aside, *Prithce*, Phormio (said I) *hadn't ye better make an end of this Quarrel by fair means, rather than foul ? My Master's a free hearted Gentleman, and one that hates Law ; but I faith if he had taken all his Friends advice, he'd have kick'd her to the Devil before this time.* —

[*Antipho behind, overhearing.*] What does the Rogue mean ; what wou'd he be at ?

Get. — I'll warrant ye, you think the Law can take hold of him for that : *Pish ! We've had Council upon the Business already ; and take my Word for't, if you once begin a Suit with this Gentleman — he has his Tongue so well hung, he'll make you smock for't, But suppose he be cast, 'tis no hanging matter, and a little Money will put all to rights again.* After this Discourse, I found my Gentleman took down a Peg lower : *Here's only you and myself* (continued I) *prithce, good Boy, tell me what you demand down, to secure my Master from bearing any more this Business, to take the Girl off your Hands, and to plague us no farther.* —

Ant. What, has Old Nick bewitch'd the Fellow ?

[*Aside.*

Get. — *I'm sure of this, if you will but propose any thing that's just and reasonable, he's such a civil Gentleman, there won't be two Words between ye.*

Dem. Who gave you commission to say all this ?

Chr. Pho ! he cou'dn't have spoken better to bring our Design about.

Ant. All's lost.

[*Aside.*

Chr. On with your Story.

Get. At first he talk'd like a Madman.

Chr. Why, what did he ask ?

Get. What ? The Devil and all ; ev'n what his wild Fancy pleas'd.

Chr. Let's hear tho'.

Get. He talk'd of two or three hundred Guineas.

Chr. As many Devils take him : What has he no Conscience ?

Get.

Get. I told him as much myself. Good now (said I) suppose he had a Daughter of his own to marry, would he give any more? He's but little the better I find for having none, since one is clapt on his Back he must give a Portion to. To be short, omitting his idle impertinencies, at last he comes to this Conclusion: *Pro* had a mind (said he) from the very first, to marry my Friend's Daughter, which was no more than Reason required, for I foresaw the trouble the Girl would be put to, by marrying into a rich Family: *She* being poor, would be made a Slave, not a Wife. But to be plain with ye, I want a Wife with a little Money to pay off my Debts; now, if Mr. Demipho will give as large a Portion with her as I'm lik'd to have with one I'm already engaged to, I'll chuse her before any Woman alive.

Ant. A Body don't know what to make on't, whether it be Foolery or Knavery, or whether the Man is silly or wilful. [Aside.]

Dem. What, if he has pawn'd his Soul, must we redeem it?

Get. I'd be mortgaged (continued he) a Piece of Ground for 25 Pounds.

Dem. Well, well, let him take her, I'll pay the Money.

Get. And an old House or two for as much more.

Dem. Pox on him, that's too much by half. [angrily.]

Chr. Make no Noise then, he shall have as much as that of me.

Get. Then (quoth he) my Wife must have a Maid, more Household-Stuff must be bought, and a good handsome Wedding kept: These Things put all together, will come to 25 Pounds more.

Dem. He shall clap six hundred Actions upon my Back first, I'll not part with a Groat: Shall the paltry Rascal make a Property of me?

[Walks about in a Passion.]

Chr. Good Brother, be pacify'd, I'll lay down the Money, get but your Son in the Mood to marry the Woman we'd have him.

Ant. Alas for me ! Ah *Geta* ! thy Treacheries have undone me.

[*Aside.*

Chr. 'Tis upon my Account she's turn'd out, and 'tis but reason I should pay the Costs and Charges.

Get. Let me know (said he) *their Minds as soon as ye can, whether they design to let me have her or no, that I may get clear of the other, and know what to trust to, for the other Girl's Friends are fully design'd this very Day to lay me down the Portion.*

Chr. He shall have it immediately, let him break off that Match and take this Girl.

Dem. And the Devil take him into the Bargain.

Chr. I've very luckily brought with me the Rent of my Wife's Farm at *Lemno*: I'll take that, and tell my Wife, you had an Occasion to borrow it.

[*Exeunt Chremes and Demipho.*

Antipho comes up to Geta.

Ant. Hark ye, Mr. Rogue !

Get. Ha, Sir,

Ant. D'ye know what ye ha' been doing ?

Get. Yes; nabb'd both the old Fools of their Money.

Ant. Is that enough think ye ?

Get. Faith, Sir, I can't tell, 'twas as much as you order'd me.

Ant. Dog ! Are ye at cross Questions with me ?

[*Kicks him.*

Get. What d'ye mean, Sir ?

Ant. Why, your Rogueship has brought Matters to that fine pass, that now I may go hang myself. To make an Example of thee to all Villains, Heaven, Hell and Earth confound thee. If thou want any thing to be well done, I'll recommend ye to my Spark here. — What Occasion had you to rip up the old Sore, and bring my Dear's Name into Question ? You've possess'd my Father with new hopes of turning her off : And, sweet Sir, supposing *Phormio* should accept o'th' Portion, he must marry her then to be sure. And what will become of me then?

Get.

Get. He'll be hang'd before he marries her.

Ant. I believe so: But when they come to demand their Money back again, he'll rather chuse to go to Jail than betray us, I warrant ye. [*Scornfully.*]

Get. All Stories may be the worse for telling: The best o' this you've left out, and only mention'd the worst. Now pray hear mine: If he receives the Portion, he's oblig'd to marry her as you say: I own: But then there must be time allow'd for getting things ready for the Wedding, for inviting of Guests, and for the offering of his Oblations: The mean time Mr. *Phedrie's* Friends will procure him the Money they promis'd him, and out of this may *Phormio* refund to the o'd Gentleman.

Ant. Why so? Or what Pretence can he make?

Get. Pretence! O he has a thousand in his Budget. *What Prodigies have I seen* (may he pretend) *since we made the Bargain? There came a strange black Dog yelping into my House: A flying Dragon came down the Water-Spout; my speckled Hen crow'd: the Priest forbid it, and the cunning Man charg'd me to meddle with no new-Business till Winter.* These are as good Pretences as any i'th' World. Thus shall things be order'd.

Ant. Provided they were so. —

Get. So they shall, take my Word for't. — But, here comes your Father, withdraw, and tell Mr. *Phedrie* the Money's our own. [*Exit Antipho.*]

Enter at another part of the Stage, Demipho with a Bag of Money, and Chremes.

Dem. entering.] Be content, I say, I'll take care he shan't cheat us: I'll not part with a Cross to Day, but upon sure Grounds, and before sufficient Witnesses to testify to whom, and for what I deliver it.

Get. overhearing.] How cautious our Sir *Solomon* is where's no need on't. [*Aside.*]

Chr. Troth, and so you had need, Brother: But make haste, whilst the Fit is upon him. If the other Woman should chance to be before-hand with us, he may throw us off perhaps.

Get. You are i'th' right on't.

Dem. Bring me to him, *Geta.*

Get. I am ready, Sir.

Chr. When you've dispatch'd that, step over to my Wife, and desire her to have some Discourse with the Girl before we pack her off. that she may tell her, *She has no Cause to be angry th' it wou'd have her married to Phormio, since he's the fitter Match, being intimately acquainted with her: and that we haven't done contrary to our Duty, because we have given him as good a Portion as he desired.*

Dem. Pshaw! what a duce is all this to you?

Chr. O, a great deal, Brother.

Dem. Isn't enough for you to do your Duty unless all the World commend ye for't?

Chr. I'd willingly have her Consent tho', that she might not pretend she was turn'd out o' Doors.

Dem. I can tell her all this myself.

Chr. But 'twill come better from a Woman, tho'.

Dem. I'll call upon your Wife then.

Exit Demipho and Geta.

Chremes alone.

I'm thinking now what Corner o'th' Town to beat up for these Women of *Lemno*.

To him enter Sophrona out of Demipho's House.

Soph. to herself.] What shall I do? — What Friend shall I make use of, poor Fool that I am? Whom shall I trust with a Secret of so great Importance? Or where shall I look out for Assistance! — I'm strangely afraid my poor Mistress will be basely dealt withal for following my Counsel, for I hear the young Gentleman's Father takes it very heinously.

Chr. What disconsolate old Creature's that which comes from my Brother's? *[Aside.*

Soph. to herself.] 'Twas nothing but Poverty that forc'd me to do what I did; tho' I knew the Match was scarce good in Law, yet I advis'd her to't meerly to avoid starving.

Chr. In good truth, if I ben't mightily out o' my
guels,

guess, and if my Eye-sight don't deceive me, 'tis my Daughter's Nurse. [*Aside.*]

Soph. *to herself*] Nor can we as yet —

Chr. What had I best to do i'th' Case? [*Aside.*]

Soph. *to herself.*] — Find out the Father.

Chr. Had I best go to her, or tarry here, and pick something out of her Discourse? [*Aside.*]

Soph. *to herself.*] If I could find him out, my fear wou'd be over.

Chr. 'Tis she for certain — I'll go talk to her.

[*Aside.*]

Soph. Whose Voice is that, trow?

Chr. Nurse Sophrona!

Soph. And calls me too?

Chr. Look this way a little.

Soph. *turning.*] Mercy o' my Soul! Mr. Stilpho here!

Chr. No.

[*Winking on her.*]

Soph. What, deny your own Name?

Chr. Prithee Nurse, come a little this way from that Door; and not a word more of Stilpho. [*Softly.*]

Soph. No, Sir; and like your Worship. arn't you he you always said you were?

Chr. 'S't, 'S't. [*Going from his own Door.*]

Soph. What? I hope, Sir, you ar'nt afraid of this Door.

Chr. No; But I've a Mad-woman there in a Cage: And I formerly gave myself a Nick-name for fear some of you should indiscreetly blab it about, and perhaps my Wife should smell a Rat.

Soph. And troth that's the Reason that we poor Souls cou'd never hear any Tale or Tidings of ye in Town.

Chr. Prithee tell me what Business you had at that House you came out of? And where ha' ye left your Mistresses?

Soph. A lack-a-day.

[*Sighing.*]

Chr. Hah! What's the Matter? They arn't dead I hope.

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Soph. Your Daughter is alive; but the poor Creature her Mother broke her Heart with Grief. [*Weeps.*]

Cbr. That's bad News, indeed.

Soph. But I, a forlorn poor old Woman, married your Daughter as well as I cou'd, to the young Gentleman of that House.

Cbr. What to *Antipho*?

Soph. Yes, Sir, to him.

Cbr. How! has he got two Wives then? [*angrily.*]

Soph. How so, I beseech ye? he never married any other but this.

Cbr. What's become of her that went for his Kinswoman?

Soph. Your Daughter, Sir's the Person.

Cbr. How!

Soph. 'Twas only a Contrivance of ours, that since he lov'd her, he might marry her without a Portion.

Cbr. Bless me! How often do things fall out by chance, which we have not the Heart to wish for! Upo' my coming home, I've found my Daughter settled with the Person I desir'd, and just as I wish. The very thing my Brother and I aim'd at, this old Woman, without any Care of ours, has most carefully hit on. [*Aside.*]

Soph. Now, Sir, you had best see what's to be done i'th' Case, the young Gentleman's Father is now come home, who, they say, highly resents the Marriage.

Chr. interrupting.] All's safe enough. — But i'th' Name of Goodness, I conjure ye not to let any living Soul know she's mine.

Soph. Not from me, Sir.

Cbr. Come along, ye shall hear all within.

Exeunt Amb.

The End of the Fourth Act.

A C T.

A C T V.

Demipho and Geta.

Dem. **W**E can blame none but ourselves, for
Knives thriving in their Knavery; for
we must, forsooth, affect to be thought genteel and ge-
nerous. But we should'n't have out-run the Constable,
as the saying is. We cou'dn't be content to be cheat-
ed by him, but we must freely throw the Rascal a
good lump of Money into the bargain, for him to live
on till he can play us such another Dog's trick.

Get. Nothing more certain.

Dem. Now-a-days none are rewarded more than
such Rogues as wou'd persuade ye black's white.

Get. Nothing more sure.

Dem. How like a couple of Fools we manag'd
our business with this Rascal?

Get. 'Tis manag'd well enough, provided he keeps
to his word, and marries her.

Dem. Is there any Danger of that now?

Get. Faith, Sir, he's such a wavering sort of a
Fellow, that I can't tell, but he may recant.

Dem. The Devil! He recant?

Get. That I can't tell, Sir; I only suppose such
a thing.

Dem. I'll do as my Brother wou'd ha' me; step
and bring his Wife to talk with the young Woman—
Do you, *Geta*, go in and acquaint the Girl of her
coming.

[*Exit Demipho.*]

Geta alone.

We've coin'd Money for Mr. *Phedrie*: The old
Gentlemen are as quiet as Lambs: Care is taken that
Phanie shan't stir a Foot out of our House for the
present—But what next, Friend *Geta*? What's to
be done now? — Thou art as deep in the Dirt as
ever; and Tinker like, in mending one Hole, hast
made two—— 'Tis true, there is a sound drub-
bing

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being put off for a day or two longer ; but i'faith thou wilt receive it and with Interest too, if thou dost not look about thee ——— Well, I'll go home and teach *Phanie* her Lesson, that she mayn't be surpriz'd at *Phormio's* Behaviour, or *Nausistrata's* Discourse.

Exit Geta, and as he goes off, Enter Demipho leading in Nausistrata.

Dem. entring.] — Come on then ; and pray Madam, make use of your fine Knack of Speaking now, that the Girl mayn't think hardly of us, but be brought to do what we'd have her freely and willingly.

Nau. So I will, Brother.

Dem. Let your Endeavours be as serviceable to me now, as before your Purse was.

Nau. I should be glad to pleasure ye ; but in troth, Brother 'tis all along with my naughty Man's carelessness that I can't do so handsomely as I would.

Dem. How so, pray ?

Naus. Why, in troth he doesn't manage the Estate my Father left me worth a Farthing ; for he constantly made nigh Four Hundred Pounds a Year of his Land ——— Bless me ! to see the Difference of Men.

Dem. Nigh Four Hundred Pounds a Year, say ye ?

Nau. Yes indeed, when things were at a lower Rate by far than now.

Dem. Very strange !

Nau. You wonder at it I warrant ye ?

Dem. Ay, and I can't forbear.

Nau. Wou'd I had been a Man for his sake, I'd ha' shewn him. ———

Dem. Ay, ay, so you would. [*Jeeringly.*]

Nau. How I would have ———

Dem. interrupting.] Spare yourself, good Sister, to encounter the young Woman ; perhaps she'll be too hard for ye at your own Weapon else.

Nau. I'll be rul'd by ye. — But here comes my good Man from your House.

Enter

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Enter Chremes, goes up to Demipho, not seeing his Wife.

Chr. Ho ! Brother, have ye paid away the Money yet, or no ?

Dem. I did that presently.

Chr. I wish you hadn't. ——— [*Sees Nausistrata and starts.*] 'S'death my Wife ! I had like to have said too much. [*Aside.*]

Dem. Why d'ye wish I hadn't, Brother ?

Chr. Nothing, all's well.

Dem. But hark ye, did ye tell the young Woman upon what Account your Wife was coming to her ?

Chr. Every bit on't.

Dem. Well, and what says she ?

Chr. She can't be persuaded to't.

Dem. Why can't she tho' ?

Chr. Because of the Love that is between 'em.

Dem. Pish ! What's that to us ?

Chr. O, very much : — Besides, I've found her to be our real Kinswoman.

Dem. How, are you mad too ?

Chr. You'll find it so as I say : I don't speak but upon good Grounds, pray recollect yourself a little.

Dem. Certainly you are mad.

Naus. Good Brother *Demipho*, you won't wrong your Kinswoman, will ye ?

Dem. She's none of mine.

Chr. Don't say so ; her Father has another Name, and that bred your Mistake.

Dem. What ! Didn't she know her own Father ?

Chr. Yes, marry did she.

Dem. Why didn't he call himself by his own Name then ?

Chr. Will ye neither believe, nor understand me ? [*Aside to Demipho.*]

Dem. How shou'd I, if you won't tell me ———
[*Chr.* You'll spoil all. [*Winks on him.*]

Naus.

Nau. I can't imagine what the business should be.

Dem. Faith, not I.

Cbr. Must ye needs know all? As I hope for Mercy, there's none so nigh a-kin to her as you and I.

Dem. Bless my Soul! Let's all go in together; I'd know something of her.

Cbr. Hold!

Dem. What's the Matter?

Cbr. Have I got so little Credit with you, Brother?

Dem. Wou'd you have me credit you without searching any further into the business?—Well, be it so then: But how will ye bestow your Friend's Daughter the while?

Cbr. She'll do well enough.

Dem. Must we turn her off then?

Cbr. Why not?

Dem. And keep this Creature here?

Cbr. Yes.

Dem. Well, Sister, you may go home again, if you please.

Nau. Troth, I think it much the better way to keep her still, than to part with her; for when I first saw her, she look'd very much like a Gentlewoman.

[*Exit Naufistrata.*]

Dem. Now what's all this business.

Chr. *looking after Naufistrata.*] Has she shut too the Door?

[*Fearfully.*]

Dem. Yes.

Cbr. Wonderful! The best Luck in the World: I find 'tis my own Daughter that's married to your Son.

Dem. Hah! Is't possible?

Cbr. This is no safe Place to tell ye.

Dem. Step into my House then.

Cbr. But hark ye, I wou'dn't have so much as the two Boys know any thing of this.

[*Exeunt Ambo.*
Enter,

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Enter, at another part of the Stage, Antipho alone.

Let my own Concerns go as they will, yet 'tis a Comfort to me that Matters go so well with my Cousin. 'Tis a piece of Art for a Man to rule his Appetite so, that a small Matter shall satisfy him when his Fortune is at the lowest Ebb. No sooner had my Cousin *Phedrie* received the Money, but his Cares are over, for my part I know no way to free myself from mine. If this Business be conceal'd, I shall be always in fear; if discover'd, Infamy will be my Reward. ——— I cou'dn't ha' the Heart to go home, if I hadn't some small Hopes of enjoying my dear *Phanie* still. ——— But where shall I meet with *Geta*, to know of him what may be the most convenient time of shewing myself to my Father?

Enter Phormio at a distance.

Phor. to himself.] I've receiv'd the Cash, paid off the Bawd, brought away the Wench, and taken Care that *Phedrie* shou'd now enjoy her as his own, since she's now out of her Slavery. ——— I've one thing still in Hand which must be dispatch'd, that is, to get leave of these Curmudgeons to go and tope it a little, for I have cut out a few odd days for my own Diversion.

Ant. Look here's *Phormio*. ——— What say'st?

Phor. What, Sir?

Ant. What's my Cousin *Phedrie* about? Does he pretend to play the Epicure in Love?

Phor. He's going in his turn to act your part now.

Ant. Prithee, what part?

Phor. Of keeping out of his old Dady's Clutches, and he begs you'd act his, and plead his Cause for him; for he and I are to sing old *Rose* together. ——— I am going to tell the old Gentleman, that I am bound for *Sunio* Fair, to buy the little Slave *Geta* told 'em of. That so when they see I'm not in Town, they mayn't imagine I make their Money fly. ——— But your Door goes there.

Ant.

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Ant. Prithee, see who comes out ?

Phor. 'Tis *Geta*.

Enter Geta from Demipho's in great haste, with a Cloak in his Hand.

Get. to himself.] Thou blessed, blessed Fortune, how much is my Master *Antipho* obliged to thee for this Day's Work.

Ant. to Phormio.] What does the Fellow mean ?

Get. to himself.] And out of how many cold Fits hast thou freed us that are his Friends ? — But why do I loyter, and not clap on my Cloak ? Why don't I run to find him out, and let him know how things have happen'd ?

Puts on his short Cloak and struts about.

Ant. D'ye understand what he says ?

Phor. Do you, Sir ?

Ant. Not a Word.

Phor. Nor I neither.

Get. to himself. I'll go to old *Dorio's*, for there to be sure they are. *[Going off.*

Ant. Soho, *Geta* !

Get. Soho to you too. — 'Tisn't strange nor new for a Man o' my Quality to be interrupted i'th' middle of his Journey.

Ant. Why, *Geta* !

Get. Faith he keeps his Place for all that. Your Impertinence shall never bring me back.

Ant. Won't ye stay then ?

Get. Sirrah you shall be kick'd. — Some sawcy Scullion or other that calls me thus. *[Aside.*

Ant. You shall be served the same Sawce, if ye don't stay, ye Dog.

Get. This must be one that knows me very well, that is so free of his Compliments. *[Turning about.* But isn't it he I want ? — 'Tis he.

Phor. to Antipho.] Step up to him presently.

Ant. goes to Geta.] What's the News with you ?

Get. O, Sir ! the happiest Man this Day alive ! without doubt you are the Darling of the Skies.

Ant.

Ant. So would I be, and would have ye give me some Reason to believe so.

Get. Isn't it enough if I plunge ye over Head and Ears in Joy?

Ant. You kill me with Impertinence.

Phor. Hang your Preambles, and say what you've to say quickly.

Get. Oh! — Art thou here old Rock?

Phor. Yes: but why this fooling?

Get. Observe then: Hem! hem! — As soon as we gave you the Money at the *Piazza*, we went strait home. [*To Phormio.*] — In the way home my Master sent me to your Lady. [*To Antipho.*

Ant. For what?

Get. Nay, there I leave ye: That's nothing to our Business, Sir. — Just as I was going into her Apartment, her Boy *Mida* runs up to me, catches me hold by the Cloak, and pulls me back, I turned about, and ask'd him what he meant; he told me no body must come nigh his Mistress; that *Sophrone* just now brought Mr. *Demipho's* Brother, Mr. *Chremes*; and that there they were all together. At that word, I steals me up to the Door a Tip-toe, I went and stood close up to't, held my Breath, laid my Ear to the Key-hole, and very attentively listned to their Discourse, thus. [*Shewing how.*

Ant. O brave *Geta*!

Get. There did I hear the pleasantest Story in the World, that before *George* I could hardly forbear huzzaing there.

Phor. For what?

Get. For what d'ye think?

Ant. I can't guess.

Get. And such a prodigious wonderful Passage too. — 'Slid, your Uncle is found to be your Spouse's own Father.

Ant. Hah! What's that?

Get. He had formerly some private Acquaintance with her Mother at *Lemno*.

Phor.

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Phor. Meer Dreams ! How came she not to know her own Father then ?

Get. You may suppose there was a Reason for that : But d'ye think I that was without Doors, cou'd understand ev'ry word that was within ?

Phor. Faith, now I think on't, there was some such flying Report.

Get. I'll give ye some further Proof. — Whilst I stood list'ning, out goes your Uncle, and presently after, and brought your Father along with him ; and both said you might keep her and welcome. In short, they've sent me to look for ye, and bring ye to 'em.

Ant. *throws his Arms about Geta's Neck.*] Bless my Soul ! away with me in a Moment : — Are ye mad to stay ?

Get. I'll do't, as I'm a living Man.

Ant. Dear Rogue, *Phormio*, farewell.

Phor. Adieu, adieu, Sir.

[Exit Geta, carrying off Antipho. Phormio alone.]

Let me die, if this ben't a lucky hit, I am glad with all my Heart they've met with such good Fortune, and so unexpectedly too. Faith now I've an excellent Opportunity of bubbling both the old Fellows, and of taking the Money-care off *Phedrie's* Hands : So that he needn't be beholden to any of his Friends for't : For the same Money I squeezed from these old Gripes, shall go for *Phedrie's* Use : And e'gad I've found out a way will do it effectually : I must get me a new stately Gate, and a fine set Countenance. — But I'll step into the next blind Alley, and pop out upon 'em as soon as they appear ; for now I'm not for *Sunio* Fair, as I pretended.

[He retires to one side of the Stage.]

Enter Demipho and Chremes.

Dem. entring.] I bless my Stars with all my Heart, for the good Luck my Business has met with. —

But

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But let us make what haste we can to *Phormio*, that we may recover our Money before he makes it all go to wreck.

Phor. comes from his Covert, speaks to himself, meets Demipho, then starts.] I'll go and see whether *Mr. Demipho* be at home, that I may. —

Dem. We were coming to you, *Mr. Phormio*.

Phor. Upon the old Business, I warrant.

Dem. Yes, truly.

Phor. So I thought; but what need of that? A good Jest in Troth. What, were ye afraid I shou'd not stand to what I said? Hark ye, Gentlemen, tho' I am but a poor Fellow, I always took Care to be a Man of my Word.

Chr. to Demipho.] Isn't she a well-bred Girl, as I told ye?

Dem. Yes, indeed.

Phor. For that Reason I'm come on purpose to tell ye, Sir, that I am ready, and you may give her away as soon as you please; for I've thrown off all my other Business, as 'twas Reason I should, when I saw that you, Gentlemen, were so eager upon this.

Dem. But my Brother here advises me to the contrary: For (says he) *by doing this, you'll become the common Town-talk; when you might ha' put her away with some Credit, when you wouldn't: And 'twou'd be a Scandal to turn her off now she's married to your Son.* In fine, he used almost the same Reasons you urg'd just now against me.

Phor. Marry come up, how merry you are upon me!

Dem. How so?

Phor. How so quoth a? Why, now I can never marry the t'other. With what Face, think ye, can I go again to her I just now so basely turn'd off?

Chr. aside to Demipho.] Tell him, you find that *Antipho* won't endure to part with her.

Dem. Besides, I find that *Antipho* won't endure to part with her. — Therefore, good *Phormio*, let me

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me desire ye to step to the Banker's and order the Money to be paid me baek again.

Phor. What ? when I've just paid it away to my Creditors ?

Dem. *aside to Chremes.*] What shall we do now ?

Phor. If you'll let me have the Woman according to promise, so be it ; if you design to keep her Person, I'll keep her Portion, Mr. *Demipho* : For there's no Reason I shou'd be fobb'd by ye for your Pleasure only, since to save your Credit I threw off another that would have had as good a Portion to a Farthing.

Dem. Old Nick take thee with thy Rodomontades, for a Rogue as thou art ; I warrant, you think I don't know you or your damn'd Tricks either.

Phor. This puts me beyond all Patience.

Dem. Why, would you marry her if she were proffer'd to ye ?

Phor. Try me, try me.

Dem. That my Son might bed and board with her at your House : Was that your Plot ?

Phor. Hah ! what's that you say ?

Dem. I say, give me my Money.

Phor. And I say, give me my Wife.

Dem. Come before a Justice of Peace, Sirrah !

Phor. A Justice of Peace ! nay, if you be thereabouts, I'll. ———

Dem. What will ye do ?

Phor. Who I, Sir ? I warrant ye, suppose I've none but portionless Clients, but I'd have ye to know I've those with Portions too.

Cbr. What's that to us ?

Phor. Nothing, Sir ; only I know one of them in this Town, whose Husband had ———

Cbr. The Devil.

[*Aside.*

Dem. What's the matter now ?

Phor. ——— Another's Wife at Lemno.

Cbr. I am dead, ———

[*Aside.*

Phor.

Phor. By whom he had a Daughter, which he brought up, and no-body e'er the wiser.

Chr. I'm buried.

[*Aside.*

Phor. I'll just now go and acquaint the Gentlewoman with the long and short on't.

Chr. holding him.] Pray now don't.

Phor. Ah, ha, Sir! Are you the Party concern'd?

Dem. How basely the Rogue plays upon us! [*Aside.*

Chr. Come, we'll discharge ye.

Phor. Meer Flams.

Chr. What wou'd ye have more? I tell ye, we'll forgive ye the Money you've got of ours. [*Softly.*

Phor. I hear ye. — What a plague, d'ye play Children's play with me? I won't, I will; I will and I won't again: Give, take; 'tis said and unsaid done and undone again.

Chr. By what means, or how the duce came he to know this? [*Aside to Demipho.*

Demipho and Chremes walk on one side.

Dem. I can't imagine; for I am certain I never told any living Soul of it.

Chr. There's Witchcraft in't, I'll be sworn else.

Phor. I've given them a Bone to pick. [*Aside.*

Dem. aside to Chremes.] 'Sbud, shall this Rascal carry off such a round Sum of Money, and abuse us to the very Face too? By Heavens, he shall have my Heart for his Supper as soon. Come pluck up a good Heart, Brother, and play the Man; you see your Failing has taken Air, and 'tis impossible to keep it from your Wife now: Since she must know it from others, 'tis the best way, for quietness sake, to tell her of it ourselves, then we may worry this dirty Rascal as we please.

[*They move nigher to Phormio.*

Phor. O lamentable! If I don't look about me, I shall be trapan'd as sure as a Gun. They make towards me, like a couple of Bullies to hector me.

[*Aside.*

Chr. aside to Demipho.] But I'm afraid she'll ne'er be reconcil'd to me.

Dem.

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Dem. *aside to Chr.*] Take heart Man, I'll certainly make up the Business: You may trust to that, Brother, since the Woman you had this Daughter by is dead and gone out of the way.

Pbor. Is this your Dealing, Gentlemen? You come upon me very cunningly methinks: But in troth, Mr. *Demipho*, you've done your Brother but little good by provoking me thus.—[*To Chremes.*] And you, Sir, after you've taken your swing beyond Sea, and shew'd no regard to a Lady of Quality, but offer'd her the most sensible Affronts, d'ye think by whining and praying to expiate your Fault? No, with this Story I'll raise her in such Flames, that tho' you dissolv'd into Tears, yet you shou'd not be able to quench 'em.

Dem. Plagues and Furies seize the Rogue, and cast him into the deepest Pit of Hell: Was there ever such an impudent Dog upon the Face of the Earth? Does not this Rogue deserve to be transported at the publick Charge, to some desart Island?

Chr. He has got me so upon the hank, that I know not what Course to take with him.

Dem. I have found a way: Let's have him before a Justice.

Pbor. Before a Justice! ay, the She-Justice of this House then. [*Is going towards Chremes's.*]

Dem. Follow him and hold him fast till I call my Servants out.

Chr. holding him.] I amn't able to hold him; come and help. [*Here they both hold him.*]

Pbor. I'll clap an Action upon your Back, Mr. *Demipho*.

Dem. Do't then.

Pbor. And another upon yours, Mr. *Chremes*.

Enter a Servant or two from Demipho's.

Dem. to the Servants.] Here, take away this Rascal. [*Here the Servants lay hold of Phormio, he scuffles with 'em, throws down Demipho, that comes to assist 'em, but at last is overpower'd.*]

Pbor.

Phor. Are you at that Sport? Nay, then 'tis time, to cry out: *Naufistrata*, come hither a little.

Cbr. Gag the Villain.

Dem. panting.] What—— a confounded strong Dog he—— is!

Phor. aloud,] *Naufistrata*, I say.

Cbr. Won't ye hold your Tongue, Sirrah?

Phor. I hold my Tongue?

Dem. to the Servants] If he won't go along freely, give him a Punch i'th' Guts.

Phor. Or scratch my Eyes out, I've a way to be reveng'd for all that.

Enter Naufistrata: The Servants unband Phormio. Chremes looks very simply.

Nauf. Who calls me?

Cbr. Zookers!

[*Aside:*

Nauf. Good Husband, what Disturbance is this?

Phor. Hah! what, is your Mouth stop'd now?

[*To Chremes.*

Nauf. What Fellow is this? wont ye tell me?

Pho. He tell ye, Madam! i'faith, his Head's so giddy, he can't tell where he is himself.

Cbr. Good Duck! don't believe a word he says.

Pho. Do but go and feel him, Madam, and bang me if he ben't as cold as a Stone.

Cbr. That signifies nothing.

Nauf. What then? what does the Fellow talk of?

Pho. I'll tell ye, Madam, pray mind me.

Cbr. Are ye resolv'd to believe, Duck?

Nauf. Prithee what can I believe, he has told me nothing yet.

Phor. The poor Man's Fear has put him out of his Wits.

Nauf. In troth this can't be for nothing that you should be in such a Fright.

Cbr. Who, I in a Fright?

Phor. Ay, for certain; for if you ben't, and if this I'm going to tell is of no consequence, pray tell it yourself, Sir.

Dem.

Dem. Ye Rascal, shall he tell it to humour you?

Phor. Oh, you do rarely in taking your Brother's part.

Nauf. What, Husband, won't ye tell me the Business then?

Chr. faultring.] Po——but ——

Nauf. But, what *But*?

Chr. There's no Occasion for't ——

Phor. Not for you, perhaps: but for her there is. —— At *Lemno*.

Chr. Ha! what says he?

Dem. Dog be silent.

Phor. — Without your Knowledge. —

Chr. Undone.

Phor. He marry'd a Wife. [*Chremes looks upon the Ground.*]

Nauf. Who, my Husband? Heavens forbid that.

Phor. O, my Soul, 'tis all true.

Nauf. Alas-a-day, I'm utterly ruin'd!

Phor. And there he got a Daughter by her, which you never dreamt of.

Chr. What will become of me now. [*Aside.*]

Nauf. Oh Heavens! Base and treacherous this. [*Weeps.*]

Phor. 'Tis as I say.

Nauf. Was there ever such an unworthy Action heard of? When they come to their Wives, they pretend *they are old*, forsooth. —— I address myself to you, Brother, for I'm ashamed to speak to him. Was it for this he went so oft, and stay'd so long at *Lemno*? Was this the low Price of Corn that made our Rents fall?

Dem. Indeed, Sister, I own he was in some fault, but yet 'tis a venial one.

Phor. He preaches to the Wind. [*Aside.*]

Dem. It wasn't out of Contempt or Aversion to you he did this. About fifteen years ago, he, in his Drink, had to do with this Woman, and had this Daughter by her, but ne'er touch'd her since? she

she is now dead and gone out of the way, who was your only Grievance. Therefore, good Sister, take it patiently, as you us'd to do other things.

Naus. Take it patiently! No, I had rather part with him for ever: For, what can I hope for now? Can I expect Age will teach him better things: If that wou'd ha' don't, he was old enough then: Or, is my Age and Beauty like to please him more than formerly? What reason can ye give to make me to look or hope for his amendment?

Phor. aside.] Ha—ha—ha—Here's a Cast of my Office.—If any one has a mind to come to *Chremes's* Now Funeral, now is the time. let any Man provoke my Honour that dares, I'll serve him the same sawce I'll warrant him.—Let him be Friends with me now as soon as he please, I have swing'd him off sufficiently for once; and she has wherewith to hit him i'th' Teeth as long as he hath an Hour to live.

Naus. scornfully.] I warrant ye, I deserv'd all this.—But, Brother, what need have I to reckon up how faithful I've been to him in every thing?

Dem. I'm satisfied in that as well as you yourself.

Naus. D'ye really think I deserv'd this ill Usage at his Hands?

Dem. Not i'th' least—But since all your Complaints can't undo what's already done, forget and forgive; He begs your Pardon, owns his Fault, and promises Amends; what can ye desire more?

Phor. aside.] But i'faith, before the Pardon's seal'd there must be a Proviso or two made for my self and Mr. *Phedrie*. Hark ye Madam, let me put in a word before you answer.

Naus. Let's hear it then.

Phor. I coax'd your Husband out of Threescore and Fifteen Pounds, which I gave to your Son to buy a Sweetheart of his of an old Pandar.

Cha. Hastily.] Hah! How's that?

Naus. interrupting.] Is it such a strange thing for your Son, in his youthful days, to keep one Mistress,

O

when

260 *The Tricks of PHORMIO.*

when you are not ashamed to have two Wives? With what Face can ye reprimand him? Answer me that pray. [*Chremes draws back, and looks simply.*

[*Dem.* He shall be rul'd by you.

Naus. Well, that you may know my Mind plainly I'll neither pardon him, promise him any thing, nor give him any Answer till I see my Son, to whose determination I refer all, and shall do what he orders.

Phor. You've done very discreetly, Madam.

Naus. to Phormio.] Will that satisfy you?

Phor. Yes indeed, Madam, I am come off rarely, and beyond expectation.

Naus. Pray, honest Man, what may I call your Name?

Phor. Mine, Madam? 'Tis *Phormio*, your whole Family's humble Servant, and especially Mr. *Pbedrie's*.

Naus. Honest *Phormio*; whatever kindness I can do thee, and thou desirest, be't in Word or Deed, I'll do it.

Phor. You honour me too much, Madam.

Naus. Troth 'tis no more than you deserve.

Phor. First then, Madam, will ye do something that will pleasure me and fret your Husband.

Naus. with all my Heart.

Phor. If you please, invite me to Supper then.

Naus. Faith, come and welcome.

Dem. Let's go in then.

Naus. Agreed — But where's *Pbedrie* our Referee all this while?

Phor. I hope he'll be here anon. —

[*To the Spectators.*]

Gentlemen, fare ye well, and clap.

The End of the Tricks of PHORMIO.



T H E

M O T H E R - i n - L A W :

A

C O E M D Y,

Acted at the *Roman Sports*,

W H E N

S. Julius Cæsar,
and
Cn. Cornelius Dolabella, } were *Cu-*
rule *Edils.*

At that time it was not acted quite through.

Flaccus, made free by *Claudius*, compos'd the Musick, which was perform'd on two Unequal Flutes.

It was taken wholly from the Greek of *Apollodorus*.
Acted first

Under the Consulship of } *Cn. Octavius,*
and
} *T. Manlius.*

It was acted a second time at a Funeral Solemnity, and a third time, when

Q. Fulvius,
and
L. Murcio, } were *Curule Edils.*

A. U. C. 588. Before Christ, 155.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

- Laches, { *An old Gentleman of Athens, very honest and true hearted, lately retired into the Country.*
- Phidippus, { *Another old Citizen of Athens, his Neighbour and Friend, indulgent to his Family, angry when stirr'd.*
- Pamphilus, { *Laches's Son, a genteel, civil, good-natur'd young Gentleman, a Respector of his Parents, though formerly somewhat debauched.*
- Parmeno, { *Servant to Pamphilus, and his Confident, a trusty, merry, inquisitive Fellow.*
- Socia, { *Another Servant of Pamphilus's.*

W O M E N.

- Sostrata, { *The Mother-in-Law, Wife to Laches, a submissive, peaceable kind old Gentlewoman.*
- Myrrhina, { *Wife to Phidippus easy and fearful.*
- Bacchis, { *A noted Courtezan, formerly Mistress to Pamphilus, very honest and generous considering her Circumstances.*
- Philotis, { *Another Courtezan, of a merry, gentle, sweet Nature.*
- Syra, { *An old Woman of the same stamp, pious, revengeful and ill-natur'd.*

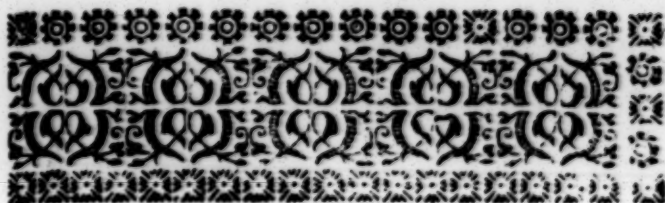
M U T E S.

- Philumena, { *Wife to Pamphilus, and Daughter to Phidippus.*
- Scirtus, { *A Boy of Laches.*
The Nurse.
Two Servants of Bacchis.

SCENE, A T H E N S.

The TIME, about six or seven Hours.

THE



THE
Mother-in-Law.

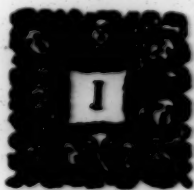
ACT I.

SCENE, *the Street before Phidippus and
Laches's Door:*

TIME, *the Forenoon.*

Enter Philotis and Syra.

Phil.



Faith, old *Syra*, there's not
one in forty of these young
Fellows that keep touch with
a Mistress. — Why, here's
Mr. *Pamphilus* now, how
many thousand Oaths has he
sworn to *Bacchis* (and solemnly too, that one
cou'd n't but believe him) that he'd never marry
while she liv'd: Very good, yet my Gentleman's
married for all that.

Syr. For that reason, Girl, let me advise and conjure you as a Friend, to pity none of the Sex, but fleece 'em, maul 'em, pick the very Bones of every Creature of 'em that you get into your clutches.

Phil. What, all without exception? [*Sighing.*]

Syr. Ay, every Mother's Son of 'em. — Take this from an old Woman, that there's none of these Sparks that are so sweet upon ye, that has any other design than to have his will of ye at as cheap a rate as he can: And, prithee Child, shou'dn't thou in Justice countermin' 'em?

Phil. But to serve all alike is too cruel, I vow.

Syr. Cruel, to be reveng'd of one's Enemies, or to take Cheats in their own Traps! Ah, what pity 'tis that I had not that youth and beauty of yours, or you those Sentiments of these Matters that I have.

Enter Parmeno at a Distance.

Par. *to Scirtus within.*] If the old Gentleman ask for me, tell him I'm just gone to the Water-side, to enquire when Mr. *Pamphilus* comes home. — D'ye hear, Boy? If he asks for me you may tell him so; if not, say nothing; then this excuse will keep cold for another time. — [*He comes from the Door.*] But is that *Philly* there? — Whence comes she, I wonder? — [*Goes up to 'em.*] *Philotis.* I'm heartily glad to see ye.

Phil. And I you honest *Parmeno*.

Syr. Cods-buddikins, *Parmeno*, How dost thou do, my Lad?

Par. Udds-fish, Granny, how dost thou?

Exit Syra.

But prithee, Mrs. *Philly*, where ha' you been diverting your self this live-long while?

Phil. But little Diversion, Heaven knows, e'er since I march'd off with the Captain to *Corinth*, the meekest Brute upon Earth, where I led a very Dog's life, for two whole Years together.

Par. Ay faith! I warrant ye, you often sigh'd for old *Athens* again, and cou'd have wish'd yourself hang'd for undertaking the Journey.

Phil.

Phil. 'Tis impossible to tell you how eager I was to come home to get clear of my Spark, and to see ye all once more ; where I might ha' free liberty to enjoy my Friends and Merry-meetings as formerly. For there I cou'dn't utter a Word but what was shaped out by that rascally Captain.

Par. That same cutting ye short of your Tattle, I fancy, must needs go against the Grain.

Phil. Well : But what a business is this that *Bacchis* has been telling o' me within ? I could ne'er have imagin'd *Pamphilus* could ha' found in his Heart to marry as long as she liv'd.

Par. Marry, quoth a' ?

[*Angrily.*

Phil. Hey-day ! why isn't he married ?

Par. Married indeed : But I have a conceit this Marriage won't hold long.

Phil. Pray Heavens it may not, if it be to *Bacchis*'s Advantage. — But how shall I be certain of it ? Good Boy, satisfie me in that.

Par. 'Tisn't a thing to be ask'd : Therefore pray don't be so inquisitive.

Phil. You're afraid, I warrant, that I should blaze it abroad : But let me perish if I ask ye upon any such design, but only for my own private Satisfaction.

Par. All your fine wheedling shall ne'er persuade me to trust my Back to your Discretion.

Phil. Well don't then ; who cares ? as if now you had not much more mind to tell me, than I to know.

[*In a jaunting way.*

Par. aside.] E'dad she's i'th' right on't : She has hit upo' my greatest Weakness. — Well, Madam, promise Secrecy upon your Honour, and I'll tell you all.

Phil. So : Now you're come to yourself again. Upon my Honour then ; away with't.

Par. Mind me then.

[*Phil.* Well.

Par. Mr. *Pamphilus* was it'h' very heighth of his Passion for Mrs. *Bacchis*, when his Father began to be earnest with him to marry. He alledg'd the usual

Arguments of all Fathers in the like Case, namely, *That he was an old Man had no Child but him, and desired that he might not be destitute of a Support in his old Age.* At first he rejects the Proposal; but when his Father came to press on the Business more zealously than ordinary, he was brought to such Straits, that he cou'dn't tell which to prefer, either love or duty. At last the old Man by baiting and teasing his Son's Heart out, screw'd him up to this Pitch, and got him made sure to his next Neighbour's Daughter. *Pamphilus* didn't take it in such dudgeon till his Wedding-day came on: But when he saw all things ready, and without more ado, marry he must; he laid it so much to Heart, that I'm perswaded if *Bacchis* herself had seen him in that plight, she cou'dn't but have pitied him. For whene'er he had any spare time of being by himself, he'd call me aside to him and cry, *Ab, Parmeno, I'm a lost Man: What have I done? What a dismal Condition have I brought myself into? I an't able to bear the weight of it: Ob, 'twill break my Heart.*

Pbil. The Devil and his Dam take this *Laches* for a baiting' old Cur.

Par. To cut short o' my Story, the Bride was brought home: The first Night he did not touch her; and the following was the same. —

Pbil. The Duce take ye: What a young Fellow to have his Bride in Bed with him on the Wedding-night, and pretty tipsy too, I warrant ye, and not — A likely Business in troth: Come, this sounds like a Lie.

Par. I know you can't tell how to believe me, causè none comes to you, but he comes sharp set; But alas, our young Gentleman had no Stomach at all to his Woman.

Pbil. Well, but what then?

Par. A few days after, he takes me privately aside, and tells me, *She was as good a Maid as ever for all him; and that before he married, he hop'd a Wife might*

ba'

had gone down very well; but now (said he) I'm resolved to part with her e'er long. 'Twould be a baseness in me, and much to the prejudice of the poor Gentlewoman to abuse her so, as not to return her to her Friends as I received her.

Phil. 'Twas done like a Man of Principles and Modesty.

Par. But then (continued he) 'twon't be safe to publish my Intentions; and for me to send her back to her Father, and have nothing to say against her, wou'd be too peremptory. All my hope is when she finds there's no living together, that she'll be gone of her own Accord.

Phil. But all this while did he continue his Visits to *Bacchis*?

Par. As constantly as the Day came about: But (as 'tis usual for Women) when she saw him another's, she became more peevish and pretending than formerly.

Phil. I faith, and well she might.

Par. And this indeed was the chief cause of their parting. For by this time he had recollected himself, and seriously consider'd his Mistress's Temper and his Wife's; and well compar'd their Behaviours together. His Wife, he found, was a sweet natur'd Gentlewoman, virtuous and modest, patient under the Affronts and Incivilities of a Husband, and willing to wink at his Faults. So that partly touched with remorse for his Usage of his Wife, and partly tired with the Insolence of his Whore, at last he gave *Bacchis* the slip, and settled his Affections upon this Woman, whose Humour he found so agreeable to his own.—Mean time, an old Kinsman of our Master dies at *Imbros*, and made him his Heir; and upon this unwilling Errand is our Love-sick *Pamphilus* posted away by his Father. He leaves his Lady with his Mother; for the old Gentleman lives retired in the Country, and seldom visits the Town.

Phil. But where's this Flaw in the Match all the while?

Q 5

Par.

Par. I'm going to tell ye: At first, for a few Days, or so, the Mother and the Daughter-in-Law agreed mighty well together. When all on a sudden the young Woman began to hate the old one most mortally, without any Quarrel or Complaint on either side.

Phil. How came it about then?

Par. If at any time my old Lady *Sofrata* came to have a little Chat with her, she'd presently avoid the Room, and fly the Sight of her: But when she could away with her Company no longer, she pretends her Mother had sent for her upon some Business of Devotion; and away she goes. After she had been there a while, my Lady sends and desires her Company at home, she only returns her a lame Excuse of I know not what. She sends a second time, but no Gentlewoman comes: At last, after many Messages, they pretend she is sick. Upo' this, my Lady steps over her self, to give her a Visit, but no Admittance could be got. When this came to my old Master's Ears, Yesterday he came out of the Country upo' this very Account, and discourses her Father about it. I can't learn as yet what pass'd between them; but I'm in a peck of Troubles to know what will come on't. — Now you've the long and the short o' my Story. — I must away to the place I design'd.

Phil. And so must I too: For I've made an Assignment with a Country 'Squire much about this time.

Phil. I'll throw an old Shoe after ye, and wish ye good Luck.

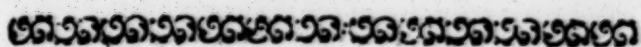
Phil. Farewell *Parmeno*.

Par. And farewell to thee, my little *Philly*.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

... The End of the First Act.

ACT



A C T. II.

Enter Laches, and Sostrata after him.

Lach. entering.] **B** Less my Soul! What a Strain's this? What a confounded conspiracy is this, That all Women should taste the same Byass, and do or not do every thing by consent! When did you see a Mother-in-Law that did not hate her Daughter-in-Law? Their Endeavours to oppose their Husbands are the same, and their cross-grain Stubbornness the same. I fancy they were all train'd up for Mischief in the same School, of which damn'd place of Education (if there be any such) I'll be sworn my Dame is the Mistress.

[Walks about in a buff.

Soft. This is a hard Case, that I should be accused of Business that I know nothing of.

Lach. You know nothing of this then?

Soft. As I hope for Mercy, I don't: And as I hope (my dear *Laches*!) we may live long together.

Lach. Heaven's forbid that, say I.

Soft. That I'm wrongfully accused, Time will discover.

Lach. jeering.] Yes, yes; you are wrongfully accused. — Can Words be ill enough to set you out in your proper Colours? You that have disgraced me, yourself and our Family, and are laying in sufficient Matter to torment your Son? Then you've provok'd our new Friends and Relations to hate us, those who were pleas'd to honour our Son with their Alliance: And you, forsooth, must start up, and confound all, by your ill condition'd Humours.

Soft. Who I?

Lach.

Lach. Woman, I say you : Why you take me surely for a Block, and not a Man. Think ye because I'm retir'd into the Country, that I know nothing of your Pranks and Transactions here in Town ? But let me tell ye, I know much better what's done here than at the place of my own Residence ; and that because my Reputation abroad depends upon your Behaviour at home : I heard indeed long ago that *Philumena* could not endure ye, and make no wonder on't ; 'twould ha' been a greater Miracle if she cou'd : But I little thought she cou'd have endured the whole Family upo' your Account ; had I been aware of that, she should have staid, and you pack'd off I' faith. — Pray see, Wife, what small reason ye have to vex me thus. I retired into the Country, gave way to ye, afforded ye enough for your Necessities, and your Pleasures too ; and that my Estate might the better bear it, I've weary'd and toil'd my self more than's convenient for my Age ; and cou'dn't ye after all this have took care that nothing disturb'd my Repose ?

Soft. By all that's good, what has happen'd was not through my means, or fault.

Lach. No ! Yes, but 'twas : For your sole Mistress here, and you're only to be blamed : Sure you might ha' look'd after things in your own House, since I've taken all other Cares off your Hand. An old Woman to stand squabbling with a Girl ? Fie, fie ! — You won't lay the Fault upon her sure.

Soft. No ! Dear Husband, I lay nothing to her Charge.

Lach. O' my Soul, I'm glad of that for poor *Pam's* sake : But as for you, do the worst ye can, I can't think worse of ye than I do.

Soft. But, good Husband, how d'ye know but she may only pretend a Displeasure against me, to be the more at home with her Mother ?

Lach. Neither tell me that. Wasn't Yesterday's shutting the Door against ye sufficient Proof of her Hatred ?

Soft.

Soft. They told me, *she was very faint and weak;* therefore 'twasn't convenient to disturb her.

Lach. She's sick, I fancy, of your ill Conditions more than of any thing else. And no wonder, in troth; for there's not a Mother of ye all but would have your Sons marry: And whoever is the Person that pleases you, they must have: And when to comply with your Humour they are married, to comply with your Humour again, they must turn their Wives out of doors.

Phidippus appears at his Door.

Phid. to Philumena within] Tho' I'm satisfy'd, I've Authority to force you to obey what I command, yet my Fatherly Affection prevails with me rather to give way to ye, and not cross ye in your Humour.

Lach. Oh! here's my Brother *Phidippus* in good time, I shall know all from him. ——— [*They meet one another.*] I confess, Brother, I'm as indulgent to all my Family as any Man; yet I suffer not my Easiness to corrupt their Morals. Were you as careful, I'm persuaded 'twould be more for your advantage, as well as ours: But now I find ye suffer them to ride ye as they list.

Phid. Look ye there now. [*Aside.*

Lach. Yesterday I waited upon ye about your Daughter; you sent me away as wise as I came: But let me tell ye, you don't do well to conceal the Cause of your Anger, if you design a lasting Alliance between us. If any of us have offended ye, pray make it out; that so, either by disproving or justifying what's done, we may give as ample Satisfaction as you shall require. If Sickness be the Cause of keeping your Daughter at home, let me tell ye, Brother, 'tis too great a Reflection upon us to imagine she shou'dn't have due attendance at my House, as I hope to be saved, tho' you are her Father, you shan't outdo me in this: Nor can you be more desirous of her Health than I am, and that for
my

my poor Boy's sake, who I perceive loves her more than his life, and am confident will highly resent it, when he comes to know on't; therefore pray let's have her home before he comes back from his voyage

Pbid. I'm satisfy'd, Brother, of your extraordinary Care and Affection for my Daughter, and am apt to believe e'ery Word you've said; but then I'd ha' ye believe me too, that 'tis my hearty desire to have her to your House, if I could prevail with her by any Means.

Lach. Why what hinders ye? ——— [*Softly.*] Hark ye, does she object any thing against her Husband?

Pbid. Nothing in the World; for when I urg'd it home to her, and seem'd as though I'd force her to return, she vow'd by all that's good, *She wasn't able to endure your House, while her Pamphilus was away.* Every one has his Failings; for my Part I'm so soft natured, I can't cross and thwart my own Flesh and Blood.

Lach. D'ye hear that Mistress? [*Aside to Sostrata.*

Soft. Ay, to my Sorrow. [*Aside.*

Lach. Is that your Resolution then Brother?

Pbid. As the Case stands, 'tis so — But ha' ye any thing else to say? For I've a little Business calls me in Haste to the Piazza.

Lach. I'll bear ye Company if ye please.

Exeunt Phidippus and Laches.

Sostrata alone.] In good faith we poor Wives have got a very ill Name with our Husbands, because of a few bad Creatures, that make the World judge hardly of us all. For as I hope for Heaven, I'm as innocent of what my Husband accuses me of as the sucking Infant. Yet 'tis next to impossible to be believ'd, there's such a common Scandal sticks upon all Mother-in-Laws: But let me die if I'm one that deserve it? for I've been as tender of this same Creature, as if she had been a Daughter of my own. I can't imagine why this Misfortune should light upon
my

my Head ; However upon many accounts I am extremely desirous of my Son's return. [Exit.

The End of the Second Act.



A C T III.

Enter Pamphilus and Parmeno, at the farther Part of the Stage.

Pam.— **W**AS ever Man so perplex'd in his Love as I? Unhappy Wretch ! Have I been such a good Husband o' my Life for this ? Was't this which made me so desirous of returning home ? 'T had been better for me to have spent my days any where in the World, than to come back hither, and find my self so unhappy here : For whatever Misfortune befalls a Man, the longer 'tis before he knows it, is so much time clearly gain'd.

Par. However, Sir, by your return, you'll be able the sooner to make yourself easy. Had you staid away, the Breach wou'd ha' been far wider. Now Sir, I'm confident that your presence will have a great Influence upon them all. So you'll learn the whole Business, rectifie misunderstandings, and make all Friends again. All these dreadful Apprehensions of yours are in themselves but very slight things.

Pam. Why d' ye pretend to comfort me, when I'm the greatest Wretch alive ? Before I marry'd this Woman, my Heart was engaged elsewhere ; how much I suffered upon that account, any one may easily guess, without my telling ; and yet I never was the Man that dared to refuse the Match my Father put upon me : I had but just weaned myself from *Bacchus*, and disengaged my Affections, but just fixed my

my Love on *Philumena*; when alas, a new Business happens which forced me to leave her too. Then I'm afraid I shall find either my Mother or Wife to blame; and if so, the Consequence must be, that I must be miserable still. For Duty, *Parmeno*, binds me to bear with my Mother's Failings; and for my Wife, I'm a thousand ways obliged to her, not only for meekly bearing with my Humours, but also for concealing my unkind Usage to her from all the World. Certainly, *Parmeno*, some extraordinary thing must have happened, which gave occasion to this Quarrel that has now lasted so long.

Par. Some frivolous thing or other I'll warrant ye, Sir: For upon close Examination you'll find that the greatest Quarrels han't always the greatest Occasions. 'Tis frequent, Sir, to find the same thing make one Man stark mad, and your mortal Enemy for ever, when it doesn't move another. How do Children bite and scratch for the smallest Trifles! And why? Marry because their Understandings are weak, and are not able to direct 'em: And your Women truly are e'en as soon moved as Children; one chance Word perhaps, or so, has been the Occasion of all this Disturbance.

Pam. Well! go in, *Parmeno*, and let 'em know I'm here.

Parmeno going off bears a Noise and stops short:

Par. Hah! What's here to do?

Pam. 'S't!

[*Listens.*]

Par. Here's a sad Bustle, they run up and down like mad — Pray, Sir, come a little this way — [Pamphilus goes towards him.] A little closer yet. [They both listen at Phidippus's Door.] Ha! D'ye hear, Sir?

Pam. Hold your prating — [*Shrieking within.*] Bless me! I hear somebody shriek.

Par. So, you enjoyn me silence, and talk yourself. Myr. within Doors.] Prithee, dear Child, as little Noise as may be.

Par.

Pam. That's like *Philumena's* Mother's Voice. —
Ruin'd !

Par. Why so ?

Pam. Undone !

Par. Wherefore ?

Pam. Ah, *Parmeno*, there is some Mischief more than ordinary has happen'd, which they conceal from me.

Par. They said indeed your Lady was out of order, whether that be or no I can't tell.

Pam. I'm a lost Man. ——— Why didn't ye tell me this before ?

[*Angrily.*]

Par. I cou'dn't tell ye ev'ry thing at once.

Pam. What's her Distemper ?

Par. That I can't tell.

Pam. How ! Is no body gone for a Doctor ?

Par. I can't tell that neither ?

Pam. But why don't I go in myself, that I may know for certain what's the Business ! — Ah my dear *Philumena*, in what Condition shall I now find thee ? Should thy Life be in danger, I shall certainly die with thee.

[*Exit Pamphilus.*]

Parmeno alone.] I don't think it convenient to venture in after him : For I very well know, they don't care for any of our Family. Yesterday they shut the Door against my Lady herself, If she should chance to grow worse (which in troth I wou'dn't have for my poor Master's sake) they'll presently pretend (a plague on them all) that one of *Madam Sostrata's* Servants came in, brought the Devil along with him, and thereupon that she grew worse immediately : So my Mistress will be blam'd ; but I shall ha' the worst on't.

[*The Noise encreases within.*]

Enter Sostrata on the other side.

Soft. to herself.] Alas I think I've heard a strange sort of a Bustle in my Sister's House, and for some time too. I vow, I'm extreamly afraid poor *Philumena's* Distemper grows worse and worse : But

Hea-

Heav'n's forbid it. Now I'll give her a Visit.

[*She's going in.*]

Par. Hark ye, Madam !

Soft. Hah !

Par. You'll meet with another Repulse, Madam.

Soft. *turning about.*] Ha, *Parmeno* ! are you there ?
—— Alas poor Wretch ! what shall I do ? Shan't
I go see my Son's Wife, when she lies sick but at
next door.

Par. If you'd be rul'd by me, Madam, neither
see her, nor send to her : For to be fond of one
that perfectly hates you, seems a double piece of
Folly. You'll bestow your Favour to no Purpose,
and be troublesome besides. —— Then, Madam,
your Son went to see how she did, as soon as he
came to Town.

Soft. How ! my Son *Pamphilus* come a-shore ?

Par. Yes, Madam.

Soft. Heaven's be praised. —— That word has
e viv'd me, and set my Heart at rest.

Par. Upon this Account especially, I wou'dn't ha'
ye go in : For if her Pains be a little abated. I'm
confident, now they're together, she'll up and tell
him all that pass'd between you two ; and how the
Difference first began. —— But see where he comes.
—— He seems very melancholly upon't.

Enter Pamphilus.

Soft. Ah, my dear, dear Child ! [*Imbracing him.*]

Pam. Your Blessing, Madam.

Soft. Welcome home heartily. —— But how is't
with your Wife ?

Pam. O' the mending Hand. —— *Wiping his Eyes.*

Soft. Heavens continue it so. —— But why in
Tears Son ? Why thus melancholy.

Pam. Nothing at all, Madam,

Soft. What Bustle was that ? tell me ; was she ta-
ken with a sudden Fit ?

Pam. Yes, Madam.

Soft. What's her Distemper ?

Pam.

Pam. An Ague.

Soft. A Quotidian ?

Pam. So they tell me, — Pray, Madam, walk in, I'll follow immediately.

Soft. So I will.

[*Exit Sostrata.*

Pam. *Parmeno*, do you run and meet my Servants, and help them home with their Luggage.

Par. grumbling.] What a-duce, can't they find the way home without a Guide ?

Pam. You'll be gone, won't ye ?

[*Exit Parmeno.*

Pamphilus alone, walking about discontentedly.

Where shall I begin now, to give an Account of those many surprizing misfortunes that have befallen me, part of which I heard, and part I saw with these very Eyes, which made me run out of the House half distracted ? — For when I hastily went in just now, in great concern for my Wife, thinking to find her sick of another-gates Distemper, than what, alas ! I found her in ; the Maids being surpriz'd at first sight, all of 'em o'erjoy'd, cry'd out, *He's come.* But immediately after, I perceiv'd they chang'd Countenance, because I happen'd to come at such an unlucky Minute : Mean time one of 'em ran up Stairs, to give notice of my arrival ; and I as eager to see my Wife, follow'd her directly. No sooner was I got in, but immediately I perceiv'd her Ailment, (unhappy Creature as I was !) for they had no time i'th world to conceal the Business, and her Cryings-out did sufficiently discover her Condition. When I saw this, *Base and Unworthy*, said I ! and with that immediately flung out of the Room all in Tears, struck with Horror at such an unheard of dismal Accident. Her Mother, poor Soul, follow'd me close, catch'd me at the Door, and flung herself at my Feet, melting into Tears, so that I cou'd'nt but pity her : And truly I'm of Opinion, as a man's Fortune rises or falls, so is he up or down. She thus address'd her self to me : *My dear Pamphilus, you're*

an

an Eye-witness now of the Cause that made this unhappy Creature leave your House: She was ravish'd some time since by an unknown Villain, and is now fled hither to hide her Shame from you and the World. [He wipes his Eyes.] But alas! the very remembrance of her earnest Intreaties makes me melt afresh. — *Whatsoever Chance or Fortune* (continued she) *has brought you hither at this juncture, by that we both conjure ye (if we may in Equity and Justice presume so far) to bury and conceal this Mischance from the Eye of the World. If ever (dear Pamphilus) if ever you were sensible that she had any Tenderness for ye, in requital she begs ye not to think that small Favour too much to grant her. As for taking her again, use your own Discretion: You're the only Person that knows of her Lying-in, and that the Child is none of yours; for, they say, you had nothing to do with her the first two Months; and after you had 'tis now seven, and no more. Your Behaviour shews that your Thoughts are about it: Now if it be possible (my Dear) I wish and endeavour nothing more, than that her Lying-in may be kept from her Father, and every Soul besides: But shou'd it come out, it shall go for a Marriage; I know none will think otherwise than what is most likely, that you are the Father on't. The Child shall immediately be expos'd and you ne'er the worse for't; and by this means you can suffer no Inconvenience, and secure the poor Girl's Reputation besides. — I pass'd my word, and am resolv'd to keep it; but for taking her again, I think it no ways for my Honour; nor will I do't, though her Love and Conversation have a great influence over me — I can't but weep, to think what a melancholy Life I must lead for the future. — [Weeps] O Fortune, Fortune! what a changeable thing thou art! But my first Love has injur'd me to this Usage? I conquer'd that by Reason, and now I must endeavour to do the like. —*

Enter

Enter Parmeno, Socia, and Porters, at a great Distance, with Trunks, Portmanteau's, &c.

—But yonder comes *Parmeno* with the rest, there's no occasion for him to be hereabouts at this time; for he's the only Person I made privy to my Behaviour to my Wife, when we first marry'd. I fear should he hear her frequent Shrieks, he'll discover her to be in Labour; I must e'vn send him on some Errand or other till all's over.

Par. to Socia.] Say ye so? Had ye such a wretched Voyage on't? Hah!

Soc. In sober Sadness, *Parmeno*, 'tisn't possible to tell thee what a dismal thing 'tis to be on Shipboard.

Par. Indeed!

Soc. Troth thou'rt a happy Fellow, little dost thou know what Dangers thou escapest by keeping always on dry Ground. To pass over other Hardships, mark but this, Thirty long Days and Nights or more was I on Shipboard, expecting every minute to be fowc'd to the bottom of the Sea, 'twas such plaguy stormy Weather all the time, and the Wind against us.

Par. Abominable!

Soc. So indeed I found it: In short, if I knew I must go back, rather than do't, upo' my Soul I'd shew 'em a light pair of Heels for't.

Par. Ay, old Boy, thou'lt been ready for that sport upon slighter Occasions than this: — But hold, yonder's my Master *Pamphilus* before that Door. — Go all in, and I'll step to him, and see if he has any Business with me.

Exeunt Socia and Porters

Parmeno goes to Pamphilus.

Par. Are you here still, Sir?

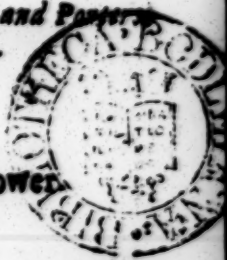
Pam. Yes, I stay for you.

Par. What's your Pleasure?

Pam. You must run as far as the Tower.

Par. Who must?

Pam. You must.



Par. As far as the Tower! For what pray Sir?

Pam. To find out one *Callidemides* my Landlord of *Mycenia*, who came over in the same Vessel with me.

Par. S'death! I'll be sworn this master o' mine has made a Vow, that if e'er he got ashore, he'd make me run my Heart out. [*Aside.*]

Pam. Why don't she stir?

Par. Must I say any thing to him, or must I only give him the meeting?

Pam. Tell him I can't meet him to day as appointed that he mayn't stay to no purpose,—Fly.

Par. But Sir, I don't know what manner of man he is.

Pam. I'll tell ye how to know him presently—He's a huge, fiery-fac'd, frizzl'd-crown'd fat Fellow, with wall-Eyes, and looks as if he'd fright ye.

Par. aside.] Plague on him for a Son of a Wh—, [*Going off, turns back.*] But suppose he be'nt there, must I stay all Night for him?

[*Pam.* Ay, ay: Run Sirrah.

Par. I beg your Pardon for that, I'm quite fonder'd already. [*Exit babbling.*]

Pamphilus alone.

He's gone — Now what Course shall poor I take? — I'm at a strange loss how to conceal *Phidippena's* Lying-in, as her mother desir'd me. I profess, I can't but pity the poor Woman. I'll do what I can, but still I'll discharge my Duty to my Parents, for my Love must give way to my Obedience.

Enter Laches and Phidippus at some distance.
But Lack-a-day, there's my Father and Mr. *Phidippus* together, — They make this way too. — I can't devise what to say to 'em.

Lach. to Phidippus.] Didn't ye tell me just now that your Daughter only waited for my Son's coming home.

Pbid. Yes.

Lach. I hear he's come, let her be brought home then. *Pam.*

Pam. *to himself.*] I can't imagine what excuse to make to my Father for not taking her home again. —

Lach. *overbearing.*] What Voice is that?

Pam. *to himself.*] Yet I'm fully resolved to keep firm to my design.

Lach. O here's the Man we were talking of.

Pam. Your Blessing, Sir.

Lach. I'm glad to see thee.

Phid. Welcome home, Pamphilus, I'm also glad to see you so sound and lusty after your Voyage.

Pam. I'm oblig'd to ye, Sir.

Lach. Are you but just landed, Son?

Pam. Just now, Sir.

Lach. Well! and what has our Kinsman Phanie left us? Hah!

Pam. Why really, Sir, he was a Man given to his Pleasures in his life-time, and such as he seldom leaves much to their Heirs; however they leave this Commendation behind 'em, that as long as they liv'd, they liv'd like Gentlemen.

Lach. Then thou hast brought nothing home but that pretty Sentence instead of an Estate.

Pam. That little he has left, may do us some Kindness.

Lach. Ah! none at all. — I wish heartily he were alive and in health again.

Pam. You may safely wish that; He's past wishing for — I dare swear I know which you would chuse.

Lach. *to Pamphilus.*] Yesterday my Brother here sent to desire his Daughter might come to his House. — Say you did.

[*Aside to Phidippus, thrusting him.*

Phid. *softly to Laches.*] Don't punch me so — So I did. —

Aloud to Pamphilus.

[Lach. But now he'll send her home again.

Phid. So I will.

Pam. Sir, I know the whole business, how ev'ry thing

thing has been manag'd since I went. I heard the whole Story as soon as e'er I arriv'd.

Lach. Hang those envious Devils that were so officious as to tell it ye. [*In a Passion.*]

Pam. I'm sure I took all possible care to avoid giving any of the least offence: and had I a mind to't, I could here tell you how faithful, loving, and kind I've been to her; but I had rather ye shou'd hear't from her own Mouth; for, by that means you'll the sooner believe my good Nature, when the Relation comes from her that at present is so unkind to me. Heaven's my Witness, I had no hand at all in this Difference; But since she thinks herself too good to stoop to my Mother, when Modesty might ha' taught her t'have born with her Humour; and since there's no other way of composing the Difference, I must e'en part with either one or the other. But now, Mr. *Phidippus*, filial Duty obliges me to take my Mother's part before my Wife's.

Lach. I am not displeased, *Pamphilus* to find ye so ready to sacrifice all to the Interests of your Parents: But have a care you don't engage too far in this Quarrel.

Pam. How can I engage myself in a Quarrel against her, that never disoblig'd me in any thing, but on the contrary has obliged me in many things? I love her, honour her, and still desire with all my Soul to keep her: For I've always found her of a wonderful sweet Temper towards me; therefore I wish with all my Heart she may spend the remainder of her days with a more fortunate Husband than me, since meer Necessity tears her from me.

Phid. 'Tis in your own Power to hinder that.

Lach. Take her home again, if you be wise.

[*Angrily.*]

Pam. That's not my intention, Sir, I must now consult my Mother's interest. [*Exit Pamphilus.*]

Lach.

Lach. Whither now? — Stay, stay, I say. —
Where are ye going?

Pbid. What Whim's this? [*Surlily.*]

Lach. I told ye, Brother, how highly he'd resent this; and therefore begg'd of ye to send home your Daughter in time.

Phil. S'bud I didn't think he had been such a Churl. Does he think I'll go cringing with Cap in Hand to him? If he's disposed to take home his Wife, well and good; if not let him refund her Portion, pack off, and a F ——— for him. [*In a buff.*]

Lach. Look ye now, you're in as a great Fume as he.

Pbid. *Pamphilas*, You're grown mighty huffish methinks after your Voyage. ———

Lach. His Anger will soon be over, tho' indeed he had some cause.

Pbid. Because, forsooth, you've got a little more Pelf fallen to ye, ye swell so much upon't.

Lach. What! You'll fall out with me too?

Pbid. Let him consider on't, and tell me to day, whether he'll have her or no; that if he won't another may. [*Exit in a buff.*]

Laches alone.

Stay Brother, hear me but one word. — He's gone. — But what's this to me? In short, let 'em order their Matters as they please for me, since neither Brother nor Son will hear Reason, nor mind one Word I say, I'll turn all my Forces upo' my Wife, the Promoter of all this Mischief, and discharge all that sticks in my Stomach upon her.

Exit Laches; and as he goes off.

Enter Myrrhina in disorder.

I'm ruin'd! What shall I do? — Which way shall I turn my self? — Alas! What answer can I give my Husband? I'm perswaded he heard the Child cry, which made him run so hastily into my Daughter's Chamber, without saying a Word. Should he find that she's in Labour, I vow I can't

device what excuse to invent for the concealing of it. — The Door goes. — I'm afraid he's upo' the Scent after me. — I'm no Woman of this World.

Enter Phidippus.

Phid. entering.] As soon as my Wife perceived I was going into my Daughter's Chamber, away she slunk out o' doors. — But here she is tho' — How now Wife? [*She seems not to see him.*] Hark ye, 'tis you I speak to.

Myr. Meaning me, my dear Husband?

Pbid. I your Husband! D'ye regard me as a Husband, or so much as a Man? For had ye esteem'd me either one or t'other (Gentlewoman!) you daren't ha' made me such a publick Scorn by your baseness.

Myr. By what baseness?

Pbid. By what? — Isn't your Daughter brought to bed! — Hah; are ye tongue-ty'd now? — Who's the Father, pray?

Myr. Is that a Question for a Father to ask? — Dear Heart, who do ye think shou'd be but her own Husband?

Pbid. I believe it, nor is it for a Father to think otherwise: But I'm amazed why ye should so carefully keep all in hugger mugger from us, especially when she was delivered at her full time, and all things were as they shou'd be. Cou'd ye be so damnable malicious, as to wish the poor Child's Death; which you knew would be the occasion of a more lasting Friendship between us, rather than suffer Man and Wife to live together contrary to your cross grain'd Humour. — I took it to be wholly their Fault, but now I find 'tis all along of you.

Myr. I'm a miserable Creature.

Pbid. Wou'd I were sure o' that. — It now comes fresh into my mind, what you formerly said on this subject, when the Match was first made. You profess'd, forsooth, that you cou'dn't away with a Son-in-Law that keeps his Wenches, and lay abroad whole Nights together.

Myr.

Myr. I had rather he should suspect any thing i'th' World than guess at the true Cause. [*Aside.*

Pbid. I knew that he kept a Mistress (Madam Wife!) long before you did, but I never counted that such a mighty Fault in a young Man; for 'tis what we are all born with, but the time will quickly come when he'll hate himself for't: But you, I see, are still the same, and cou'd ne'er be at quiet till you had parted 'em and null'd the Marriage, 'cause 'twas of my making. Now 'tis plain how rarely you stood affected to the Match.

Myr. Can ye suppose me so base and cruel to my own Flesh and Blood, if this Match had been to our advantage?

Pbid. Pish! you able to foresee or judge what's to our advantage! 't may be somebody inform'd you that they saw him going to, or coming from his Mistress, and what of all that, if he did it privately, and but seldom? Isn't more handsome for us to wink at such Failings, than blaze 'em abroad, and get nothing but ill-will to ourselves by the Bargain? For, could he so suddenly draw his Affections from one as he has lov'd so many Years, I shou'dn't count him a Man, nor think him half staunch and constant enough for my Daughter.

Myr. Good Husband, no more of the young Man, nor of my pretended Faults neither: go and meet him privately, and ask him whether he'll take home his Wife or no; if he says yes, send her away; if not, I think I've taken a wise course with my Daughter.

Pbid. If he wou'dn't receive her, and you knew him in fault, Wife, I wasn't far off, pray why was not I consulted withal? This mads me to the Heart, to find that ye dare do such a thing without my leave. I charge ye upon your Life, not to let the Child stir out of the House. — But what a Blockhead am I, to think she'll mind what I say: I'll go in myself, and strictly charge my Servants to let no body carry it away.

[*Exit Phidippus.*
Myr.

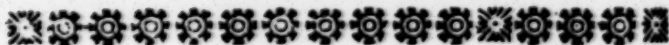
Myrrhina alone.

Let me die if I don't believe I'm the unhappiest Woman i'th' World. In good truth, I plainly foresee how extremly ill he'd take it if he knew all, since he's so very angry for that little he knows now, nor can imagine how to alter his Resolution. —

And this the only Evil that could have befall'n me after all my other Disasters, if I should be forc'd to bring up a Child we don't know the Father of. For when my Daughter was ravish'd 'twas so dark she cou'dn't discern his Face, nor yet get any token from him, whereby to discover him afterwards; only when the Fellow left her, he forc'd a Ring off her Finger. Upon the whole matter, I'm strangely afraid Mr. *Pamphilus*, when he comes to hear we bring up another Man's Child instead of his, will no longer conceal what we desire him to keep private.

Exit Myrrhina.

The End of the Third Act.



ACT IV.

Enter Softrata and Pamphilus; Laches comes to the Door and observes 'em.

Soft. en- | Know well enough, *Pamphilus*, you suspect 'twas long of my Humours that your Wife left us, dissemble the matter as much as you please; but may I never obtain Mercy, nor enjoy that Comfort from ye I expect, if e'er to my Knowledge I did any thing that would give her any Disgust against me. I always believ'd you respected me, but now you ha' given certain Proof of it, for your Father has been telling me within how far you prefer my Reputation to your Love. And now I design to return you the like Compliment, and let
ye

ye know how highly I esteem such datiffulness: I believe, my dear Son, 'twill be better for both your Satisfaction and my Reputation, if I retire into the Country with your Father, as I've fully resolved, so my Presence will be no Eye sore to you, nor any Pretence for your Wife's staying away.

Pam. Pray, Madam, what d'ye mean by this? Shall her silly Frecks drive you into the Country? It must not be, nor can I endure to have the envious World say, *'Twas done through my Wilfulness, and not your Good nature*: Besides I wou'dn't for e'er so much have ye, upon my Account, banish'd the enjoyment of your Friends, Relations, and all the Diversions of the Town.

Soft. Truly Son, I've now but little relish of these Enjoyments. Time was indeed when I had my fill of 'em, but now I'm quite weary of those Gambols. At present my chief Care is to keep my Age from being a Burden to others, that so they mayn't wish for my End. Here I find I'm despis'd without Cause, and 'tis time to retreat: By this means, I fancy, I shall cut off all Cause of Discontent, clear myself of hard Suspicions, and humour 'em all; therefore pray let me avoid those Scandals we Women generally lie under.

Pam. How happy am I upon all Accounts, were it not for this, since I have such a Mother, and such a Wife! *[Aside.]*

Soft. Good dear Boy, as the Case stands, try to make shift with one Inconveniency; if other things go according to your mind, and your Wife is as I take her to be, grant me this one Request, my Child, and take her home.

Pam. Ah! I'm very unhappy.

Soft. And I too: for I'm as much concern'd at it as you can be, my dear Child, for the Soul of ye.

Laches appears, and goes up to 'em.

Lach. So Wife, I overheard all your Discourse just by here. 'Tis Policy to comply freely with the Oc-

casion, when you know Force would follow else.

Soft. May it succeed well.

Lach. March into the Country then, and there we'll both bear with one another's Humours.

Soft. I hope we shall.

Lach. Go in then, and pack up what things you'd have occasion for. — I'm fixt.

Soft. I shall obey you Orders. [*Exit Sostrata.*

Pam. But, Sir! — [*Concernedly.*

Lach. Well, *Pamphilus.*

Pam. Will ye send my Mother into the Country? By no Means.

Lach. Why not?

Pam. Because, Sir, as yet I'm not resolv'd what to do with my Wife.

Lach. How! What would ye do but take her home again?

Pam. aside.] That I wou'd with all my Heart, and can hardly persuade myself not to do't: But I'll not break one jot o' my Measure, but e'en take that Course I think most convenient. — *To Laches.]* I presume, Sir, they'll be better Friends if she stays where she is.

Lach. That's more than you know; however it is not a Pin matter to you whether they be Friends or Foes, when once your Mother's out o' the way: The truth on't is, we old Folks are no good Company to you young ones; and therefore we had e'en as good go our way. In short, *Pamphilus*, your Mother and I are become By words t'ye, *The Old Man* and *The Old Woman*. — But yonder comes my Brother in the critical Minute, let's give him the Meeting.

*Enter Phidippus at the other end of the Stage,
Laches makes towards him*

Phid. to Philumena within.] Troth Daughter, I'm argry with you, and very much too, for in sober Sadness 'twasa very scurvy Trick; though your Mother's forcing ye be your Pretence, yet I'm sure she had no such Excuse.

Lach.

Lach. O Brother, you're come at the best time
i'th' World.

Pbid. Why so?

Pam. What Answer shall I give 'em, or how be
able to keep this Secret? [*Aside.*]

Lach. You may tell your Daughter my Wife's
going into the Country, so she needn't be afraid to
come home to her Husband.

Pbid. Poh! your Wife's innocent of all, 'tis mine
that's the Broacher of all this, ———

Pam. Nay, then the Case is alter'd. [*Aside.*]

Pbid.—And has caus'd all this ado, Mr. *Laches*.

Pam. Let 'em cause what ado they please, so I
don't take her home again. [*Aside.*]

Pbid. Now, *Pamphilus*, I wish nothing more, if
it can be brought about, than that there may be a
lasting Alliance between us. If you're of another
mind, pray take the Child however.

Pam. He knows of that too; I'm past all Hope.
[*Aside.*]

Lach. The Child! prithee what Child? [*Hastily.*]

Pbid. Why, we have a Grandson, Brother; for
my Daughter, when she left your House was big
it seems, and I ne'er so much as knew of her Breed-
ing till now.

Lach. Good, in troth, as I'm an honest Man; I'm
heartily glad 'tis born, and your Daughter well. —

But a what a strange sort of a Woman is your Wife

Pam! what odd kind of Fancies she has about her,
so long to keep things in the dark from us! I vow
I can't say how unhandsome it looks.

Pbid. Truly, Brother, I'm as little pleas'd at the
Proceedings as you.

Pam. My Mind was in Suspense before, but now
'tis fix'd, since she's to bring a Brat with her that's
none of mine.

Lach. Come, come *Pam*, 'tis too late to stand
shall I, shall I. ———

Pam. I'm ruin'd. ———

[*Aside.*
Lach.]

Lach. I've often wish'd for that happy Day of having one to call you Father : 'Tis come at last Heaven's be prais'd.

Pam.—— Beyond Redemption. [*Aside.*

Lach.—— Take home your Wife, without any more grumbling.

Pam. Truly, Sir, had she been minded to have had Children by me, or to have been still my Wife, I'm certain she'd ne'er have conceal'd what I understand she has. Now, since I plainly see she has withdrawn her Love from me, I don't believe we shall ever agree well hereafter ; why then should I take her again ?

Lach. Pho ! the young Girl did all by her Mother's persuasion ; And, is that such a strange thing ? D'ye expect to find any Woman i'th' World without their Faults ? Have not Men their Failings too ?

Pbid. Well, look to't yourselves, both of ye, whether ye think to have her or leave her : I can't answer for all that my foolish Wife does ; for my own Part, do what you will, you shan't find me unreasonable on either side : Mean time what shall we do with the Child ?

Lac. A wise Query in troth ! Let the Business go which way it will, send the Child hither, since 'tis his, that we may nurse it as ours.

Pam. Shall I bring up that Child that the Mother takes no Care of ?

Lach. What's that you say ? Not bring it up, *Pamphilus* ? Goodnow, shall we make away with't ?— Why this is downright Madness ; upo' my Life I can hold no longer. Now you force me to say what I wou'dn't have said before your Father-in-Law. [*Pamphilus weeps.*]—— D'ye think I don't know what all this Snivelling, and what all this Disorder means ? —— [*In another Tone.*] First ye pretended, *You cou'dn't have her home, because of your Mother* ; she promises to leave the whole House to yourselves : Since that Excuse won't hold good now, forsooth, *The Child's born without your Knowledge,*

ledge. You're mightily mistaken if you think I don't know what you hanker after. How long did I wink at your keeping a Miss, in hopes at last of bringing ye over to a Wife? How patiently did I bear your lavish-Expences that way? I pity'd ye, I entreated ye to marry, told ye 'twas high time, and by much persuation you did. Then you obey'd me, as your Duty oblig'd ye to do; but now you're in with your Whore again, and, to pleasure her, will ruin your Wife. I plainly see you are relapsing into your old course of Debaucheries. [*Angrily.*

Fam. Who, I, Sir?

Lach. Yes, you; and let me tell ye, 'tis base to invent shams to quarrel with your Wife, that when once she's out of sight, you may the better live with your Strumpet. Your Wife was sensible of this, or what reason had she to leave the House else?

Phid. He has hit upon't, certainly that's the reason.

Pam. If you please, Sir, I'll give it upon Oath, that 'tis nothing so as you imagine.

Lach. For shame take home your Wife then, or give us a better reason why you won't.

Pam. 'Tis not convenient at this time.

Lach. Take care of the Child then, that I hope is in no fault; we'll consider of the Mother afterwards.

Pam. *walking on one side.*] I'm miserable on all sides: my Father has so wotully gravel'd me, that I know not how to turn myself. — I'll e'en step out of the way, since I shall do but little Good by my being here. I believe they'll hardly bring up the Child without my Order, especially since my Mother-in-Law will second me in the thing. [*Aside.*

Pamphilus stands off.

Lach. D'ye steal away; What! give us no direct Answer? — D'ye think he isn't crack brain'd? — Well, 'tis no matter, Brother, send the Child to me, and I'll bring him up.

Phid. With all my Heart. — I don't wonder if his wife been't pleas'd with these fine doings? Women are

fretful pieces, and can't away with such Affronts. This is the cause of their Quarrel ; my Wife told me on't her self, but I wou'dn't mention it before him, nor would I believe it at first, but now 'tis as clear as the Sun ; I perceive now he's a down-right Marriage-hater.

Lach. What shou'd I do i'th Case ? What wou'd ye advise me to ?

Phid. What ? why, first I think 'tis best for us to go to his Miss : Let us first discourse her calmly, then charge her home ; and if that won't do, let us threaten her severely, if ever she has any thing more to do with your Son.

Lach. I'll follow your Advice — [*Goes towards his own House.*] Soho, within there. —

Enter a Boy.

Step over to my Neighbour *Bacchis*, and tell her I'd speak with her presently. — [*Exit Boy.*] And I must desire you, Brother, to stand by me in this Business.

Phid. Ah Sir, I've often told ye, and am still of the same Mind, that I desire nothing so much as that the Alliance between us may be lasting, if it be possible to bring it about, and I hope we shall do it. — But wou'd you have me here when she comes ?

Lach. No ; you may go and provide a good Nurse for the Child.

Exit Phidippus.

Enter Bacchis on the other side of the Stage, with two Waiting-maids, and Laches's Boy.

Bac. entering.] I'll be sworn 'tis no small Matter that makes Mr. *Laches* send to speak with me now ? but, in troth, I'm mightily mistaken if I don't guess at the Business.

Lach. to himself.] I must take special care that my Passion don't hinder me from gaining upon her according as I wish, nor make me do that in haste which I may repent at Leisure. — I'll accost her — Mrs. *Bacchis*, your Servant.

Bac. Yours, good Mr. *Laches*.

[*Exit Boy.*]

Lach. Troth, I don't question but you somewhat wonder why I sent to speak with ye.

Bac.

Bac. And really when I consider myself, I am afraid, lest the Scandal of my Trade shou'd be to my prejudice ; for as to my Behaviour in it, I despise the World. —

Lach. If it be so, you've no Reason to be afraid of me, Woman ; for I'm of those Years, that a false step is not so easily pardonable in me, therefore am the more cautious to do nothing rashly. If both now and ever you do what you can justify, 'twould be very unhandsome in me to do ye any Injury, and very unjust, since you don't deserve it.

Bac. Upon my Word I'm extremely oblig'd to ye for that ; for, after an Injury's done, begging of one's Pardon is but small Amends. — But pray, Sir, your Pleasure,

Lach. I hear you entertain my Son *Pamphilus* —

Bac. interrupting.] Sir, —

Lach. Hear me out. — Before he married, I wink'd at your Amours. — [*Here Bacchis is going to speak*] — Hold, I han't spoke all my Mind yet. — Now he's married, you'd do well to look out a more constant Lover in time ; for *Pamphilus* will not always ha' the same Inclinations, nor troth you the same Beauty.

Bac. Pray, Sir, who reports this ?

Lach. His Mother-in-Law.

Bac. That I entertain him ?

Lach. Yes, you : For that Reason she has taken home her Daughter, and would privately have made away the Child she has by him.

Bac. Sir, If I knew any thing more sacred than an Oath to convince ye, I'd freely offer it t'ye, that I'd never any thing to do with your Son since he married.

Lach. Thou art a dainty fine Girl : But, can ye guess what farther Favour I'd desire of ye ?

Bac. What is it, good Sir ?

Lach. Only to just step in there, [*Pointing to Phidippus's House*] and offer the Women within upon Oath to satisfy them and clear yourself of all. *Bac.*

Bac. I'll obey you, Sir; but in good earnest, there's never a one in my Circumstances would have don't, or shown her Face before a young married Women upon such an account: But I scorn to see your Son scandaliz'd upon a false Story, or be underservedly thought inconstant by such as should have a better Opinion of him. He has done me many a good turn, and now I'll do him one.

Lach. Your smooth Tongue has made me conceive a more favourable Opinion of ye; for 'twasn't only their Surmises, but I thought as bad of ye myself too. — Since I've now found ye otherwise than we took ye to be, pray see that you prove still the same, and you may find a Friend of me: but, if ye don't, — Well, I say no more for fear of disobligeing ye. — This I'll advise ye, that you'd rather try what I can do as your Friend, than as your Enemy.

Bac. I'll do my best, Sir, to satisfy ye.

Enter at a distance Phidippus with a Nurse.

Phid. to the Nurse.] I won't see ye want for any thing, but you shall ha' freely what my House will afford; but when you've eat and drank sufficiently, pray let the Child suck it's Belly full. [*Exit Nurse.*]

Lach. See, there comes our Son's Father-in-Law: He has got him a Nurse for the Child. — Brother! here's Mrs. *Bacchis* swears by all the Gods. —

Phid. Is that she?

Lach. Yes.

Phid. Troth these sort of Creatures care little for the Gods, and the Gods as little for them.

Bac. Take my Servants here, rack the Truth out of them if ye please. The Business is now on foot, and I'm oblig'd to reconcile Mr. *Pamphilus* and his Lady; which if I do, I shall get me Credit enough by being the only Person of my Profession that would have undertaken such a Business.

Lach. to Phidippus, walking on one side.] I find upon Examination that our Wives were mightily out in their Conjectures: However, let's make use of this

this Woman now, for when your Wife once perceives her Mistake she'll quickly be pacified; but if *Pamphilus* be angry 'cause his Wife was brought to Bed privately, that's a trifle, he'll soon be satisfied: And, E'dad, I can see nothing in this Business that's worth falling out about.

Pbid. Troth, wou'd it were so as you say.

Lach. Examine her yourself, since she's here, she'll satisfy ye, I'll engage for't.

Pbid. What need all this? Don't ye know my Mind already i'this Matter? Let her but satisfy the Women and I'm content.

Lach. goes to Bacchis] Troth, Mrs. *Bacchis*, I must desire ye to be as good as your Word to me.

Bac. Would you have me go in, Sir, about this Business?

Lach. Yes; and satisfy them that they may believe it too.

Bac. I will, Sir; but I am sure to be no well-come Guest there: For a young Woman, parted from her Husband upo' this account, is a mortal Enemy to a Courtesan.

Lach. They'll be your Friends, when once they know on what Errand you come.

Pbid. I'll pass my Word for that too, when they come to know your Business: For you'll clear them of a Mistake, and yourself of all Suspicion.

Bac. Alack-a-day, I'm so ashamed to look Madam *Philumena* i'th' Face. — [*To her Maids.*] Come both of ye after me.

Exeunt Phidippus, Bacchis, with her two Maids.

Laches alone.

What cou'd I have wish'd for more than what has happened to this Woman, that she might procure herself Friends without costing her any thing, and do me a kindness into the Bargain? For in reality she has withdrawn herself from *Pamphilus*, it will be very much to her Interest, Reputation and immortal

tal Honour. For this one Act will for ever oblige my Son, and gain her our Friendship.

[Exit Laches.

The End of the Fourth Act.



A C T. V.

Enter Parmeno at a Distance.

O MY Conscience, this Master o'mine counts my Labour worth nothing; he wou'dn't else ha' sent me thus upon a Fool's Errand as far as the Tower, where I've loyter'd away a whole day in gaping for *Callidemides*, the *Myconian* Friend. There did I sit all day like a Simpleton, asking every body that came by, *Pray, Sir, said I, are you a Myconian?* No, says he. *Is your Name Callidemides?* quoth I. No, quoth he: *Are you acquainted with one Mr. Pamphilus?* All answered i'th' Negative. O' my Soul there's no such Man in the World. Faith at last I was damnably out o' Countenance, and fairly slunk away.

Enter Bacchis and her Maid.

But what's the meaning of *Bacchis's* coming out of our Father-in-Law's? What has she to do there?

Bac. O *Parmeno*! You cou'dn't come in a better time. You must run for your Master *Pamphilus* in all haste.

Par. What for?

Bac. Tell him, I'd pray him to step hither a little.

Par. To you, Madam?

Bac. No, to his Lady.

Par. What's to do there?

Bac. Nothing about you; therefore don't be so inquisitive.

Par.

Par. Must I say nothing else?

Bac. Yes; tell him that Madam *Myrrbina* challenges the Ring he formerly ga' me, and says 'twas her Daughter's.

Par. I understand ye: Does the business require such haste?

Bac. Yes, indeed: He'll be here in a trice, when you tell him of it. — What are you asleep?

Par. Not in the least; nor I suppose an't like to day; for I ha' spent it already in running and trapezing all o'er the Town.

Bacchis alone.

What great Satisfaction has my coming procured Mr. *Pamphilus* to day? How many blessings have I brought him? And how many troubles have I freed him from? I have saved him a Son, which his wife, his Mother, and he were thinking to make away with; recovered him a Loving wife, whom he was just upon casting off, and cleared him from the unjust Suspicions of both his Fathers. — This is the Ring, [*showing a Ring on her Hand*] that has procured him all this good Fortune. For now I remember, about nine Months ago, he comes one Evening alone to my House, much out of Breath, and much in Drink: It almost put me into a Fit; *Prithee my dear Pam.* (said I) *for Love's sake why so strangely disordered? Where got ye this Ring? Prithee tell me.* He pretended to mind something else; at that I grew more suspicious, and urg'd him to tell me: At last my Gentleman confesses, *That coming along the Street he had forced a young Woman he knew not, and in struggling took the Ring from her.* *Myrrbina* spy'd it just now on my Finger, and ask'd me how I came by't? I told her the whole Story; upon which out came the Discovery, that *Philumena* was the Party he made bold with, and this the Child he got. — In troth, I'm glad I should be the occasion of so much Joy to him, though others of my Trade would never ha' been so; for it never makes for our Interest

to

to have our Sparks fond of Matrimony: But upon my Honesty, the smell of a little Pelf shall never make me to do a base thing. Indeed, I had a very free, jolly, pleasant Spark of him, whilst it was allowable; and this Match happen'd ill for me, I must needs say: But my Comfort is I've done nothing, that I know of, to deserve so great a Misfortune. 'Tis but justice to bear some Inconveniences from him, that has been so good a Friend to me.

Enter Pamphilus and Parmeno at a distance.

Pam. to Parmeno.] ——— Go, *Parmeno*, have a care you give a clear and evident Proof of this Business; and that you don't, only for a moment, make me believe myself extreamly happy.

Par. That Care's over.

Pam. For certain!

Par. Yes, for certain.

Pam. I'm in Heaven if it be so.

Par. You'll find it so, I'll warrant ye.

Pam. Prithee, not so fast. ——— I'm afraid you tell me one thing, and I think 'tis another.

Par. Well, Sir.

Pam. I think you told me that my Mother *Myrrhina* discovered her own Ring upon *Bacchis's* Finger. ———

Par. Right.

Pam. ——— And the very same I formerly presented to her, and 'twas she bad ye run, and tell me on't: Wasn't it?

Par. Yes, she did:

Pam. Who alive then is a happier and finer Fellow than I? what reward must I bestow on thee for this kind Message? What shall I? What? I can't imagine.

Par. But I can, Sir?

Pam. Prithee what?

Par. Just nothing at all: For I can't see any thing either in the Message or Messenger that will turn to your Advantage.

Pam.

Pam. Shall I suffer thee to go unrewarded, that hast rescued me from the Jaws of Death, and brought me to Life again? Surely thou canst not think me so ungrateful. — But hold! there walks *Bacchis* before their Door, waiting for me I fancy. — I'll go to her:

Pamphilus goes up to Bacchis, Parmeno keeps his distance.

Bac. Mr. *Pamphilus*, your Servant.

Pam. *Bacchis*! My sweet *Bacchis*! Thou hast made me, my Dear!

Bac. There's good News for you, Sir, and I'm heartily glad on't.

Pam. Your Actions speak it. — I see you are still Mistress of your old pleasant way so, that your Presence, Discourse, and Conversation will always be charming, where'er you go.

Bac. And you, Sir, as I hope for Mercy, are still Master of your old sweet Temper, and pleasant Humour: The World can't shew a more accomplish'd Gentleman than you, Mr. *Pamphilus*.

Pam. Ha — ha — -he. — This to me *Bacchis*?

Bac. You've made an excellent choice of a Wife, Mr. *Pamphilus*; I never, that I know of, saw her till now: I vow, she's a lovely Creature.

Pam. Are ye in earnest?

Bac. Let me perish, Sir, if I ben't.

Pam. But pray did ye tell my Father any thing of this Business?

Bac. Not a Word.

Pam. Nor need ye, not so much as a Syllable: I don't desire this should prove like a Comedy, where the whole Plot is discover'd to ev'ry Body. Here only those that shou'd, know all; but those that shou'd not, know nothing, but shall still be i'th' dark.

Bac. Nay, more, I'll give a farther Argument how easy 'tis to conceal it, for Madam *Myrrhina* told her Husband, she was satisfied with my Depositions, and believ'd you innocent.

Pam.

Pam. Best of all: I hope all things will succeed according to our wishes.

Par. comes behind and plucks his Master.] Pray, Sir, mayn't I know what good Office I've done ye to day? and what you are debating upon?

Pam. No, Sirrah.

Par. But I guess tho' — I rescu'd you from the Jaws of Death? How did I do that? [*Aside.*

Pam. Little dost thou think, *Parmeno*, what a piece of Service thou'st done me to day; and from what Troubles thou hast freed me.

Par. Your Pardon for that, Sir, I know't well enough, and did it on purpose. [*Fawningly.*

Pam. So I fancy.

Par. D'ye think poor *Parmeno* shall let a day go over his Head without obliging his Friends?

Pam. Come on then, honest *Parmeno*.

Pa. I'll follow ye, Sir.

Exeunt Pamphilus and Bacchis with her Maids,

[*He turns to the Spectators.*]

By my Soul, Gentlemen, I've done more good to day without knowing it, than ever I did designedly in all my Life. — I hope we ha' pleas'd ye.

[*Exit.*

The End of the MOTHER-IN-LAW.



REMARKS

UPON

TERENCE's Comedies.

Remarks upon the Fair ANDRIAN.

ACT I.

PAGE 1. Line 7, 8. *You'd ba' Care taken of these things.] Nempe ut curentur recte hæc.*

The Word *Curentur* is thought by some to be a Term proper to Cookery, but where Authors differ in this as also in other places, we make Use of general Words to avoid Errors.

Page 3. Line 27. *The Fool's noos'd, he is smitten.] Certe captus est, habet.* This is an allusion to the constant Phrase of the Gladiators, and consequently the beauty of it is lost in our Language.

Page 4. Line 3, 4. *For he that has to do with such sort of Cattle.* [*Nam qui cum ingeniis Conflatur ejusmodi.* This *Conflatur* is a word very fine and significant, admirably alluding to all the Shocks and Assaults that a good natur'd Man is expos'd to in bad Company, and cannot be easily render'd into English.

Page 5. Line 31. *For had you blam'd him for saving her out of the Flames, what would ye ha' done if he had thrown her in?* [*Nam si illum objurges, vitæ qui auxilium tulit, quid facis illi, qui dederit damnum aut malum?* This Sentence is so odd, as will hardly admit of an accurate Translation without too much flatness; therefore we have rather kept to the Author's Design, than to the close Signification of the Word.

Page 8. Line 17. *And you sent to Bridewell.] In pistrinum, into the Grinding-House;* That being then the most common Punishment for Slaves. Our calling of it *Bridewel*, is only the changing of a Custom, by the same Reason that we afterwards call *Forum* the *Change*, and also *Piazza*, because 'twas a publick Place of Commerce and Resort. The like Liberty we have taken in other Places.

Page 9. Line 17, 18. *They're resolv'd to bring it up.] Deceverunt tollere.* The word *Tollere* signifies taking off the Ground: This being an Allusion to a common Custom in those Days of exposing their Children, therefore has more in it than a Translation can express.

Page 10. Line 34. *Some damnable Roguery i'th' bottom on't.] Aliquid monstri alunt.* That is, the Woman has got some monstrous Imperfection, as a *Wooden Leg*, some *foul Disease*, or the like, which her Friends very industriously smother. Some think that this is a Proverbial Allusion; the Meaning where-

whereof we have lost ; but that we leave to Critics.

Page 12. Line 17. *My Pamphilus ! you see, &c.*] *Mi Pamphile ! hujus formam, &c.* These dozen Verses in the Original may serve to give the Reader a Taste of our Author's Excellency in moving the Passions whenever there is occasion.

A C T II.

'Tis observ'd that *Charine* and *Byrrbie* were added by our Author, and not taken from *Meander* ; or else *Philumena* must have went unprovided, and so have given some disgust to the Audience. This under Plot of *Charine* does not only serve to make all end well, but also to hasten the main Plot ; and keep the Stage from languishing.

Page 17. Line 7. *Never a Governant.*] *Matronam nullam. Matrona* was a Person that always assisted in Weddings, and had particular Employment about the Bride, as the *Auspex* had about the Bridegroom. Non-observance of old Customs are allowable in Translations of this Nature.

Page 18. Line 27. *So that you needn't break a Jot of your own Measures for fear of his altering his Mind. Nec tu ea causa minueris hæc quæ facis, ne is mutet suam sententiam.* 'Tis a very hard Passage, therefore we have done it in as general Terms as we cou'd ; perhaps, *You mustn't leave your old ways, lest Chremes should have a better Opinion of ye,* might be somewhat more intelligible.

A C T

A C T. III.

Page 23. Line 8, 9. *Your Farce wasn't well tim'd Mr. Rogue.*] *Non sat Commode divisa sunt temporibus tibi, Dave, hæc.* This is an Allusion to the Theatre, and is the same as if he had said, *Your Incidents were not well prepar'd.* The Translation comes short of the Original, because the Rules of the Stage were then more strictly observ'd.

Ibid. Line 28. *In the first place let her be well bath'd.* It was their constant Custom in Greece, for a Lying-in Woman to be immediately put into a Bath.

Page 30. Line 17. *What d'ye deserve for your Pains ?*] *Quid meritis ?* This is an Allusion to the Athenian Custom of saying, *Quid meritis* to Condemned Persons, whose Pains were augmented or diminished according to the Answer they gave, therefore the Grace of this Expression is quite lost in our Language.

A C T. IV.

Page 35. Line 38. *Take some of those Herbs there.*] *Ex Ara hinc sume Verbenas tibi.* It was usual for the Athenians to have an Altar at the corner of each Street, daily covered over with fresh Herbs, and according to all probability, the same Altar that was meant here. But this same word *Altar* was not so necessary to be taken notice of in a Translation.

Page 38. Line. 17. *Many creditable Women.*] *Aliquot fuerunt Liberæ ;* that is to say, *Free Citizens*, for Slaves among them were no Witnesses. The Phrase, *creditable Women*, is more agreeable to our Customs

Customs and Language, and also the Person's Character that speaks it.

Page 39. Line 25. *Why, I was told that our Chrysis liv'd somewhere down that Lane.*] To make Crito speak here like a plain Country Fellow, we believe is neither contrary to his Character nor his Habitation, nor yet beneath the Dignity of our Author.

A C T V.

Page 43. Line 11. *For he looks as grave as any Alderman, and talks like a Judge.*] *Tristis severitas inest in Voltu atque in Verbis fides.* Madam Dacier commends this as one of the most elegant Lines in all Terence.

Ibid. Line 28. *Trust him up immediately.*] *Sublimen hunc intro rape.* The word *Sublimen*, signifies the usual Prison for Slaves, on the top of the House; which is more than our word *up* means, or indeed, more than a Translation ought to take notice of.

Page 44. Line 2, 3. *Let him be ty'd Neck and Heels, like a Beast as he is.*] *Quadrupedem constringito.* It was a Custom for the Athenians to tie Criminals Hands and Feet together like a Calf. We have done this Passage according to our own Customs, as we do many others of the like Nature.

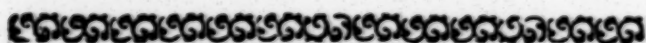
Page 45. Line 24. &c. *Only thus much let me beg of ye, that you wouldn't believe that I suborn'd this old Man, &c.*] Pampilus had all the Reason in the world to endeavour to bring *Simo* and *Crito* together, that so he might clear himself of such a Scandal as his Father very reasonably imputed to him.

And

And this was all the young Gentleman's Design, but the Poet had far greater, which the Audience cou'dn't so much as suspect: Namely, the Discovery of *Glycerie*, which comes in very naturally.

Page 49. Line 6, 7. Pam. *Ab, Sir, 'twasn't well done.* Sim. *I'm sure I order'd it to be well done.* Pam. *Pater non recte vindictus est.* Sim. *Haud ita jussi.* The meaning here is very doubtful; but there is certainly a playing upon the Word *Recte*; and not being able to find a better, we took this.

Page 50. Line 30. *Send Company to remove her to ours.*] Among the *Athenians*, their Lying-in-Women were usually well enough to go abroad in a day's time.



Upon the EUNUCH.

A C T I.

PAGE 54. Line 15, &c. *What? Go to her when a Rival's preferr'd? Myself refus'd? Even Entrance deny'd me?* These Words express a great Passion, consisting chiefly in the acting.

Page 55. Line 22. *And went an even Pace.*] *Ac pariter fieret.* The Word *Pariter* is a Metaphor taken from the pairing of Horses in a Chariot, where both bear an equal Share, therefore not to be so finely express'd in *English*.

Page 56. Line 8. *Mum, mum for that.*] *Potesť sacri hoc.* Madam D'acier observes, that this is the most malicious Saying of *Parmeno's* that could be. 'Tis as much as to say, *Your Mother's a Whore, and I've nothing to say against it.* And this appears from her removing from place to place, the common sign of such People in those days.

Page 59. Line 27. *Whose Brother I hope I've in a manner found out.*] Our Author's Contrivance is very remarkable, for so ingeniously keeping *Thais* from speaking any thing of *Chremes*, *Pamphila's* Brother, till *Parmeno* and his Master were gone: A thing (which if discovered) would have spoiled the whole Plot.

A C T II.

Page 60. Line 38. *How, Sir! What three living days?*] *Hui Univorsum triduum?* The Word *Univorsum*, by reason of its immediate following of *Totum*, has a peculiar Grace and Signification, which our English Tongue will not reach to. Madam D'acier is content to repeat the same words, but we have tried to give it a Lift.

Page 66. Line 38. *To tell your Father, that he must not fail to be at Court.*] *Nuncios patri, advocatus mane mihi esset ut meminerit.* The word *Advocatus* here signifies a Pleader, a Solicitor, or perhaps a Witness, and sometimes only a Friend. But in a Translation there was need of being so particular.

Page 69. Line 14. *Ay, but my Bones will smart for't.*] *At enim isthac in me cudetur faba.* As much as to say, *My Body must be their Threshing-floor.*

Criticks differ about the meaning of it: But however 'tis an Allusion, and a Proverbial Saying which would sound but indifferently in a close Translation.

A C T III.

Page 74. Line 25. *You'd be content to do the most fordid thing in the World for a Livelihood*] *E Flamma petere te cibum posse Arbitror*. It was a Custom among them to throw Victuals into the Fire after the dead Body; and 'twas reckon'd one of the meanest things in the World to eat that, and the greatest Affront to be told of it. Therefore to come nigh the Original here, were to lose more of the Grace of it than we have now.

Page 79. Line 24. *But what God, &c.*] *At quem Deum? Qui templi cæli summa sonitu concutit*. This is a very lofty Passage, taken, as *Donatus* says, from *Ennius* in his *Παρωδία*, and neatly fitted for this place.

A C T IV.

Page 81. Line 21. *Whips her Gold and Jewels into this Casket*. These were certain Ornaments that the Laws of *Athens* forbade *Courtejans* to wear publicly in the Streets.

Page 82. Line 7. *'Tis better to be almost distanc'd, than to be quite thrown out of the Race.*] *Certe extrema linea amare haud nihil est*. This is an Allusion to their Custom of Chariot Races, where the Racers were rewarded according to the Marks or Lines they first arriv'd at.

Page 90. Line 26. *Had we but a Mortar now to play upon 'em under the Covert-way, one Bomb would make 'em scamper.*] *Fundam tibi nunc nimis vellem dari, ut tu illos procul hinc ex occulto caderes. Facerent fugam.* The liberty we have here taken is only changing of a Custom; perhaps a Squib or a Cracker might have done as well, *Gnasho* being somewhat upon the Droll with the Captain.

Page 92. Line 20. *Take your Army into Quarters of Refreshment i'th' Kitchen.*] *Domi focique fac vicissim ut memineris.* This Passage is admirable in the Original, and its Beauty can't be preserv'd in our Tongue, which consists in the Words *Domi focique*, and the Verb *Memineris*. 'Tis an Allusion to Generals bidding their Soldiers (upon all desperate Attempts) to think on *their Houses and warm Chimneys at Home*, which were taken for the chief Blessings of a Soldier; and the Word *Memineris* was then their constant Word of Encouragement, which also is lost in our Tongue.

A C T V.

Page 47. Line 96. *Faith I'll be even with you for your Rogueries, &c.*] It was excellently contriv'd of *Terence*, to make *Parmeno* and *Pythia* perpetually to quarrel and hate one another. For upon this depends the whole Action. By this means only *Laches* (who comes upon the Stage purely by accident) is brought into *Thais's* House, and the *Catastrophe* wound up with the greatest Address imaginable. This is a remarkable Instance of his admirable Art, in bringing about these *Incidents* contrary to the Expectation of the Audience.

Page 106. Line 2, 3. *Here's to the fleeting and jeering the Cully to death.*] *Hunc comedendum & deridendum vobis propino.* The Grace of the Word *Propino* cannot be kept up in our Tongue. *Propinare*, *Προτινεν* signifies properly (according to their Customs) to taste or drink a little first, and then give the Cup to another. *Gnatho*, alludes to this, and after an ingenious manner turns the use of the Word from Drinks to other Things. As much as to say, *Gentlemen I've had the first Soup of this Blunderbuss, now you may take the rest.* Some Copies have *Præbes* instead of *Propino*, but the Nature of the Verse shews that to be false.



Upon the SELF-TORMENTOR.

ACT I.

IT has been much doubted in what Place, and at what Time the Scene opens. To clear that as short as possible; it ought to be observed, That *Cbremes* coming home pretty late one Evening, just by his House he meets with *Menedeme*, who had his Working-Tools upon his Shoulders, as being just come out of his Field, and there they began their Discourse together. That the Scene was by *Cbremes* and *Menedeme's* Doors, and not in *Menedemes's* Working-Field, appears from *Clitipho's* coming out of *Cbremes's* House at the latter end of the first Act, and by a great many other Circumstances afterwards: And that it was late is plain from Page 110. Line 4. — *Or come home never so late at Night, there you're at it, digging, &c.* Now the Scene opens after this late time.

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Page 110. Line, &c.] *And therefore you may take what I say either by way of Advice, or by way of Enquiry; that if what you do be well, I may do so too; if ill, I may divert you from it.] Vel me monere hoc vel percontari puta; rectum est, ego ut faciam; non te ut deterream:* These two Verses are very fine and elaborate, and the Grace of 'em seems peculiar to the *Latin Tongue*. Here *Ergo ut faciam* answers to *percontari*; *de ut deterream*, to *Monere*, Besides *percontari* is an Allusion to the Mariners Word when they fathom the Sea, and consequently better than our Word *Enquiry*.

Ibid. Line 39. *Don't tire yourself so.] Ne labora.* Most have thought that *Menedeme* was working in his Field at this Time, and *Chremes* by saying *ne labora* desir'd him to leave off. But this mistake appears by what has been said before. So that this *ne labora* was as much as to say, *Don't weary and burden yourself with the great weight of these Tools.*

Page 113. Line 9. *This is Bacchus's Day.] Dionysia hic sunt.* The *Athenians* had many Feasts of *Bacchus*, but two above all the rest, one in the Spring, and the other in Autumn. Now this it seems was that in Autumn, called *Dionysia in agris*, the place where this Scene lay.

ACT II.

Page 121. Line 23. *We'll have her to your Mother's.]* Upon this Sentence depends the main Plot; and truly here is an admirable Contrivance through most of this Scene, not only to bring about *Syrus* or *Clitipho's* Design most ingeniously, but also the Poet's, which was the Discovery of *Antiphila*.

Page 124. Line 23. *I can scarce contain myself old Boy, &c.* In this all the common Books are in an Error, in making this to be spoken by *Clinie*, whereas indeed 'tis *Clitipho*, who doesn't go off the Stage as 'tis generally believed, but only hides himself.

ACT III.

Page 127. Line 6. *With a great Luggage of Golden Trappings.] Ornatas veste, atque Auro.* It was the Custom among their Courtesans to have Servants to carry their Finery for 'em, which was commonly such as the *Athenian* Laws forbade them to wear publickly. Some think that *Ornatus*, &c. signifies her Maids fine Cloaths, but this has no probability.

Page 129. Line 31. *You're Heart of Oak.] Aquilæ Senectus.* The *Latin* is a Proverbial Allusion to the Strength and Vigour of Eagles, who never die before they are old, and then they are always drinking. For this reason have we a Proverb of our own, and us'd upon Fuddling Occasions.

Page 131. Line 4. *I don't use to fail, Sir.] Non est mentiri meum.* The Sense of this place seems to have been mistaken by most People.

Page 136. Line 16. *That if she dy'd, she might ha' carry'd away some Token of our Kindness.* This Passage is grounded upon an old *Heathen* Custom of those Times; for they believed it a very great Crime for a Child to die, without possessing some Part of its Parents Goods.

Ibid.

Ibid. Line 19. *So you saved the Child's Life and had your own Humour too into the Bargain ?*] *Conser-vasi te atque illum.* This is a difficult Passage, but the Remark helps to explain it; so it is Paraphrastically thus, *Besides the saving of your Daughter, you've had the Satisfaction of discharging your Conscience in not parting from her empty-handed.*

A C T IV.

Page 138. Line 14. *Yes, for I was by at the Discovery.* This Passage plainly shews Syrus went in with *Chremes* and *Sostrata*, and so left the Stage clear; consequently the fourth Act must needs begin where we have made it.

Page 142. Line 25. *Clinie has told his Father that Bacchis is your Son's Mistress, &c.*] This is the beginning of a cunning Artifice, chiefly to amuse *Chremes*, and the more ingeniously to bring in what he says, Page 150. Line 8. *But for the Money I told ye your Daughter owes to Bacchis, &c.* and likewise to create a Pretence for *Clitipho's* carrying the Money himself, without which the Cheat might have been discover'd to soon.

A C T V.

Page 147. Line 30. *The same Assistant, Counsellor, and sage Director o'mine.*] *Sed hic Adjutor meus, & Monitor, & Præmonstrator.* These three words, *Adjutor*, *Monitor*, *Præmonstrator*, are taken from the Theatres; signifying such as teach and prompt the Actors. We have given the natural Sense, but their Beauty consists in the figurative Sense, for which we want suitable Words; only

Prompter perhaps might have done well enough if we had made one word serve for three, as the *French Lady* in effect has done.

Page 151. Line 38. *I'll be hang'd if the Rascal dare ha' serv'd a poor friendless Widow so as he serv'd me.] Viduæ Mulieri* where lies the Emphasis. Widows among the Antients were look'd upon as the most shiftless, helpless Creatures of all; therefore the force of *Viduæ Mulieri* is much weaken'd in our Language; *The meanest Slave upon Earth*, would have better come up to the Original.

Page 153. Line 27. *For my part, I don't believe you are any of their Son.]* Here's an excellent Contrivance of *Terence*, in making *Syrus* propose such a Business to *Clitipho*, as to question his Parents; which does not only much heighten the Character of *Clitipho*, but most dexterously and naturally brings all to an end in due time.

Page 155. Line 16. *What because he's so like my new-found Daughter?] Quod filia est inventa?* This is a very difficult Passage, and if we had come nigher to the Original, we could have scarce made it Sense, however not clear and intelligible.

Page 156. Line 16. *No! Though you had sprung out of my fertile Brain, as Pallas they say did from mighty Jove's.] Non, si ex Capite sis meo natus item tu aiunt Minervam esse ex Jove.* This may be thought too lofty for Comedy, but if we consider it proceeds from *Chremes's* extreme Passion, we shall see 'tis not only fine, but also natural. Upon this *Horace*, in his *Art of Poetry*, lays down this Rule.

*Interdum tamen & vocem Comedia tollit,
Iratusque Chreme tumido delitigat ore.*

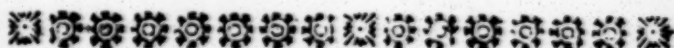
Ibid.

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Ibid. Line 24. *I'm asham'd to name the filthy Word before your Mother.* The Greeks and Romans were oblig'd, both by their Religion and Policy, not to mention any thing that so much as favour'd of Obscenity before their Wives.

Page 157. Line 33. *That Carrot-pat'd, Wall-ey'd, Pimple fac'd, Hook nos'd Creature?* *Rufamne illam virginem, cesiam, sparso ore, adunco naso?* Here is a Happinels in our Language, which in Composition of Words far excels all other Languages that are known to these Western Parts of the World, the Greek indeed surpasses it.



Upon the BROTHERS.

ACT I.

PAGE 161. Line 4. *That went to bring him home.] Qui adversum ierant.* *Adversum* is an extraordinary proper Word in this place; for Waiting-Men were call'd *Adversitories*. Our Tongue seems to want a good Word for it, except the *Usher* will do, which is not so proper in this place neither.

Page 166. Line 5. *He told me he would take up and marry.* Here *Micio* discovers a very material thing to the Audience, and knows little of it himself, for as yet *Eschime* had not told him whom he design'd to marry. This seems to be a neat Cast of our Poet's Skill.

ACT II.

Page 166. Line 35. San. *I am a Woman Merchant.* Esch. *A Cock-Bawd you mean.*] San. *Ego Leno sum.* Esch. *Scio.* These Women Merchants had peculiar Privileges in *Athens*, and were Persons of some Repute; but because such People are more scandalous among us, we have taken the Liberty of translating *Scio*, according to the Notion we have of those Creatures.

Page 168. Line 38. *D'ye know what I am, Sir?*] *Nostin' qui sim?* These Words have a peculiar meaning in the Original, which is lost in the Translation; so *Nosti me*, and *Nosti qui sim*, are the usual and common Words between Debtors and Creditors at the Bar. Therefore *Sannio*, in saying *Nostin' qui sim*, did in effect say, *Did I owe you any Money, Sir?*

Page 169. Line 33, &c. *I heard my Master and you have had a kind of a Scuffle, San. A Scuffle d'ye call it? Never was the like surely.*] *Cum Hero nescio quid concertasse?* San. *Nunquam vidi iniquus concertationem comparatam.* The Grace of the Original consists in the words *Concertasse* and *Comparatam*, the first being a proper Term to imply an Equality between *Eschine* and *Sannio*, and the latter a Word borrow'd from the Gladiators measuring their Swords; the Beauty of both which is lost in the Translation.

Page 172. Line 9, &c. *He has taken upon himself all the Curses, Scandals, Love-matters, and Miscarriages that belong to me.*] *Eschine*, in taking all upon himself, design'd purely to oblige his Brother; but the Poet design'd it to bring about the main Incident

cident (*viz.* *Eschines's* Marriage) most naturally and dextrously. This Under-plot of *Clitipho* and the Musick-Girl is admirably woven into the Plot, and is an excellent Instance, to shew how useful and beautiful an Under-Plot may be, and still preserve the Unity of Action.

Page 173. Line 18. *I'll march home with plenty of Provisions.*] *Convertam me domum cum obsonio.* Here *Syrus* speaks as great as he can, for the Word *Convertam* belongs to Magnificence and Triumph; which is almost lost in our Tongue. Indeed the Word *March* wou'd have been better, were it not now us'd upon every flight and trivial account.

A C T II.

Page 175. Line 9. *Pish ! don't trouble me, who-e'er you are.* Madam *D'acier* says, that the *Greeks* took delight in staying the Slaves in the Streets, and amusing 'em, that so their Masters might beat 'em for loytering when they came home. It seems *Geta* thought that *Sofrata* serv'd him so.

Page 176. Line 2. *He'd put the Infant on his Father's Knees.*] It was a constant Custom among the *Greeks* whenever they had a Child, immediately to put it upon the Grandfather's Knees; probably to give him the Pleasure of seeing himself live again in a new Race.



ACT IV.

Page 185. Line 23. *The first that reports it.] Primus porro obnuncio.* The word *obnuncio* is very proper; it signifies the telling of ill News, and is always taken in a bad Sense. We have no word to answer it in our Tongue that we know of.

Page 188. Line 10. *Make this Day as long as I can.] Hunc producam diem.* The word *Produco* is a Funeral Term, and a double Signification. Perhaps it might have been as proper to have said, *I'll bury this Day in Pleasure.*

Page 192. Line 18. *But I'm afraid you don't mind your own Concerns, &c.]* These dozen Verses in the Original most admirably shew the gentle Chidings of an indulgent Father; and there's scarce a word but deserves Consideration, each of them making so deep an Impression upon a generous Mind.

Page 195. Line 31. *And thou, pretty Child, wilt bobble out the Hay among 'em.] Tu inter eas Restimductans saltabis.* This Phrase, *Restimductans*, is an Allusion to their old way of Dancing, but whether with a Rope, as the word *Restis* seems to imply, or with joined Hands, (metaphorically so call'd) we leave to Criticks in Antiquity. We have translated it nighest to our Customs and *Demea's* Character.

Page 197. Line 15. *He'll be no welcome Reveller.] Commissatorem baud sane Commodum.* The word *Commissator* properly signifies one in a little Drink that goes in Masquerade to some new Company, and surprises 'em with his sudden and unexpected coming: So that this is much more expressive than our *Reveller*.

ACT,

ACT V.

Here our Author is not so clear in distinguishing his Acts as in other places; for though we have follow'd Madam *D'acier* in making the Fifth Act begin at *Parata a nobis sunt*, yet we think we might with as much (or more) Reason have made it begin at *Defessus sum ambulando*. The common Books are undoubtedly all false in this Point.

Page 199. Line 5. *Many Observations may be made, Brother, upon two Persons doing the same thing, &c.* Here *Micio* is hard put to't, which makes him talk a little more obscurely. In truth, *Micio*, through most of this Scene, though in very few Words, says all that can be said to excuse his Nephew's Extravagancies: And *Terence's* Conduct is excellent in this place, making *Micio* appease his Brother so plausibly, and with so much Colour of Reason when the Case wou'd bear it so ill.

Page 202. Line 26. *Bid Babylo, tell out half an hundred Guineas, quick.*] Interpreters seem much puzzl'd to find out who this *Babylo* is; Whether it be *Micio*, or a Banker, or any one else, 'tis not material; and whether this Money is for *Eschine*, *Ctesipho*, *Syrus*, or *Sannio*, the Humour is still the same, and as well carried on.

Page 205. Line 14. *And took care of a Debauch in the Morning for 'em.*] *Apparare de die Convivium.* *Demea* mentions this as an usual thing, because the Romans had their Feasts, great Entertainments, &c. always in the Night, and to make a full Meal before that time was scandalous.

Upon

Upon the Tricks of PHORMIO.

ACT I.

PAGE 209. Line 10, &c. *All that this poor Fellow now, by starving himself, has bit by bit, with much ado, scraped together out of his pitiful Allowance, must go at one sweep ; People never considering the Pains it cost in the getting.] Quod ille unciatim, vix, de demenso suo suum defraudans Genium comparfit miser, id illa universum abripiet, haud existimans quanto labore partum.* These three Verses and a half are extreme fine and elaborate ; all as far as *Miser* is an exact and regular Climax, almost every Word having a considerable Emphasis. After that, the Word *Abripiet* answers to *Conraditur* five Lines before ; *universum* to *unciatim vix*, and *de demenso suo* and *haud existimans, quanto labore partum*, to *suum defraudans Genium* and *Comparfit miser*. So that our Translation may well fall short of it.

Page 212. Line 15. *Would have made her very disagreeable.] Hæc formam extinguerunt.* The Word *Extinguo* is an excellent Word in this Place, belonging properly to Beauty ; for the Word *Forma*, by its Derivation, is observ'd to signify Light, Flame, Heat.

Page 213. Line 15. *Antipho was persuaded the Business done, the Cause try'd, we cast, and he married.] Persusam est homini, factum est, ventum est, vincimur duxit.* This is very concise and comprehensive in the Original ; but yet oftentimes (as in this Passage for instance our Tongue has a Happiness equal to the Latin in shortness of Expression ; and where there is a Composition of Words, superior.

ACT

A C T II.

We have made the second Act begin at *A leone rem rediisse*, dividing the First Act of the common Books into two, and joyning the Second and Third into one. For 'tis plain there's a cessation of Action and the Stage clear'd at *Da hoc Dorcio*; but there's neither at *Sed eccum ipsum video in tempore hac se recipere*; all which Verses Madam D'acier, to make a Cessation more likely, has left out, when there was no other Occasion but that for her doing so.

Page 217. Line 33. *And let not his buffing and bestowing dash you out of Countenance.*] *Ne suis te Iratus sævis dictis protelet.* The Word *Protelet* is a Term borrow'd from the Husbandmen, and signifies the spoiling or breaking of a Furrow by crossing it with a Plough. The Beauty of it lies in the figurative Sense, which is lost in our Tongue.

Page 220. Line 23. *Sir, if my Cousin Antipho had committed a Fault to the prejudice either of his Honour or Estate, &c.*] Here's a remarkable Instance of our Author's Closeness and Solidity of Sense in making *Phedrie* here, and *Geta* soon after, to say so much in a bad Cause, and that in so few Words too.



A C T III.

Page 226. Line 16. *I say Stilpho, as if you didn't know him.*] 'Tis very remarkable that *Pbormio* should speak so important a Truth unknown both to himself and *Demipho*. The Poet makes it an ingenious Preparation to the Probability of the Concealment and Discovery of *Phanie*; though *Pbormio*'s Design was quite otherwise.

Page 230. Line 15. *Out-better'd your Father.*] *Confutavit verbis Senem.* The word *Confuto* is a proper Term in Cookery, us'd commonly for pouring cold Water into a Pot that boils over: Perhaps we might have render'd it more properly, — cool'd the Old-man's Courage.

A C T IV.

Page 236. Line 20. *To take me to my Heels.*] *Ut me excutiam.* *Excutio* signifies to shake, and *Madam D'acier* says, 'twas customary for the Greeks and Western People to shake their Cloaths at the Door of the House they went from.

Page 237. Line 33. *I've been hammering upon the same thing, and fancy I've thought of an Expedient.*] *Geta*'s Expedient was, the putting *Phanie* upon *Pbormio*. Here are four several Designs in it: *Geta*'s Design was, to cheat the old Men of their Money; *Demipho*'s and *Chremes*'s Design was, to part *Antipho* and *Phanie*, in order to marry him elsewhere; but the Poet had a double Design, first, naturally to bring about *Phanie*'s Discovery in due time; and secondly, to make the old Men and *Pbormio* fall out, the natural

tural Consequence being the adjusting of *Phedria's* Concerns, and making all end well.

A C T V.

Page 245. Line 4. *We shouldn't have out-run the Constable.*] *Iter fugas, ne præter Casam.* This is one of the most difficult Passages in all *Terence*, and Interpreters very much differ about it, some making it *præter Causam*. The most probable Meaning seems to be paraphrastically thus: "Go where you please, so you keep your Eye upon your House, and give Rogues no advantage over you". If our English Proverb, *Out run the Constable*, should not answer it in all respects, 'tis more our Unhappiness than our Fault.

Page 255. Line 13. *They make towards me like a couple of Bullies to bestor me.*] *Hi Gladiatorio animo ad me affectant viam.* This is a Metaphor taken from the Roman Gladiators, who went with a Resolution to kill or be kill'd. If we had made it, "They make towards me like bloody-minded Fellows, they will neither give nor take Quarter"; it might have been nigher to the Original. But such a Liberty as ours is allowable, where we have neither Custom nor Words to express it closely.

Page 259. Line 14. *I'll serve him the same sauce I'll warrant him*] *Faxo Tali eum mactatum, atque hic est, infortunio.* The Word *Mactatum* is borrow'd from their Sacrifices, and properly signifies *Magis autum*. The Grace of it consists in the figurative Sense, and the comical joyning of it with *Infortunio*, which is lost in our Language.

Upon

Upon the MOTHER-in-LAW.

A C T I.

PAGE 264. Line 14. *Ah! what pity 'tis that I had not that Youth and Beauty of yours, or you those Sentiments of these Matters that I have.*] *Eheu me miseram! Cur non aut isthæc mihi ætas & forma est, aut tibi hæc sententia.* These two Verses are very fine, and extreme hard to be equall'd in a Translation. To have made it more like the Original, perhaps this might have done better: " Ah what
 " pity 'tis I han't your Youth and Beauty, or you
 " but my discretion.

Page 265. Line 37. *Mr. Pamphilus was i'th' very beight of his Passion for Mrs. Bacchis, when his Father began to be earnest with him for to marry, &c.* This is the beginning of a most material Narration, which may be reckon'd one of the best in *Terence*, especially if we consider the ingenious Preparation for it in the First Scene, and the Reasons *Philotis* had to enquire after this Business. *Parmeno* designs it purely for his Master's Vindication, which seems as necessary in this Place as the Spectator's Information.

Page 267. Line 34. *The old Gentleman lives retired in the Country, and seldom visits the Town.*] *Nam senex Rus abdidit se, buc raro in urbem com meat.* This is a very material Circumstance in this Narration; and what makes it still further remarkable, is the extraordinary Propriety of Terms. The Word *Abdidit* implies a perfect Retirement, or an entire Retreat; and *Com meat* notes him a great Stranger to the Town.

Page

Page 268. Line 3. *When all on a sudden the young Woman began to hate the old one most mortally, without any Quarrel or Complaint on either side.* This Passage (though not perfectly true, but only believ'd by *Parmeno*) serves excellently to keep the Audience in suspense, to warn 'em, and make 'em eager to know the Event of these things.

A C T II.

Page 269. Line 36. *And you forsooth must start up, and confound all, by your ill-condition'd Humours.] Tu sola exorere, quæ perturbes hæc tua impudentia.* The Word *Exorere* in this place is of great Force, and signifies raising of great Mischiefs, and the like, in which 'tis us'd by *Virgil* in his fourth *Ænead*.

Exoriare aliquis nostris ex ossibus ultro.

We have no Word to answer it fully in our Tongue that we know of.

Page 272. Line 16. *She vow'd by all that's good, she wasn't able to endure the House while her Pamphilus was away.* This confirm'd *Laches* in this Suspicion of his Wife's Fault; the Consequence of which, was her offering to go into the Country to clear herself: And this occasion'd *Pamphilus's* frivolous Excuses; and these encreas'd the old Mens Suspicion of his Infidelity, which brought about the whole Discovery. The close and natural Dependance of each Particular of this Plot is very remarkable.



ACT III.

Page 273. Line 15. *Was ever Man so perplex'd in his Love as I?*] *Nemini ego plura acerba esse ex Amore homini unquam oblata credo quam mi.* Donatus's Observation here is remarkable. "That the Passion in this Scene would have been too sublime and tragical for Comedy, were the words *ex Amore* left out". But *Love*, it seems, is a Passion predominant among ordinary, as well as great Men, and consequently its Emotions are natural here.

Page 276. Line 1. *But Heavens forbid it.*] *Quod te, Æsculapi, & te, Salus, ne quid sit hujus oro.* This was a Religious Custom in those Days, which we didn't think necessary to take notice of in a Translation.

Ibid. Line 35. *Nothing at all, Madam.*] *Recte, Mater.* We know of no word in our Language that can reach this word *Recte*, which in this place is very proper, signifying, as *Donatus* observes, a refusing to answer a Question without any Offence or Incivility to the Person that asks it.

Page 277. Line 27. *But immediately I perceived her Ailment.* *Philumena's* Labour was a very surprising Turn of the Stage, which did only serve to introduce these moving Passions which followed, but also to quicken the Audience, and make 'em eager to the Event.

Page 285. Line 16. *May be some Body informed you that they saw him going to, or coming from his Mistress.* This Passage, and that above, Line 3, 4. in the same Page is an excellent preparation towards the old Mens Suspicions of *Pamphilus's* Infidelity, which

which afterwards caused the meeting of *Bacchis* and *Myrrhina*. This was hinted at in the last Remark of the Second Act, where 'tis very observable that the Poet had prepared a Remedy, before the Audience so much as suspected the Disease.

Page 286. Line 12. *Only when the Fellow left her, he forc'd a Ring off her Finger.* These Words are very important, though they seem to be spoke accidentally, as were those in the last REMARK; the Poet design'd 'em to prepare that remarkable *Narration* of *Bacchis's* in the last Act, where the whole Plot is unravell'd, and the *Mystery* discovered.

A C T IV.

Page 286. Line 27, 28, 29. *I know well enough, Pamphilus, you suspect 'twas long o' my Humours that your Wife left us, &c.]* *Sostrata's* offering to go into the Country was designed on Purpose by *Terence* to leave *Pamphilus* without Excuse, when he refused to take home his Wife: So that by this means the old Man's Suspicion might be heightened and confirmed, that they might have all the reason in the World to send for *Bacchis*, as they did. And indeed every little *Incident* promotes and tends to that *Design*.

Page 289. Line 35. *Since she's to bring a Brat with her that's none o' mine.]* *Cum eam consequitur alienus puer.* *Donatus* observes, this is a Metaphor borrowed from young ones following their Dams. The Word *Consequitur* is a proper Term for that Purpose, so that here is a considerable Beauty lost in the Translation.

Page 292. Line 9. *What? Why first I think 'tis best for us to send for his Miss, &c.* The two old Mens Design here in sending for *Bacchis* was very material, and sufficiently apparent to the Audience; but the Poet's Design, was more material, and cou'd n't be foreseen by the Audience. In this the Beauty of Incidents does chiefly consist.

Page 295. Line 11, 12. *Let her but satisfy the Women, and I'm content.* Upon *Bacchis*'s coming to *Myrrhina* and *Philumena* depended the unravelling of the whole Plot. But that this might be done without the least bungling, and with all the probability in the World, the Poet has contrived every Instrument and every Scene so as to promote it, and give fair Pretexts for so doing.

ACT V.

The Fifth Act must certainly begin where we have made it, for the Stage was not cleared before. Terence's Skill is remarkable in making this Act so very short; or else the Spectators would have soon languished and grown cold after the Discovery, having nothing more to expect. And so they would have done notwithstanding, had not the meeting of *Pamphilus* and *Bacchis* had been somewhat more jocular and pleasant, than is frequent in Terence.

Page 296. Line 18, 19. *Where I've loytered away a whole day in gaping for Callidemides.*] These words are not to be taken in a literal Sense, for then the Theatrical Action would have lasted considerably above a Day; whereas it does not last seven Hours, as may be proved from many Circumstances.

Page 297. Line 13. *What great Satisfaction has my coming procured Mr. Pamphilus to day? &c.* This is the beginning of an excellent *Narration*, and the most material that could be; being the *unraveling* of all. It is remarkable for three Excellencies; First, *Bacchis* came not here to make this Discovery to the Audience, but only to go home: Secondly, after she was here, she did not stay for that Purpose, but only for *Pamphilus*. And Thirdly, She spoke it in so few words, and said such things before and after it, as made it seem to be purely *Accidental*.

Page 299. Line 15. *So that your Presence, Discourse and Conversation will always be charming, where'er you go.*] *Ut voluptati obitus, sermo, adventus tuus, quocunque adveniris, semper fiet.* This is very fine in the *Latin*; and that which chiefly hinders our Translation from reaching it, is the different signification of the Words *obitus* and *adventus*; the first signifying an accidental, the second, a designed Meeting. We have no words to answer them full in our Language that we know of.

Ibid. Line 32. *I don't desire this shou'd prove like a Comedy, where the whole Plot is discover'd to every body, &c.* 'Tis very remarkable, that the Mystery of this Play is known to but very few of the Actors; a thing very uncommon either among the Ancients or Moderns; but here it was undoubtedly the best way, since it so well sav'd *Pamphilus's* Credit.

We have been a little more particular in shewing our Author's Management of this Plot, that we may let People know, that there is great Art, much Plot, and excellent Contrivance in that which is reckon'd the very worst of his *PLAYS*. And it is certainly the worst, if a mean Subject, want of Variety, few Intrigues and Incidents, and want of Under-plots can make it so.

F I N I S.



